An Historical Reader



By

Henry E. Shepherd

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HISTORICAL READINGS

FOR THE USE OF

TEACHERS' READING CIRCLES

BY

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PREFACE.

THE study of history is a subject demanding the gravest consideration as well as the most delicate treatment. The most serious error that prevails in connection with this subject is the defective and vicious method by which the teachers of history are fettered and embarrassed. Epitomes or abridgments are comparatively valueless, except for those who have already acquired a knowledge of the subject which the epitome or abridgment professes to treat.

The difficulty of condensing or abridging any historical narrative, without destroying its very life and spirit, is one long felt and recognized. The disadvantages of the compendium are commented upon by Bacon, in his great work on "The Advancement of Learning," in which abridgments are styled "the corruptions and moths of history." A similar judgment is to be inferred from Coke's advice to students of law, not to depend upon summaries or outlines of cases, but to consult the original and explicit report. This coincidence of opinion

is the more striking from the fact that it was, probably, one of the few points in regard to which these illustrious rivals ever concurred. Indeed, the difficulty of making a successful abridgment is recognized as far back in antiquity as the era of the Apocrypha, in which it is commented upon with considerable earnestness in one of the books of the Maccabees.

In modern times, the subject of studying history, as well as the different modes in which the study may be taught, has been discussed, with great learning and clearness of judgment, by Smyth in his "Lectures on Modern History," Dr. Thomas Arnold in his "Lectures on Modern History," John Stuart Mill in his address before the University of St. Andrews, Latham in his treatise upon the "Action of Examinations," Dr. Wiese in his great work upon the government and regulation of the German schools, Quick in his "Educational Reformers," Bishop Dupanloup in his valuable works on education, Fénelon in his letter to the French Academy, Bain in his "Education as a Science," to say nothing of numberless essays upon the subject contained in various educational journals. Names and authorities might be multiplied to an indefinite extent, but those cited will suffice to show the amount of interest the question has elicited from enlightened educationists in our own and preceding times.

The fatal defect in the compendium is that it obscures the processes by which historical results are attained; it deals in comprehensive generalizations, and yet fails to exhibit the data upon which the generalizations are based;

it destroys the relation of cause and effect, and bewilders the mind with a complexity of details, whose significance we are unable to perceive or to apprehend. For a teacher to introduce his pupils fresh from the grammar-school course into a text-book of history, so arranged and constructed that it requires, for its proper appreciation, a previous or an independent knowledge of the very subject it professes to teach, is an anomaly that ought not to be tolerated in an age characterized by great advances in methods of instruction.

It is one of the defects of the compendium method that it not only prevents us from discovering the significance and relation of events, but encourages us to draw inferences and form impressions that are utterly erroneous and misleading. Its abuses are positive as well as negative. In all literary as well as historical study, precipitate generalization is the characteristic weakness. I wish that every teacher of history and literature would carefully study Matthew Arnold's Introduction to his edition of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," Carlyle's "Essay on Croker's Edition of Boswell's Johnson," and Meiklejohn's "Essay on the Teaching of English Literature," in Kiddle and Schem's "Educational Cyclopædia."

I am aware how easy all purely negative criticism is, and how difficult as well as delicate a task it is to discover adequate remedies for existing evils. So far as the question of history is concerned, I do not think that a solution is hopeless. I have long advocated the beginning of history teaching by the use of graphic and lively

sketches of those illustrious characters around whom the historic interest of each age is concentrated. Such books as Abbott's Lives of "Hannibal," "Cæsar," "Richard III," "Mary Stuart," "Elizabeth," "Louis XIV," "Napoleon," *etc.*, written in narrative style, and presenting history in concrete, biographical form, are vastly superior to the ordinary compendiums as an *introduction* to the study of history. For "history is the essence of innumerable biographies," and from the very constitution of the human mind, which, in language, in morals, and in philosophy, first apprehends truth in the concrete, it would seem unwise to introduce the study of history without exhibiting it in concrete forms.

The present work is an endeavor to test, by actual experiment, the correctness of the views set forth above. The work consists of a collection of extracts representing the purest historical literature that has been produced in the different stages of our literary development, from the time of Clarendon to the era of Macaulay and Prescott. There has been no attempt to preserve chronological order, the design of the work being to present typical illustrations of classic historical style, gathered mainly from English and American writers. Most of the extracts are descriptive, clear, and suggestive. To create and develop a fondness for historical study—a sentiment that the compendium can never infuse, but which, on the contrary, it tends to repress and extinguish—have been my constant aim and endeavor. Every era of historical development, from the rise of Athenian

greatness to the accession of Victoria, has been carefully represented. Many of the selections have never appeared in any previous historical reader. A liberal share has been assigned to the delineation of historical characters. The greater number of those eminent personages around whom the interest, especially of modern history, concentrates, are drawn by some one of our historical portrait painters, as Burnet, Clarendon, Lecky, Froude, or Macaulay.

The editor assumes no responsibility for the varied delineations, and the differing estimates of character that may be discovered in the work. The book is totally devoid of sectarian or partisan tendencies, the aim being simply to instill a love for historical reading, and not to suggest opinions, or inculcate views, in regard to any of those great civil and religious revolutions whose effects and whose influence must remain open questions till the last act in the historical drama shall be completed. It is hoped that, if the book is used with intelligence and discrimination, it may stimulate its readers to seek an intimate acquaintance with the great masters of history represented in its pages. Prescott, Motley, Irving, Froude, and Macaulay can be read with appreciative pleasure by most people of ordinary intelligence, and if the "historic sense" is once developed, the student can gradually rise to the study of the great philosophical historians—Grote, Von Ranke, Freeman, Bryce, and Guizot.

This kind of historical reading is especially necessary for all teachers of history. It gives them that compre-

hensive grasp of the subject without which no good results are possible. Too often the teacher of history knows very little more than his pupils, of the subject he is trying to teach, and when some earnest, intelligent scholar asks questions, the answers to which are not to be found in the ordinary text-books, such a teacher finds himself completely at sea, and is obliged either to confess his ignorance or to give some evasive answer. Extensive reading of the kind suggested in this book will prevent such embarrassment on the part of the teacher; it will give him that general information which will enable him to enter the class-room fully equipped for all the emergencies which may arise; and it will stimulate him to encourage, rather than to evade, intelligent questions on the part of his pupils.

The intention of notes and comments is to suggest new lines of thought, and to develop a taste for more extended investigation. A more varied range of selections might easily have been made, but my experience as a teacher of history and literature has convinced me that in no department are moderation and concentration more necessary. The attempt to compass all history and all literature results in confusion, bewilderment, and premature discouragement. A discriminating selection from the masters of a language is greatly to be preferred to a heterogeneous collection, representing all diversities of style, and failing to impress upon the mind the essential distinction between the classic and the commonplace in literature.

With this brief explanation of the nature and design of this collection of historical readings, it is respectfully submitted to the consideration of teachers and all persons interested in promoting the study of history in accordance with sound principles and rational methods.

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HISTORICAL READINGS.

THE EARLY LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

IRVING'S "LIFE OF WASHINGTON."

The early years of Washington are described with Irving's characteristic clearness. His school life, his exploits in the wilds of Virginia, his experience as a surveyor, the conspicuous part he played in Braddock's ill-starred campaign, his meeting with the lovely Mrs. Custis—are all full of interest to the young student. Washington was born on the 11th of February, 1732; why do we celebrate the 22d as his birthday?

Nor long after the birth of George Washington his 1
father removed to an estate in Stafford County, opposite Fredericksburg. The house was similar in style to the one at Bridge's Creek, and stood on a rising ground overlooking a meadow which bordered the Rappahannock. This was the home of George's boyhood; the meadow was his playground, and the scene of his early athletic sports; but this home, like that in which he was born, has disappeared; the site is only to be traced by fragments of bricks, china, and earthenware.

In those days the means of instruction in Virginia 2
were limited, and it was the custom among the wealthy planters to send their sons to England to complete their

education. This was done by Augustine Washington with his eldest son Lawrence, then about fifteen years of age, and whom he no doubt considered the future head of the family. George was yet in early childhood: as his intellect dawned, he received the rudiments of education in the best establishment for the purpose that the neighborhood afforded. It was what was called, in popular parlance, an "old field schoolhouse," humble enough in its pretensions, and kept by one of his father's tenants named Hobby, who, moreover, was sexton of the parish. The instruction doled out by him must have been of the simplest kind—reading, writing, and ciphering, perhaps; but George had the benefit of mental and moral culture at home from an excellent father.

3 Several traditional anecdotes have been given to the world, somewhat prolix and trite, but illustrative of the familiar and practical manner in which Augustine Washington, in the daily intercourse of domestic life, impressed the ductile mind of his child with high maxims of religion and virtue, and imbued him with a spirit of justice and generosity, and, above all, a scrupulous love of truth.

4 When George was about seven or eight years old his brother Lawrence returned from England, a well-educated and accomplished youth. There was a difference of fourteen years in their ages, which may have been one cause of the strong attachment which took place between them. Lawrence looked down with a protecting eye upon the boy, whose dawning intelligence and perfect rectitude won his regard; while George looked up to his manly and cultivated brother as a model in mind and manners. We call particular attention to this brotherly interchange of affection, from the influence it had on all the future career of the subject of this memoir.

Lawrence Washington had something of the old mili- 5
tary spirit of the family, and circumstances soon called it into action. Spanish depredations on British commerce had recently provoked reprisals. Admiral Vernon, commander-in chief in the West Indies, had accordingly captured Porto Bello, on the Isthmus of Darien. The Spaniards were preparing to revenge the blow; the French were fitting out ships to aid them. Troops were embarked in England for another campaign in the West Indies; a regiment of four battalions was to be raised in the colonies, and sent to join them at Jamaica. There was a sudden outbreak of military ardor in the province; the sound of drum and fife was heard in the villages with the parade of recruiting parties. Lawrence Washington, 6
now twenty-two years of age, caught the infection. He obtained a captain's commission in the newly-raised regiment, and embarked with it for the West Indies in 1740. He served in the joint expeditions of Admiral Vernon and General Wentworth, in the land forces commanded by the latter, and acquired the friendship and confidence of both of those officers. He was present at the siege of Carthagena when it was bombarded by the fleet, and when the troops attempted to escalade the citadel. It was an ineffectual attack; the ships could not get near enough to throw their shells into the town, and the scaling-ladders proved too short. That part of the attack, however, with which Lawrence was concerned, distinguished itself by its bravery. The troops sustained unflinching a destructive fire for several hours, and at length retired with honor, their small force having sustained a loss of about six hundred in killed and wounded.

We have here the secret of that martial spirit so often 7
cited of George in his boyish days. He had seen his brother fitted out for the wars. He had heard by letter

and otherwise of the warlike scenes in which he was mingling. All his amusements took a military turn. He made soldiers of his schoolmates, they had their mimic parades, reviews, and sham fights; a boy named William Bustle was sometimes his competitor, but George was commander-in-chief of Hobby's school.

8 Lawrence Washington returned home in the autumn of 1742, the campaigns in the West Indies being ended, and Admiral Vernon and General Wentworth being recalled to England. It was the intention of Lawrence to rejoin his regiment in that country, and seek promotion in the army, but circumstances completely altered his plans. He formed an attachment to Anne, the eldest daughter of the Honorable William Fairfax, of Fairfax County; his addresses were well received, and they became engaged. Their nuptials were delayed by the sudden and untimely death of his father, which took place on the 12th of April, 1743, after a short but severe attack of gout in the stomach, and when but forty-nine years of age. George had been absent from home on a visit during his father's illness, and just returned in time to receive a parting look of affection.

9 Augustine Washington left large possessions, distributed by will among his children. To Lawrence, the estate on the banks of the Potomac, with other real property, and several shares in iron works. To Augustine, the second son by the first marriage, the old homestead and estate in Westmoreland. The children by the second marriage were severally well provided for, and George, when he became of age, was to have the house and lands on the Rappahannock.

10 In the month of July the marriage of Lawrence with Miss Fairfax took place. He now gave up all thoughts

of foreign service, and settled himself on his estate on the banks of the Potomac, to which he gave the name of MOUNT VERNON, in honor of the admiral.

Augustine took up his abode at the homestead on 11
Bridge's Creek, and married Anne, daughter and co-heiress of William Aylett, Esquire, of Westmoreland County.

George, now eleven years of age, and the other chil- 12
dren of the second marriage, had been left under the guardianship of their mother, to whom was intrusted the proceeds of all their property until they should severally come of age. She proved herself worthy of the trust. Endowed with plain, direct good sense, thorough conscientiousness, and prompt decision, she governed her family strictly, but kindly, exacting deference while she inspired affection. George, being her eldest son, was thought to be her favorite, yet she never gave him undue preference, and the implicit deference exacted from him in childhood continued to be habitually observed by him to the day of her death. He inherited from her a high temper and a spirit of command, but her early precepts and example taught him to restrain and govern that temper, and to square his conduct on the exact principles of equity and justice.

Tradition gives an interesting picture of the widow, 13
with her little flock gathered round her, as was her daily wont, reading to them lessons of religion and morality out of some standard work. Her favorite volume was "Sir Matthew Hale's Contemplations," moral and divine. The admirable maxims therein contained, for outward action as well as self-government, sank deep into the mind of George, and, doubtless, had a great influence in forming his character. They certainly were exemplified in his conduct throughout life. This mother's manual, bearing

his mother's name, Mary Washington, written with her own hand, was ever preserved by him with filial care, and may still be seen in the archives of Mount Vernon. A precious document! Let those who wish to know the moral foundation of his character consult its pages.

14 Having no longer the benefit of a father's instructions at home, and the scope of tuition of Hobby, the sexton, being too limited for the growing wants of his pupil, George was now sent to reside with Augustine Washington, at Bridge's Creek, and enjoy the benefit of a superior school in that neighborhood, kept by a Mr. Williams. His education, however, was plain and practical. He never attempted the learned languages, nor manifested any inclination for rhetoric or belles-lettres. His object, or the object of his friends, seems to have been confined to fitting him for ordinary business. His manuscript school-books still exist, and are models of neatness and accuracy. One of them, it is true, a ciphering book, preserved in the library at Mount Vernon, has some school-boy attempts at calligraphy—nondescript birds, executed with a flourish of the pen, or profiles of faces, probably intended for those of his schoolmates; the rest are all grave and business-like. Before he was thirteen years of age, he had copied into a volume forms for all kinds of mercantile and legal papers—bills of exchange, notes of hand, deeds, bonds, and the like.

15 This early self-tuition gave him throughout life a lawyer's skill in drafting documents, and a merchant's exactness in keeping accounts; so that all the concerns of his various estates, his dealings with his domestic stewards and foreign agents, his accounts with Government, and all his financial transactions, are to this day to be seen posted up in books, in his own hand-

writing, monuments of his method and unwearied accuracy.

He was a self-disciplinarian in physical as well as 16
mental matters, and practiced himself in all kinds of athletic exercises, such as running, leaping, wrestling, pitching quoits, and tossing bars. His frame, even in infancy, had been large and powerful, and he now excelled most of his playmates in contests of agility and strength. As a proof of his muscular power, a place is still pointed out at Fredericksburg, near the lower ferry, where, when a boy, he flung a stone across the Rappahannock. In horsemanship, too, he already excelled, and was ready to back, and able to manage, the most fiery steed. Traditional anecdotes remain of his achievements in this respect.

Above all, his inherent probity and the principles of 17
justice on which he regulated all his conduct, even at this early period of life, were soon appreciated by his schoolmates; he was referred to as an umpire in their disputes, and his decisions were never reversed. As he had formerly been military chieftain, he was now legislator of the school, thus displaying in boyhood a type of the future man.

THE LAST DAYS OF WASHINGTON.

IRVING'S "LIFE OF WASHINGTON."

"THE LAST DAYS OF WASHINGTON" is inserted in the hope of inducing the student to read Irving's "Life of Washington" for himself. Many estimates of the character of Washington have been made by eminent writers. Among these may be mentioned Macaulay's celebrated parallel between Washington and Hampden; Ed-

ward Everett's oration; Webster's speeches; Guizot's "Life of Washington." The American student should devote himself to the diligent study of his life and character. "Washington's Letters," edited by Sparks, will greatly assist in the task.

1 WINTER had now set in, with occasional wind and rain and frost, yet Washington still kept up his active round of in-door and out-door avocations, as his diary records. He was in full health and vigor, dined out occasionally, and had frequent guests at Mount Vernon, and, as usual, was part of every day in the saddle, going the rounds of his estates, and, in his military phraseology, "visiting the outposts."

2 He had recently walked with his favorite nephew about the grounds, showing the improvements he intended to make, and had especially pointed out the spot where he purposed building a new family vault, the old one being damaged by the roots of trees which had overgrown it and caused it to leak. "This change," said he, "I shall make the first of all, for I may require it before the rest."

3 "When I parted from him," adds the nephew, "he stood on the steps of the front door, where he took leave of myself and another. . . . It was a bright frosty morning; he had taken his usual ride, and the clear, healthy flush on his cheek and his sprightly manner brought the remark from both of us that we had never seen the General look so well. I have sometimes thought him decidedly the handsomest man I ever saw; and when in a lively mood, so full of pleasantry, so agreeable to all with whom he associated, that I could hardly realize he was the same Washington whose dignity awed all who approached him." . . .

4 For some time past Washington had been occupied in digesting a complete system on which his estate was to

be managed for several succeeding years; specifying the cultivation of the several farms, with tables designating the rotations of the crops. It occupied thirty folio pages, and was executed with that clearness and method which characterized all his business papers. This was finished on the 10th of December, and was accompanied by a letter of that date to his manager or steward. It is a valuable document, showing the soundness and vigor of his intellect at this advanced stage of his existence, and the love of order that reigned throughout his affairs. "My greatest anxiety," said he on a previous occasion, "is to have all these concerns in such a clear and distinct form that no reproach may attach itself to me when I have taken my departure to the land of spirits."

It was evident, however, that, full of health and vigor, 5
he looked forward to his long-cherished hope, the enjoyment of a serene old age in this home of his heart.

According to his diary, the morning on which these voluminous instructions to his steward were dated was clear and calm, but the afternoon was lowering. The next day (11th) he notes that there was wind and rain, and "at night *a large circle round the moon.*"

The morning of the 12th was overcast. That morning 6
he wrote a letter to Hamilton, heartily approving of a plan for a military academy, which the latter had submitted to the Secretary of War. "The establishment of an institution of this kind upon a respectable and extensive basis," observes he, "has ever been considered by me an object of primary importance to this country; and while I was in the chair of Government I omitted no proper opportunity of recommending it, in my public speeches and otherwise, to the attention of the Legislature. But I never undertook to go into a detail of the organization of such an academy, leaving this task to

others, whose pursuit in the path of science and attention to the arrangement of such institutions had better qualified them for the execution of it. . . . I sincerely hope that the subject will meet with due attention, and that the reasons for its establishment, which you have clearly pointed out in your letter to the secretary, will prevail upon the Legislature to place it upon a permanent and respectable footing." He closes his letter with an assurance of "very great esteem and regard," the last words he was ever to address to Hamilton.

7 About ten o'clock he mounted his horse, and rode out as usual to make the rounds of the estate. The ominous ring round the moon which he had observed on the preceding night proved a fatal portent. "About one o'clock," he notes, "it began to snow, soon after to hail, and then turned to a settled cold rain." Having on an overcoat, he continued his ride without regarding the weather, and did not return to the house until after three.

8 His secretary approached him with letters to be franked, that they might be taken to the post-office in the evening. Washington franked the letters, but observed that the weather was too bad to send a servant out with them. Mr. Lear perceived that snow was hanging from his hair, and expressed fears that he had got wet; but he replied, "No, his great-coat had kept him dry." As dinner had been waiting for him, he sat down to table without changing his dress. "In the evening," writes his secretary, "he appeared as well as usual."

9 On the following morning the snow was three inches deep and still falling, which prevented him from taking his usual ride. He complained of a sore throat, and had evidently taken cold the day before. In the afternoon the weather cleared up, and he went out on the grounds

between the house and the river to mark some trees which were to be cut down. A hoarseness which had hung about him through the day grew worse toward night, but he made light of it.

He was very cheerful in the evening, as he sat in the 10
parlor with Mrs. Washington and Mr. Lear, amusing himself with the papers which had been brought from the post-office. When he met with anything interesting or entertaining, he would read it aloud as well as his hoarseness would permit, or he listened and made occasional comments while Mr. Lear read the debates of the Virginia Assembly.

On retiring to bed, Mr. Lear suggested that he should 11
take something to relieve the cold. "No," replied he, "you know I never take anything for a cold. Let it go as it came."

In the night he was taken extremely ill with ague and difficulty of breathing. Between two and three o'clock in the morning he awoke Mrs. Washington, who would have risen to call a servant, but he would not permit her, lest she should take cold. At daybreak, when the servant-woman entered to make a fire, she was sent to call Mr. Lear. He found the General breathing with difficulty, and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. Washington desired that Dr. Craik, who lived in Alexandria, should be sent for, and that in the meantime Rawlins, one of the overseers, should be summoned to bleed him before the doctor could arrive.

A gargle was prepared for his throat, but, whenever 12
he attempted to swallow any of it, he was convulsed and almost suffocated. Rawlins made his appearance soon after sunrise; but, when the General's arm was ready for the operation, became agitated. "Don't be afraid," said the General, as well as he could speak. Rawlins made an

incision. "The orifice is not large enough," said Washington. The blood, however, ran pretty freely, and Mrs. Washington, uncertain whether the treatment was proper, and fearful that too much blood might be taken, begged Mr. Lear to stop it. When he was about to untie the string, the General put up his hand to prevent him, and as soon as he could speak, murmured, "More, more;" but Mrs. Washington's doubts prevailed, and the bleeding was stopped, after about half a pint of blood had been taken. External applications were now made to the throat, and his feet were bathed in warm water, but without affording any relief.

His old friend, Dr. Craik, arrived between eight and nine, and two other physicians, Drs. Dick and Brown, were called in. Various remedies were tried, and additional bleeding, but all of no avail.

13 "About half-past four o'clock," writes Mr. Lear, "he desired me to call Mrs. Washington to his bedside, when he requested her to go down into his room and take from his desk two wills which she would find there, and bring them to him, which she did. Upon looking at them, he gave her one, which he observed was useless, as being superseded by the other, and desired her to burn it, which she did, and took the other and put it into her closet.

14 "After this was done, I returned to his bedside and took his hand. He said to me: 'I find I am going; my breath can not last long. I believed from the first that the disorder would prove fatal. Do you arrange and record all my late military letters and papers. Arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else; and let Mr. Rawlins finish recording my other letters, which he has begun!' I told him this should be done. He then asked if I recollected anything which it was essential for him to do, as he had

but a very short time to continue with us. I told him that I could recollect nothing; but that I hoped he was not so near his end. He observed, smiling, that he certainly was, and that, as it was the debt which we must all pay, he looked to the event with perfect resignation."

In the course of the afternoon he appeared to be in 15
great pain and distress from the difficulty of breathing, and frequently changed his posture in the bed. Mr. Lear endeavored to raise him and turn him with as much ease as possible. "I am afraid I fatigue you too much," the General would say. Upon being assured to the contrary, "Well," observed he gratefully, "it is a debt we must pay to each other, and I hope when you want aid of this kind you will find it."

His servant, Christopher, had been in the room dur- 16
ing the day, and almost the whole time on his feet. The General noticed it in the afternoon, and kindly told him to sit down.

About five o'clock his old friend, Dr. Craik, came again into the room and approached the bedside. "Doctor," said the General, "I die hard, but I am not afraid to go. I believed, from my first attack, that I should not survive it; my breath can not last long." The doctor pressed his hand in silence, retired from the bedside, and sat by the fire absorbed in grief.

Between five and six the other physicians came in, 17
and he was assisted to sit up in his bed. "I feel I am going," said he; "I thank you for your attentions, but I pray you to take no more trouble about me; let me go off quietly; I cannot last long." He lay down again; all retired, excepting Dr. Craik. The General continued uneasy and restless, but without complaining, frequently asking what hour it was.

Further remedies were tried without avail in the

evening. He took whatever was offered him, did as he was desired by the physicians, and never uttered sigh or complaint.

18 "About ten o'clock," writes Mr. Lear, "he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it. At length he said, 'I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead.' I bowed assent, for I could not speak. He then looked at me again, and said, 'Do you understand me?' I replied, 'Yes.' ''Tis well,' said he.

"About ten minutes before he expired (which was between ten and eleven o'clock) his breathing became easier. He lay quietly; he withdrew his hand from mine and felt his own pulse. I saw his countenance change. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire. He came to the bedside. The General's hand fell from his wrist. I took it in mine and pressed it to my bosom. Dr. Craik put his hands over his eyes, and he expired without a struggle or a sigh.

"While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington, who was seated at the foot of the bed, asked, with a firm and collected voice, 'Is he gone?' I could not speak, but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more. ''Tis well,' said she in the same voice. 'All is now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through.'"

19 We add, from Mr. Lear's account, a few particulars concerning the funeral. The old family vault on the estate had been opened, the rubbish cleared away, and a door made to close the entrance, which before had been closed with brick. The funeral took place on the 18th of December. About eleven o'clock the people of the neighborhood began to assemble. The corporation of

Alexandria, with the militia and Freemasons of the place, and eleven pieces of cannon, arrived at a later hour. A schooner was stationed off Mount Vernon to fire minute-guns.

About three o'clock the procession began to move, 20
passing out through the gate at the left wing of the house, proceeding round in front of the lawn and down to the vault, on the right wing of the house, minute-guns being fired at the time. The troops, horse and foot, formed the escort; then came four of the clergy. Then the General's horse, with his saddle, holsters, and pistols, led by two grooms in black. The body was borne by the Freemasons and officers; several members of the family and old friends, among the number Dr. Craik, and some of the Fairfaxes, followed as chief mourners. The corporation of Alexandria and numerous private persons closed the procession. The Rev. Mr. Davis read the funeral service at the vault, and pronounced a short address, after which the Masons performed their ceremonies, and the body was deposited in the vault.

Such were the obsequies of Washington, simple and modest, according to his own wishes; all confined to the grounds of Mount Vernon, which, after forming the poetical dream of his life, had now become his final resting-place.

On opening the will which he had handed to Mrs. 21
Washington shortly before his death, it was found to have been carefully drawn up by himself in the preceding July; and, by an act in conformity with his whole career, one of its first provisions directed the emancipation of his slaves on the decease of his wife. It had long been his earnest wish that the slaves held by him *in his own right* should receive their freedom during his life; but he had found that it would be attended with insuperable difficulties on account of their intermixture by mar-

riage with the "dower negroes," whom it was not in his power to manumit under the tenure by which they were held.

22 With provident benignity he also made provision in his will for such as were to receive their freedom under this devise, but who, from age, bodily infirmities, or infancy, might be unable to support themselves; and he expressly forbade, under any pretense whatsoever, the sale or transportation out of Virginia of any slave of whom he might die possessed. Though born and educated a slave-holder, this was all in consonance with feelings, sentiments, and principles which he had long entertained. . . .

23 A deep sorrow spread over the nation on hearing that Washington was no more. Congress, which was in session, immediately adjourned for the day. The next morning it was resolved that the Speaker's chair be shrouded with black, that the members and officers of the House wear black during the session, and that a joint committee of both Houses be appointed to consider on the most suitable manner of doing honor to the memory of the man "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens."

24 Public testimonials of grief and reverence were displayed in every part of the Union. Nor were these sentiments confined to the United States. When the news of Washington's death reached England, Lord Bridport, who had command of a British fleet of nearly sixty sail of the line, lying at Torbay, lowered his flag half-mast, every ship following the example; and Bonaparte, First Consul of France, on announcing his death to the army, ordered that black crape should be suspended from all the standards and flags throughout the public service for ten days.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

IRVING'S "LIFE OF WASHINGTON."

(*See preceding note.*)

In the preceding volumes of our work we have traced 1
the career of Washington from early boyhood to his elevation to the Presidential chair. It was an elevation he had neither sought nor wished; for, when the independence of his country was achieved, the modest and cherished desire of his heart had been "to live and die a private citizen on his own farm; and he had shaped out for himself an ideal elysium in his beloved shades of Mount Vernon. But power sought him in his retirement. The weight and influence of his name and character were deemed all essential to complete his work; to set the new government in motion, and conduct it through its first perils and trials. With unfeigned reluctance he complied 2
with the imperative claims of his country, and accepted the power thus urged upon him, advancing to its exercise with diffidence, and aiming to surround himself with men of the highest talent and information, whom he might consult in emergency, but firm and strong in the resolve in all things to act as his conscience told him was "right as it respected his God, his country, and himself." For he knew no divided fidelity, no separate obligation; his most sacred duty to himself was his highest duty to his country and his God.

In treating of his civil administration in this closing 3
volume, we have endeavored to show how truly he adhered to this resolve, and with what inflexible integrity and scrupulous regard to the public weal he discharged his functions. In executing our task, we have not in-

dulged in discussions of temporary questions of controverted policy which agitated the incipient establishment of our Government, but have given his words and actions as connected with those questions, and as illustrative of his character. In this volume, as in those which treat of his military career, we have avoided rhetorical amplification and embellishments, and all gratuitous assumptions, and have sought, by simple and truthful details, to give his character an opportunity of developing itself, and of manifesting those fixed principles and that noble consistency which reigned alike throughout his civil and his military career.

4 The character of Washington may want some of those poetical elements which dazzle and delight the multitude, but it possessed fewer inequalities and a rarer union of virtues than, perhaps, ever fell to the lot of one man. Prudence, firmness, sagacity, moderation, an overruling judgment, an immovable justice, courage that never faltered, patience that never wearied, truth that disdained all artifice, magnanimity without alloy. It seems as if Providence had endowed him in a preëminent degree with the qualities requisite to fit him for the high destiny he was called upon to fulfill—to conduct a momentous revolution which was to form an era in the history of the world, and to inaugurate a new and untried government, which, to use his own words, was to lay the foundation "for the enjoyment of much purer civil liberty and greater public happiness than have hitherto been the portion of mankind."

5 The fame of Washington stands apart from every other in history, shining with a truer luster and a more benignant glory. With us his memory remains a national property, where all sympathies throughout our widely-extended and diversified empire meet in unison. Under

all dissensions and amid all the storms of party, his precepts and example speak to us from the grave with a paternal appeal; and his name—by all revered—forms a universal tie of brotherhood—a watchword of our Union.

"It will be the duty of the historian and the sage of 6
all nations," writes an eminent British statesman (Lord Brougham), "to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man, and until time shall be no more will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington."

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.—SKETCH OF HIS EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION.

IRVING'S "LIFE OF COLUMBUS."

This account of the early life of Columbus should be read as carefully as the description of Washington's early years. A great impulse was given to navigation and exploration during the age of Columbus. Some of the most important explorations were made by Italian navigators. Several of the Italian States were unsurpassed in this era for their maritime skill and enterprise.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, or Colombo, as the name is 1
written in Italian, was born in the city of Genoa, about the year 1435. He was the son of Dominico Colombo, a wool-comber, and Susannah Fonatanarossa, his wife, and it would seem that his ancestors had followed the same handicraft for several generations in Genoa. At- 2
tempts have been made to prove him of illustrious descent, and several noble houses have laid claim to him

since his name has become so renowned as to confer rather than receive distinction. It is possible some of them may be in the right, for the feuds in Italy in those ages had broken down and scattered many of the noblest families, and while some branches remained in the lordly heritage of castles and domains, others were con-
3 founded with the humblest population of the cities. The fact, however, is not material to his fame; and it is a higher proof of merit to be the object of contention among various noble families than to be able to substantiate the most illustrious lineage. His son Fernando had a true feeling on the subject. "I am of opinion," says he, "that I should derive less dignity from any nobility of ancestry than from being the son of such a father."

Columbus was the oldest of four children, having two brothers, Bartholomew and Giacomo, or James (written Diego in Spanish), and one sister, of whom nothing is known but that she was married to a person in obscure
4 life, called Giacomo Bavarello. At a very early age Columbus evinced a decided inclination for the sea; his education, therefore, was mainly directed to fit him for maritime life, but was as general as the narrow means of his father would permit. Besides the ordinary branches of reading, writing, grammar, and arithmetic, he was instructed in the Latin tongue, and made some proficiency
5 in drawing and design. For a short time, also, he was sent to the University at Pavia, where he studied geometry, geography, astronomy, and navigation. He then returned to Genoa, where, according to a contemporary historian, he assisted his father in his trade of wool-combing. This assertion is indignantly contradicted by his son Fernando, though there is nothing in it improbable, and he gives us no information of his father's occupation to supply its place. He could not, however, have remained

long in this employment, as, according to his own account, he entered upon a nautical life when but fourteen years of age.

In tracing the early history of a man like Columbus, 6
whose actions have had a vast effect on human affairs, it is interesting to notice how much has been owing to external influences, how much to an inborn propensity of the genius. In the latter part of his life, when, impressed with the sublime events brought about through his agency, Columbus looked back upon his career with a solemn and superstitious feeling, he attributed his early and irresistible inclination for the sea, and his passion for geographical studies, to an impulse from the Deity preparing him for the high decrees he was chosen to accomplish.

The nautical propensity, however, evinced by Colum- 7
bus in early life, is common to boys of enterprising spirit and lively imagination brought up in maritime cities, to whom the sea is the high-road to adventure and the region of romance. Genoa, too, walled in and straitened on the land side by rugged mountains, yielded but little scope for enterprise on shore, while an opulent and widely extended commerce, visiting every country, and a roving marine, battling in every sea, naturally led forth her children upon the waves, as their propitious element. Many, 8
too, were induced to emigrate by the violent factions which raged within the bosom of the city, and often dyed its streets with blood. A historian of Genoa laments this proneness of its youth to wander. "They go," said he, "with the intention of returning when they shall have acquired the means of living comfortably and honorably in their native place; but we know from long experience that, of twenty who thus depart, scarce two return, either dying abroad, or taking to themselves foreign wives, or

being loath to expose themselves to the tempest of civil discords which distract the republic."

9 The strong passion for geographical knowledge, also, felt by Columbus in early life, and which inspired his after-career, was incident to the age in which he lived. Geographical discovery was the brilliant path of light which was for ever to distinguish the fifteenth century. During a long night of bigotry and false learning, geography, with the other sciences, had been lost to the European nations. Fortunately, it had not been lost to mankind; it had taken refuge in the bosom of Africa. While the pedantic schoolmen of the cloisters were wasting time and talent, and confounding erudition by idle reveries and sophistical dialectics, the Arabian sages assembled at Sennaar were taking the measurement of a degree of latitude, and calculating the circumference of the earth on the vast plains of Mesopotamia.

10 True knowledge, thus happily preserved, was now making its way back to Europe. The revival of science accompanied the revival of letters. Among the various authors which the awakening zeal for ancient literature had once more brought into notice were Pliny, Pomponius Mela, and Strabo. From these was regained a fund of geographical knowledge which had long faded from the
11 public mind. Curiosity was aroused to pursue this forgotten path thus suddenly reopened. A translation of the work of Ptolemy had been made into Latin at the commencement of the century by Emanuel Chrysoleras, a noble and learned Greek, and had thus been rendered more familiar to the Italian students. Another translation had followed, by James Augel de Scarpiaria, of which fair and beautiful copies became common in the Italian libraries. The writings also began to be sought after of Averroes, Alfraganus, and other Arabian sages, who had

kept the sacred fire of science alive during the interval of European darkness.

The knowledge thus reviving was limited and imper- 12
fect; yet, like the return of morning light, it seemed to call a new creation into existence, and broke with all the charm of wonder upon imaginative minds. They were surprised at their own ignorance of the world around them. Every step was discovery, for every region beyond their native country was in a manner *terra incognita.*

Such was the state of information and feeling with 13
respect to this interesting science in the early part of the fifteenth century. An interest still more intense was awakened by the discoveries which began to be made along the Atlantic coasts of Africa, and must have been particularly felt among a maritime and commercial people like the Genoese. To these circumstances may we ascribe the enthusiastic devotion which Columbus imbibed in his childhood for cosmographical studies, and which influenced all his after-fortunes.

The short time passed by him at the University of 14
Pavia was barely sufficient to give him the rudiments of the necessary sciences; the familiar acquaintance with them which he evinced in after-life must have been the result of diligent self-schooling in casual hours of study, amid the cares and vicissitudes of a rugged and wandering life. He was one of those men of strong natural genius who, from having to contend at their very outset with privations and impediments, acquire an intrepidity in encountering, and a facility in vanquishing, difficulties throughout their career. Such men learn to effect great purposes with small means, supplying this deficiency by the resources of their own energy and invention. This, from his earliest commencement throughout the whole of

his life, was one of the remarkable features in the history of Columbus. In every undertaking the scantiness and apparent insufficiency of his means enhance the grandeur of his achievements.

SKETCH OF WILLIAM THE SILENT.

MOTLEY'S "RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC."

William the Silent belonged to the illustrious house of Orange, and was the ancestor of William III of England. (See note on Bishop Burnet's sketch of William III.) He (William the Silent) was the leader of the revolted provinces in the Low Countries during their long and desperate struggle with the power of Spain. In 1584 he fell by the hand of an assassin; but his death seemed only to inspire his followers with renewed vigor and more heroic courage. His title of the "Silent" is somewhat misleading, as he was exceedingly affable and agreeable in conversation. It is derived from a certain incident in his life of great interest, which the student will find related in Motley's history.

1 THE history of the rise of the Netherland republic has been at the same time the biography of William the Silent. This, while it gives unity to the narrative, renders an elaborate description of his character superfluous. That life was a noble Christian epic, inspired with one great purpose from its commencement to its close, the stream flowing ever from one fountain with expanding fullness, but retaining all its original purity. A few general observations are all which are necessary by way of conclusion.

2 In person, Orange was above the middle height, perfectly well made and sinewy, but rather spare than stout. His eyes, hair, beard, and complexion were brown. His

head was small, symmetrically shaped, combining the alertness and compactness characteristic of the soldier, with the capacious brow furrowed prematurely with the horizontal lines of thought, denoting the statesman and the sage. His physical appearance was therefore in harmony with his organization, which was of antique model. Of his moral qualities, the most prominent was his piety. 3
He was more than anything else a religious man. From his trust in God he ever derived support and consolation in the darkest hours. Implicitly relying upon Almighty wisdom and goodness, he looked danger in the face with a constant smile, and endured incessant labors and trials with a serenity which seemed more than human. While, however, his soul was full of piety, it was tolerant of error. Sincerely and deliberately himself a convert to the Reformed Church, he was ready to extend freedom of worship to Catholics on the one hand and to Anabaptists on the other, for no man ever felt more keenly than he that the reformer who becomes in his turn a bigot is doubly odious. . . .

His intellectual faculties were various, and of the 4
highest order. He had the exact, practical, and combining qualities which make the great commander, and his friends claimed that in military genius he was second to no captain in Europe. This was, no doubt, an exaggeration of partial attachment; but it is certain that the Emperor Charles had an exalted opinion of his capacity for the field. His fortification of Philippeville and Charlemont in the face of the enemy; his passage of the Meuse in Alva's sight; his unfortunate but well-ordered campaign against that general; his sublime plan of relief, projected and successfully directed at last from his sick-bed, for the besieged city of Leyden—will always remain monuments of his practical military skill.

5 Of the soldier's great virtues—constancy in disaster, devotion to duty, hopefulness in defeat—no man ever possessed a larger share. He arrived, through a series of reverses, at a perfect victory. He planted a free commonwealth in defiance of the most powerful empire existing. He was therefore a conqueror in the loftiest sense, for he conquered liberty and a national existence for a whole people. The contest was long, and he fell in the struggle; but the victory was to the dead hero, not to the
6 living monarch. It is to be remembered, too, that he always wrought with inferior instruments. His troops were usually mercenaries, who were but too apt to mutiny upon the eve of battle; while he was opposed by the most formidable veterans of Europe, commanded successively by the first captains of the age. That, with no lieutenant of eminent valor or experience, save only his brother Louis, and with none at all after that chieftain's death, William of Orange should succeed in baffling the efforts of Alva, Requesens, Don John of Austria, and Alexander Farnese—men whose names are among the most brilliant in the military annals of the world—is in itself sufficient evidence of his warlike ability. At the period of his death he had reduced the number of obedient provinces to two, only Artois and Hainault acknowledging Philip, while the other fifteen were in open revolt, the greater part having solemnly forsworn their sovereign.

7 The supremacy of his political genius was entirely beyond question. He was the first statesman of the age. The quickness of his perception was only equaled by the caution which enabled him to mature the results of his observations. His knowledge of human nature was profound. He governed the passions and sentiments of a great nation as if they had been but the keys and chords of one vast instrument; and his hand rarely failed to

evoke harmony even out of the wildest storms. The turbulent city of Ghent, which could obey no other master, which even the haughty Emperor could only crush without controlling, was ever responsive to the master-hand of Orange. His presence scared away Imbize and his bat-like crew; confounded the schemes of John Casimir; frustrated the wiles of Prince Chimay; and, while he lived, Ghent was what it ought always to have remained—the bulwark, as it had been the cradle, of popular liberty. After his death it became its tomb.

Ghent, saved thrice by the policy, the eloquence, the 8
self-sacrifices of Orange, fell, within three months of his murder, into the hands of Parma. The loss of this most important city, followed in the next year by the downfall of Antwerp, sealed the fate of the Southern Netherlands. Had the Prince lived, how different might have been the country's fate! If seven provinces could dilate in so brief a space into the powerful commonwealth which the republic soon became, what might not have been achieved by the united seventeen—a confederacy which would have united the adamantine vigor of the Batavian and Frisian races with the subtiler, more delicate, and more graceful national elements in which the genius of the Frank, the Roman, and the Romanized Celt were so intimately blended! As long as the father of the country lived, such a union was possible. His power of managing men was so unquestionable that there was always a hope even in the darkest hour, for men felt implicit reliance as well on his intellectual resources as on his integrity.

This power of dealing with his fellow-men he mani- 9
fested in the various ways in which it has been usually exhibited by statesmen. He possessed a ready eloquence —sometimes impassioned, oftener argumentative, always rational. His influence over his audience was unexampled

in the annals of that country or age; yet he never condescended to flatter the people. He never followed the nation, but always led her in the path of duty and of honor, and was much more prone to rebuke the vices than to pander to the passions of his hearers. He never failed to administer ample chastisement to parsimony, to jealousy, to insubordination, to intolerance, to infidelity, wherever it was due, nor feared to confront the states or the people in their most angry hours, and to tell them
10 the truth to their faces. This commanding position he alone could stand upon, for his countrymen knew the generosity which had sacrificed his all for them, the self-denial which had eluded rather than sought political advancement, whether from king or people, and the untiring devotion which had consecrated a whole life to toil and danger in the cause of their emancipation. While, therefore, he was ever ready to rebuke, and always too honest to flatter, he at the same time possessed the eloquence which could convince or persuade. He knew how to reach both the mind and the heart of his hearers.
11 His orations, whether extemporaneous or prepared—his written messages to the states-general, to the provincial authorities, to the municipal bodies—his private correspondence with men of all ranks, from emperors and kings down to secretaries, and even children, all show an easy flow of language, a fullness of thought, a power of expression rare in that age, a fund of historical allusion, a considerable power of imagination, a warmth of sentiment, a breadth of view, a directness of purpose—a range of qualities, in short, which would in themselves have stamped him as one of the master-minds of his century, had there been no other monument to his memory than the remains of his spoken or written eloquence. The bulk of his performances in this department was pro-

digious. Not even Philip was more industrious in the cabinet. Not even Granvelle held a more facile pen. He wrote and spoke equally well in French, German, or Flemish; and he possessed, besides, Spanish, Italian, and Latin. The weight of his correspondence alone would 12
have almost sufficed for the common industry of a life-time, and although many volumes of his speeches and letters have been published, there remain in the various archives of the Netherlands and Germany many documents from his hand which will probably never see the light. If the capacity for unremitted intellectual labor in an honorable cause be the measure of human greatness, few minds could be compared to the "large composition" of this man. The efforts made to destroy the Netherlands by the most laborious and painstaking of tyrants were counteracted by the industry of the most indefatigable of patriots.

Thus his eloquence, oral or written, gave him almost 13
boundless power over his countrymen. He possessed, also, a rare perception of human character, together with an iron memory which never lost a face, a place, or an event, once seen or known. He read the minds—even the faces—of men like printed books. No man could overreach him, excepting only those to whom he gave his heart. He might be mistaken where he had confided, never where he had been distrustful or indifferent. He was deceived by Renneberg, by his brother-in-law, Van den Berg, by the Duke of Anjou. Had it been possible for his brother Louis or his brother John to have proved false, he might have been deceived by them. He was never outwitted by Philip, or Granvelle, or Don John, or Alexander of Parma. Anna of Saxony was false to him, and entered into correspondence with the royal governors and with the King of Spain; Charlotte of Bourbon

or Louisa de Coligny might have done the same had it been possible for their natures also to descend to such depths of guile. . . .

14 His enemies have been able to find few flaws in his nature, and therefore have denounced it in gross. It is not that his character was here and there defective, but that the eternal jewel was false. The patriotism was counterfeit; the self-abnegation and the generosity were counterfeit. He was governed only by ambition—by a desire of personal advancement. They never attempted to deny his talents, his industry, his vast sacrifices of wealth and station; but they ridiculed the idea that he could have been inspired by any but unworthy motives.

15 God alone knows the heart of man. He alone can unweave the tangled skein of human motives, and detect the hidden springs of human action, but, as far as can be judged by a careful observation of undisputed facts, and by a diligent collation of public and private documents, it would seem that no man—not even Washington—has ever been inspired by a purer patriotism. At any rate, the charge of ambition and self-seeking can only be answered by a reference to the whole picture which these volumes have attempted to portray. The words, the deeds of the man are there. As much as possible, his inmost soul is revealed in his confidential letters, and he who looks in a right spirit will hardly fail to find what he desires.

16 Whether originally of a timid temperament or not, he was certainly possessed of perfect courage at last. In siege and battle, in the deadly air of pestilential cities, in the long exhaustion of mind and body which comes from unduly protracted labor and anxiety, amid the countless conspiracies of assassins, he was daily exposed to death in every shape. Within two years five different attempts

against his life had been discovered. Rank and fortune were offered to any malefactor who would compass the murder. He had already been shot through the head, and almost mortally wounded. Under such circumstances even a brave man might have seen a pitfall at every step, a dagger in every hand, and poison in every cup. On the contrary, he was ever cheerful, and hardly took more precaution than usual. "God, in his mercy," said he, 17
with unaffected simplicity, "will maintain my innocence and my honor during my life and in future ages. As to my fortune and my life, I have dedicated both, long since, to his service. He will do therewith what pleases him for his glory and my salvation." Thus his suspicions were not even excited by the ominous face of Gérard, when he first presented himself at the dining-room door. The Prince laughed off his wife's prophetic apprehension at the sight of his murderer, and was as cheerful as usual to the last.

He possessed, too, that which to the heathen philoso- 18
pher seemed the greatest good—the sound mind in the sound body. His physical frame was after death found so perfect that a long life might have been in store for him, notwithstanding all which he had endured. The desperate illness of 1574, the frightful gunshot wound inflicted by Jaureguy in 1582, had left no traces. The physicians pronounced that his body presented an aspect of perfect health. His temperament was cheerful. At table, the pleasures of which in moderation were his only relaxation, he was always animated and merry, and this jocoseness was partly natural, partly intentional. In the darkest hours of his country's trial he affected a serenity which he was far from feeling, so that his apparent gayety at momentous epochs was even censured by dullards, who could not comprehend its philosophy, nor applaud the flippancy of William the Silent.

19 He went through life, bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders, with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative with which the soldier, who had been battling for the right all his lifetime, commended his soul in dying " to his great captain, Christ." The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their " Father William," and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind, to which they were accustomed in their darkest calamities to look for light. As long as he lived he was the guiding-star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.

JOHN HAMPDEN.—HIS CHARACTER.—HIS DEATH.

MACAULAY'S " ESSAYS."

John Hampden was one of the first martyrs in the great civil war that ended in the temporary overthrow of the English monarchy, the death of Charles I, and the rise of Cromwell to absolute power. This period is one of the most instructive in modern history, and one exceedingly difficult to estimate properly. The student may consult with advantage Masson's " Life and Times of Milton," Greene's "Short History of the English People," Macaulay's " Essay on Hallam's Constitutional History of England," Von Ranke's " History of England, principally in the Seventeenth Century."

1 In the evening of the seventeenth of June Rupert darted out of Oxford with his cavalry on a predatory expedition. At three in the morning of the following day he attacked and dispersed a few parliamentary sol-

diers who lay at Postcombe. He then flew to Chinnor, burned the village, killed or took all the troops who were quartered there, and prepared to hurry back with his booty and his prisoners to Oxford.

Hampden had, on the preceding day, strongly rep- 2
resented to Essex the danger to which this part of the line was exposed. As soon as he received intelligence of Rupert's incursion, he sent off a horseman with a message to the General. The cavaliers, he said, could return only by Chiselhampton Bridge. A force ought to be instantly dispatched in that direction for the purpose of intercepting them. In the mean time he resolved to set out with all the cavalry that he could muster, for the purpose of impeding the march of the enemy till Essex could take measures for cutting off their retreat. A considerable 3
body of horse and dragoons volunteered to follow him. He was not their commander. He did not even belong to their branch of the service. But "he was," says Lord Clarendon, "second to none but the General himself in the observance and application of all men." On the field of Chalgrove he came up with Rupert. A fierce skirmish ensued. In the first charge Hampden was struck in the shoulder by two bullets, which broke the bone and lodged in his body. The troops of the Parliament lost heart and gave way. Rupert, after pursuing them for a short time, hastened to cross the bridge, and made his retreat unmolested to Oxford.

Hampden, with his head drooping and his hands lean- 4
ing on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle. The mansion which had been inhabited by his father-in-law, and from which in his youth he had carried home his bride Elizabeth, was in sight. There still remains an affecting tradition that he looked for a moment toward that beloved house, and made an effort to go thither to

die. But the enemy lay in that direction. He turned his horse toward Thame, where he arrived almost fainting with agony. The surgeons dressed his wounds. But there was no hope. The pain which he suffered was most excruciating. But he endured it with admirable firmness
5 and resignation. His first care was for his country. He wrote from his bed several letters to London concerning public affairs, and sent a last pressing message to the headquarters recommending that the dispersed forces should be concentrated. When his public duties were performed, he calmly prepared himself to die. He was attended by a clergyman of the Church of England, with whom he had lived in habits of intimacy, and by the chaplain of the Buckinghamshire Green-coats, Dr. Spurton, whom Baxter describes as a famous and excellent divine.

6 A short time before Hampden's death the sacrament was administered to him. He declared that, though he disliked the government of the Church of England, he yet agreed with that Church as to all essential matters of doctrine. His intellect remained unclouded. When all was nearly over, he lay murmuring faint prayers for himself and for the cause in which he died. "Lord Jesus," he exclaimed, in the moment of the last agony, "receive my soul! O Lord! save my country! O Lord! be merciful to—" In that broken ejaculation passed away his noble and fearless spirit.

7 He was buried in the parish church of Hampden. His soldiers, bareheaded, with reversed arms and muffled drums and colors, escorted his body to the grave, singing as they marched that lofty and melancholy psalm in which the fragility of human life is contrasted with the immutability of him to whom a thousand years are as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night.

The news of Hampden's death produced as great a 8
consternation in his party, according to Clarendon, as if their whole army had been cut off. The journals of the time amply prove that the Parliament and all its friends were filled with grief and dismay. Lord Nugent has quoted a remarkable passage from the next "Weekly Intelligencer": "The loss of Colonel Hampden goeth near the heart of every man that loves the good of his king and country, and makes some conceive little content to be at the army now that he is gone. The memory of this deceased colonel is such that in no age to come but it will more and more be had in honor and esteem; a man so religious, and of that prudence, judgment, temper, valor, and integrity, that he hath but few his like behind."

He had, indeed, left none his like behind him. There 9
still remained, indeed, in his party many acute intellects, many eloquent tongues, many brave and honest hearts. There still remained a rugged and clownish soldier, half fanatic, half buffoon, whose talents, discerned as yet only by one penetrating eye, were equal to all the highest duties of the soldier and the prince. But in Hampden, and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities which, at such a crisis, were necessary to save the state: the valor and energy of Cromwell; the discernment and eloquence of Vane; the humanity and moderation of Manchester; the stern integrity of Hale; the ardent public spirit of Sydney. Others might possess the quali- 10
ties which were necessary to save the popular party in the crisis of danger; he alone had both the power and the inclination to restrain its excesses in the hour of triumph. Others could conquer; he alone could reconcile. A heart as bold as his brought up the cuirassiers who turned the tide of battle on Marston Moor. As skillful

an eye as his watched the Scotch army descending from
11 the heights over Dunbar. But it was when to the sullen tyranny of Laud and Charles had succeeded the fierce conflict of sects and factions, ambitious of ascendancy and burning for revenge—it was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had generated threatened the new freedom with destruction—that England missed the sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention, to which the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone.

FREDERICK THE GREAT OF PRUSSIA.—HIS HABITS.—HIS MANNER OF CONDUCTING PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MACAULAY'S "ESSAYS."

Frederick the Great of Prussia was one of the most remarkable historical characters of modern times. As a military commander he may be ranked with Napoleon and Marlborough. His successes were generally achieved while contending against resources much more powerful than his own. It was his indomitable energy, as well as his splendid military talents, that paved the way for the present commanding position of Prussia as the leading power in Germany, if not in Europe. The student should read Macaulay's Essay in full, and Carlyle's "Life of Frederick the Great."

1 FREDERICK had from the commencement of his reign applied himself to public business after a fashion unknown among kings. Louis XIV, indeed, had been his own prime minister, and had exercised a general superintendence over all the departments of the Government; but this was not sufficient for Frederick. He was not

content with being his own prime minister—he would be his own sole minister. Under him there was no room, not merely for a Richelieu or a Mazarin, but for a Colbert, a Louvois, or a Torcy. A love of labor for its own sake; a restless and insatiable longing to dictate, to intermeddle, to make his power felt; a profound scorn and distrust of his fellow-creatures—indisposed him to ask counsel, to confide important secrets, to delegate ample powers. The highest functionaries under his government 2
were mere clerks, and were not so much trusted by him as valuable clerks are often trusted by the heads of departments. He was his own treasurer, his own commander-in-chief, his own intendant of public works, his own minister for trade and justice, for home affairs and foreign affairs; his own master of the horse, steward, and chamberlain. Matters of which no chief of an office in any other government would ever hear were in this singular monarchy decided by the King in person. If a traveler wished for a good place to see a review, he had to write to Frederick, and received next day from a royal messenger Frederick's answer, signed by Frederick's own hand. This was an extravagant, a morbid activity. The 3
public business would assuredly have been better done if each department had been put under a man of talents and integrity, and if the King had contented himself with a general control. In this manner the advantages which belong to unity of design and the advantages which belong to the division of labor would have been to a great extent combined. But such a system would not 4
have suited the peculiar temper of Frederick. He could tolerate no will, no reason in the state, save his own. He wished for no abler assistance than that of penmen who had just understanding enough to translate, to transcribe, to make out his scrawls, and to put his concise Yes and

No into an official form. Of the higher intellectual faculties there is as much in a copying machine or a lithographic press as he required from a secretary of the cabinet.

His own exertions were such as were hardly to be expected from a human body, or a human mind. At Potsdam, his ordinary residence, he rose at three in summer and four in winter. A page soon appeared, with a large basketful of all the letters which had arrived for the king by the last courier—dispatches from ambassadors, reports from officers of revenue, plans of buildings, proposals for draining marshes, complaints from persons who thought themselves aggrieved, applications from persons who wanted titles, military commissions, and civil situations. He examined the seals with a keen eye, for he was never for a moment free from the suspicion that some fraud might be practiced on him. Then he read the letters, divided them into several packets, and signified his pleasure, generally by a mark, often by two or three words, now and then by some cutting epigram. By eight he had generally finished this part of his task. The Adjutant-General was then in attendance, and received instructions for the day as to all the military arrangements of the kingdom. Then the King went to review his guards, not as kings ordinarily review their guards, but with the minute attention and severity of an old drill-sergeant. In the mean time the four cabinet secretaries had been employed in answering the letters on which the King had that morning signified his will. These unhappy men were forced to work all the year round like negro-slaves in the time of the sugar crop. They never had a holiday. They never knew what it was to dine. It was necessary that before they stirred they should finish the whole of their work. The King,

always on his guard against treachery, took from the heap a handful at random, and looked into them to see whether his instructions had been exactly followed. This was no bad security against foul play on the part of the secretaries; for, if one of them were detected in a trick, he might think himself fortunate if he escaped with five years' imprisonment in a dungeon. Frederick then signed the replies, and all were sent off the same evening.

The general principles on which this strange govern- 8
ment was conducted deserve attention. The policy of Frederick was essentially the same as his father's; but Frederick, while he carried that policy to lengths to which his father never thought of carrying it, cleared it at the same time from the absurdities with which his father had encumbered it. The King's first object was to have a great, efficient, and well-trained army. He had a kingdom which in extent and population was hardly in the second rank of European powers; and yet he aspired to a place not inferior to that of the sovereigns of England, France, and Austria. For that end it was necessary that 9
Prussia should be all sting. Louis XV, with five times as many subjects as Frederick, and more than five times as large a revenue, had not a more formidable army. The proportion which the soldiers in Prussia bore to the people seems hardly credible. Of the males in the vigor of life, a seventh part were probably under arms; and this great force had, by drilling, by reviewing, and by the unsparing use of cane and scourge, been taught to perform all evolutions with a rapidity and a precision which would have astonished Villars or Eugene. The 10
elevated feelings which are necessary to the best kind of army were then wanting to the Prussian service. In those ranks were not found the religious and political en-

thusiasm which inspired the pikemen of Cromwell—the patriotic ardor, the thirst of glory, the devotion to a great leader, which inflamed the Old Guard of Napoleon. But, in all the mechanical parts of the military calling, the Prussians were as superior to the English and French troops of that day as the English and French troops to a rustic militia.

11 Though the pay of the Prussian soldier was small, though every rixdollar of extraordinary charge was scrutinized by Frederick with a vigilance and suspicion such as Mr. Joseph Hume never brought to the examination of an army estimate, the expense of such an establishment was, for the means of the country, enormous. In order that it might not be utterly ruinous, it was necessary that every other expense should be cut down to the
12 lowest possible point. Accordingly Frederick, though his dominions bordered on the sea, had no navy. He neither had nor wished to have colonies. His judges, his fiscal officers, were meanly paid. His ministers at foreign courts walked on foot, or drove shabby old carriages till the axle-trees gave way. Even to his highest diplomatic agents, who resided at London and Paris, he allowed less than a thousand pounds sterling a year. The royal household was managed with a frugality unusual in the establishments of opulent subjects—unexampled in any other palace. The King loved good eating and drinking, and during great part of his life took pleasure in seeing his table surrounded by guests; yet the whole charge of his kitchen was brought within the sum of two
13 thousand pounds sterling a year. He examined every extraordinary item with a care which might be thought to suit the mistress of a boarding-house better than a great prince. When more than four rixdollars were asked of him for a hundred oysters, he stormed as if he

had heard that one of his generals had sold a fortress to the Empress-Queen. Not a bottle of champagne was uncorked without his express order. The game of the royal parks and forests, a serious head of expenditure in most kingdoms, was to him a source of profit. The whole was farmed out; and, though the farmers were almost ruined by their contract, the king would grant them no remission. His wardrobe consisted of one fine gala dress, 14
which lasted him all his life; of two or three old coats fit for Monmouth Street, of yellow waistcoats soiled with snuff, and of huge boots embrowned by time. One taste alone sometimes allured him beyond the limits of parsimony—nay, even beyond the limits of prudence—the taste for building. In all other things his economy was such as we might call by a harsher name, if we did not reflect that his funds were drawn from a heavily-taxed people, and that it was impossible for him, without excessive tyranny, to keep up at once a formidable army and a splendid court.

EFFECT OF HISTORICAL READING.—WHAT CONSTITUTES A PERFECT HISTORY.

MACAULAY'S "ESSAYS."

Lord Macaulay here sets forth his ideal of a perfect history. This extract should be compared with the extract from Carlyle's "Essay on Boswell's Life of Johnson," Croker's edition. A perfect history is the exhibition "of an age in miniature." It strives to portray the inner life of a nation, to show what men actually were, in different ages and under varying conditions. Macaulay has striven to realize this ideal in his "History of England," and has entirely re-

versed the ancient modes of historical composition. His method has been imitated by many late writers, so that he may be said to have founded a new historical school.

1 The effect of historical reading is analogous in many respects to that produced by foreign travel. The student, like the tourist, is transported into a new state of society. He sees new fashions. He hears new modes of expression. His mind is enlarged by contemplating the wide diversities of laws, of morals, and of manners. But men may travel far, and return with minds as contracted as if they had never stirred from their own market-town.
2 In the same manner men may know the dates of many battles, and the genealogies of many royal houses, and yet be no wiser. Most people look at past times as princes look at foreign countries. More than one illustrious stranger has landed on our island amid the shouts of a mob, has dined with the king, has hunted with the master of the stag-hounds, has seen the Guards reviewed, and a knight of the garter installed; has cantered along Regent Street; has visited St. Paul's, and noted down its dimensions, and has then departed, thinking that he has
3 seen England. He has, in fact, seen a few public buildings, public men, and public ceremonies. But of the vast and complex system of society, of the fine shades of national character, of the practical operation of government and laws, he knows nothing. He who would understand these things rightly must not confine his observations to palaces and solemn days. He must see ordinary men as they appear in their ordinary business and in their ordinary pleasures. He must mingle in the crowds of the exchange and the coffee-house. He must obtain admittance to the convivial table and the domestic hearth. He must bear with vulgar expressions. He must not shrink from exploring even the retreats of

misery. He who wishes to understand the condition of 4
mankind in former ages must proceed on the same principle. If he attends only to public transactions, to wars, congresses, and debates, his studies will be as unprofitable as the travels of those imperial, royal, and serene sovereigns who form their judgment of our island from having gone in state to a few fine sights, and from having held formal conferences with a few great officers.

The perfect historian is he in whose work the charac- 5
ter and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact, he attributes no expression to his characters, which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But by judicious selection, rejection, and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction. In his narrative a due subordination is observed; some transactions are prominent, others retire. But the scale on which he represents them is increased or 6
diminished, not according to the dignity of the persons concerned in them, but according to the degree in which they elucidate the condition of society and the nature of man. He shows us the court, the camp, and the senate. But he shows us also the nation. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying, as too insignificant for his notice, which is not too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, and of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind. Men will not merely be described, but will be made intimately known to us. The changes of manners will be indicated, not merely by a few general phrases, or a few extracts from statistical documents, but by appropriate images presented in every line.

If a man such as we are supposing should write the 7
history of England, he would assuredly not omit the battles, the sieges, the negotiations, the seditions, the min-

isterial changes. But with these he would intersperse the details which are the charm of historical romances. At Lincoln Cathedral there is a beautiful, painted window, which was made by an apprentice out of the pieces of glass which had been rejected by his master. It is so far superior to every other in the church that, according to the tradition, the vanquished artist killed himself from
8 mortification. Sir Walter Scott, in the same manner, has used those fragments of truth which historians have scornfully thrown behind them in a manner which may well excite their envy. He has constructed out of their gleanings works which, even considered as histories, are scarcely less valuable than theirs. But a truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated. The history of the government and the history of the people would be exhibited in that mode in which alone they can be exhibited justly, in inseparable conjunction and intermixture. We should not then have to look for the wars and votes of the Puritans in Clarendon, and for their phraseology in "Old Mortality"; for one half of King James in Hume, and for the other half in the "Fortunes of Nigel."

9 The early part of our imaginary history would be rich with coloring from romance, ballad, and chronicle. We should find ourselves in the company of knights such as those of Froissart, and of pilgrims such as those who rode with Chaucer from the Tabard. Society would be shown from the highest to the lowest—from the royal cloth of state to the den of the outlaw; from the throne of the legate to the chimney-corner where the begging friar regaled himself. Palmers, minstrels, crusaders; the stately monastery, with the good cheer in its refectory, and the high-mass in its chapel; the manor-house, with its hunting and hawking; the tournament, with the heralds and

ladies, the trumpets and the cloth of gold—would give truth and life to the representation. We should perceive, in a thousand slight touches, the importance of the privileged burgher, and the fierce and haughty spirit which swelled under the collar of the degraded villain. The 10
revival of letters would not merely be described in a few magnificent periods. We should discern, in innumerable particulars, the fermentation of mind, the eager appetite for knowledge, which distinguished the sixteenth from the fifteenth century. In the Reformation we should see not merely a schism which changed the ecclesiastical constitution of England and the mutual relations of the European powers, but a moral war which raged in every family, which set the father against the son, and the son against the father, the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother. Henry would be painted 11
with the skill of Tacitus. We should have the change of his character from his profuse and joyous youth to his savage and imperious old age. We should perceive the gradual progress of selfish and tyrannical passions in a mind not naturally insensible or ungenerous; and to the last we should detect some remains of that open and noble temper which endeared him to a people whom he oppressed, struggling with the hardness of despotism and the irritability of disease. We should see Elizabeth, in 12
all her weakness and in all her strength, surrounded by the handsome favorites whom she never trusted and the wise old statesmen whom she never dismissed, uniting in herself the most contradictory qualities of both her parents—the coquetry, the caprice, the petty malice of Anne, the haughty and resolute spirit of Henry. We have no hesitation in saying that a great artist might produce a portrait of this remarkable woman, at least as striking as that in the novel of "Kenilworth," without employing a

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13 single trait not authenticated by ample testimony. In the mean time we should see arts cultivated, wealth accumulated, the conveniences of life improved. We should see the keeps, where nobles, insecure themselves, spread insecurity around them, gradually giving place to the halls of peaceful opulence, to the oriels of Longleat, and the stately pinnacles of Burleigh. We should see towns extended, deserts cultivated, the hamlets of fishermen turned into wealthy havens, the meal of the peasant improved, and his hut more commodiously furnished. We should see those opinions and feelings which produced the great struggle against the house of Stuart slowly growing up in the bosom of private families before they manifested
14 themselves in Parliamentary debates. Then would come the Civil War. Those skirmishes on which Clarendon dwells so minutely would be told, as Thucydides would have told them, with perspicuous conciseness. They are merely connecting links. But the great characteristics of the age, the loyal enthusiasm of the brave English gentry, the fierce licentiousness of the swearing, dicing, drunken reprobates, whose excesses disgraced the royal cause; the austerity of the Presbyterian Sabbaths in the city, the extravagance of the independent preachers in the camp, the precise garb, the severe countenance, the petty scruples, the affected accent, the absurd names and phrases which marked the Puritans; the valor, the policy, the public spirit, which lurked beneath these ungraceful disguises, the dreams of the raving Fifth-monarchy-man, the dreams, scarcely less wild, of the philosophic republican—all these would enter into the representation, and render it at once more exact and more striking.

15 The instruction, derived from history thus written, would be of a vivid and practical character. It would be received by the imagination as well as by the reason. It

would be not merely traced on the mind, but branded into it. Many truths, too, would be learned which can be learned in no other manner. As the history of states 16
is generally written, the greatest and most momentous revolutions seem to come upon them like supernatural inflictions, without warning or cause. But the fact is, that such revolutions are almost always the consequences of moral changes, which have gradually passed on the mass of the community, and which ordinarily proceed far before their progress is indicated by any public measure. An intimate knowledge of the domestic history of nations is therefore absolutely necessary to the prognosis of political events. A narrative defective in this respect is as useless as a medical treatise which should pass by all the symptoms attendant on the early stage of a disease, and mention only what occurs when the patient is beyond the reach of remedies.

An historian, such as we have been attempting to de- 17
scribe, would indeed be an intellectual prodigy. In his mind powers scarcely compatible with each other must be tempered into an exquisite harmony. We shall sooner see another Shakespeare or another Homer. The highest excellence to which any single faculty can be brought would be less surprising than such a happy and delicate combination of qualities. Yet the contemplation of imaginary models is not an unpleasant or useless employment of the mind. It can not, indeed, produce perfection; but it produces improvement, and nourishes that generous and liberal fastidiousness, which is not inconsistent with the strongest sensibility to merit, and which, while it exalts our conceptions of the art, does not render us unjust to the artist.

JOSEPH ADDISON.—HIS DEATH.—INFLUENCE OF HIS WRITINGS.

MACAULAY'S "ESSAYS."

This sketch is taken from Macaulay's "Essay on the Life and Writings of Addison." Joseph Addison (1672–1719) attained reputation as a master of pure English during the critical or Augustan age of Queen Anne. This era is remarkable for the care and attention which were bestowed upon the cultivation of style. Addison, Swift, Bolingbroke, Steele, Pope, De Foe, were the principal writers. It was to this period of English history that Macaulay looked forward with eager longing, and, had he lived to complete the picture of which we have but the intimation in his essay on Addison, it would have proved to be one of the most brilliant of his superb delineations. The critical student of English literature can not fail to discern the influence that Addison has exercised upon the genius of our own Irving. Let the student endeavor to work out this hint, and ascertain its correctness by noting certain points of resemblance in the delineation of character. For information respecting Addison's era, the student should consult Stanhope's "Reign of Queen Anne," Lecky's "England in the Eighteenth Century," Morley's "English Writers," Morley's "First Sketch of English Literature."

1 THE last moments of Addison were perfectly serene. His interview with his son-in-law is universally known. "See," he said, "how a Christian can die!" The piety of Addison was, in truth, of a singularly cheerful character. The feeling which predominates in all his devotional writings is gratitude. God was to him the all-wise and all-powerful friend who had watched over his cradle with more than maternal tenderness; who had listened to his cries before they could form themselves in prayer; who had preserved his youth from the snares of vice; who had made his cup run over with worldly blessings; who had doubled the value of those blessings by bestowing a

thankful heart to enjoy them, and dear friends to partake them; who had rebuked the waves of the Ligurian gulf, had purified the autumnal air of the Campagna, and had restrained the avalanches of Mont Cenis. Of the 2
Psalms, his favorite was that which represents the Ruler of all things under the endearing image of a shepherd, whose crook guides the flock safe, through gloomy and desolate glens, to meadows well watered and rich with herbage. On that goodness, to which he ascribed all the happiness of his life, he relied in the hour of death, with the love which casteth out fear. He died on the 17th of June, 1719. He had just entered on his forty-eighth year.

His body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and 3
was borne thence to the Abbey at dead of night. The choir sang a funeral hymn. Bishop Atterbury, one of those Tories who had loved and honored the most accomplished of the Whigs, met the corpse, and led the procession by torchlight round the shrine of Saint Edward and the graves of the Plantagenets to the chapel of Henry VII. On the north side of that chapel, in the vault of the House of Albemarle, the coffin of Addison lies next to the coffin of Montagu. Yet a few months—and the same mourners passed again along the same aisle. The same sad anthem was again chanted. The same vault was again opened, and the coffin of Craggs was placed close to the coffin of Addison.

Many tributes were paid to the memory of Addison. 4
But one alone is now remembered. Tickell bewailed his friend in an elegy which would do honor to the greatest name in our literature, and which unites the energy and magnificence of Dryden to the tenderness and purity of Cowper. This fine poem was prefixed to a superb edition of Addison's works, which was published in 1721 by sub-

scription. The names of the subscribers proved how widely his fame had been spread. That his countrymen should be eager to possess his writings, even in a costly
5 form, is not wonderful. But it is wonderful that, though English literature was then little studied on the Continent, Spanish grandees, Italian prelates, marshals of France, should be found in the list. Among the most remarkable names are those of the Queen of Sweden, of Prince Eugene, of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, of the Dukes of Parma, Modena, and Guastalla, of the Doge of Genoa, of the Regent Orleans, and of Cardinal Dubois. We ought to add that this edition, though eminently beautiful, is in some important points defective; nor, indeed, do we yet possess a complete collection of Addison's writings.

6 It is strange that neither his opulent and noble widow, nor any of his powerful and attached friends, should have thought of placing even a simple tablet inscribed with his name on the walls of the Abbey. It was not till three generations had laughed and wept over his pages that the omission was supplied by the public veneration. At length, in our own time, his image, skillfully graven, appeared in Poet's Corner. It represents him, as we can conceive him, clad in his dressing-gown and freed from his wig, stepping from his parlor at Chelsea into his trim little garden, with the account of the "Everlasting Club" or the "Loves of Hilpa and Shalum," just finished for the next day's "Spectator," in his hand.

7 Such a mark of national respect was due to the unsullied statesman, to the accomplished scholar, to the master of pure English eloquence, to the consummate painter of life and manners. It was due, above all, to the great satirist, who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it, who, without inflicting a wound, effected a

great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtue after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy and virtue by fanaticism.

THE ENGLISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN OF 1688.

MACAULAY'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

The English country gentleman of 1688 is an illustration of Macaulay's method of "holding the mirror up to nature," and showing the very form and feature of an era.

A COUNTRY gentleman who witnessed the revolution 1
was probably in the receipt of about the fourth part of the rent which his acres now yield to his posterity; he was therefore, as compared with his posterity, a poor man, and was generally under the necessity of residing, with little interruption, on his estate. To travel on the Continent, to maintain an establishment in London, or even to visit London frequently, were pleasures in which only the great proprietors could indulge. It may be confidently affirmed that, of the squires whose names were in King Charles's commission of peace and lieutenancy, not one in twenty went to town once in five years, or had ever in his life wandered so far as Paris. Many lords of manors had received an education differing little from that of their menial servants. The heir of an estate 2
often passed his boyhood and youth at the seat of his family, with no better tutors than grooms and gamekeepers, and scarce attained learning enough to sign his name to a mittimus. If he went to school and to college, he generally returned before he was twenty to the seclusion of the old hall, and there, unless his mind were very hap-

pily constituted by nature, soon forgot his academical
3 pursuits in rural business and pleasures. His chief serious employment was the care of his property. He examined samples of grain, handled pigs, and on market days made bargains over a tankard with drovers and hop-merchants. His chief pleasures were commonly derived from field-sports and from an unrefined sensuality. His language and pronunciation were such as we should now expect to hear only from the most ignorant clowns. His oaths, coarse jests, and scurrilous terms of abuse were uttered with the broadest accent of his province. It was easy to discern from the first words which he spoke whether he came from Somersetshire or Yorkshire. He troubled himself little about decorating his abode, and, if he attempted decoration, seldom produced anything but deformity. The litter of a farm-yard gathered under the windows of his bed-chamber, and the cabbages and goose-
4 berry-bushes grew close to his hall-door. His table was loaded with coarse plenty, and guests were cordially welcome to it; but, as the habit of drinking to excess was general in the class to which he belonged, and as his fortune did not enable him to intoxicate large assemblies daily with claret or canary, strong beer was the ordinary beverage. The quantity of beer consumed in those days was indeed enormous; for beer was then to the middle and lower classes, not only all that beer now is, but all that wine, tea, and ardent spirits now are; it was only at great houses or on great occasions that foreign drink was placed on the board. The ladies of the house, whose business it had commonly been to cook the repast, retired as soon as the dishes had been devoured, and left the gentlemen to their ale and tobacco. The coarse jollity of the afternoon was often prolonged till the revelers were laid under the table.

It was very seldom that the country gentleman caught 5
glimpses of the great world, and what he saw of it tended rather to confuse than to enlighten his understanding. His opinions respecting religion, government, foreign countries, and former times, having been derived, not from study, from observation, or from conversation with enlightened companions, but from such traditions as were current in his own small circle, were the opinions of a child; he adhered to them, however, with the obstinacy which is generally found in ignorant men accustomed to be fed with flattery. His animosities were numerous 6
and bitter. He hated Frenchmen and Italians, Scotchmen and Irishmen, Papists and Presbyterians, Independents and Baptists, Quakers and Jews. Toward London and Londoners he felt an aversion which more than once produced important political effects. His wife and daughter were in tastes and acquirements below a housekeeper or a still-room maid of the present day. They stitched and spun, brewed gooseberry wine, cured marigolds, and made the crust for the venison pastry.

From this description it might be supposed that the 7
English esquire of the seventeenth century did not materially differ from a rustic miller or ale-house keeper of our time. There are, however, some important parts of his character still to be noted, which will greatly modify this estimate. Unlettered as he was, and unpolished, he was still in some important points a gentleman. He was a member of a proud and powerful aristocracy, and was distinguished by many both of the good and of the bad qualities which belong to aristocrats. His family pride was beyond that of a Talbot or a Howard. He knew the genealogies and coats-of-arms of all his neighbors, and could tell which of them had assumed supporters without any right, and which of them were so unfortunate as to

8 be great-grandsons of aldermen. He was a magistrate, and as such administered gratuitously to those who dwelt around him a rude patriarchal justice, which, in spite of innumerable blunders and of occasional acts of tyranny, was yet better than no justice at all. He was an officer of the train-bands, and his military dignity, though it might move the mirth of gallants who had served a campaign in Flanders, raised his character in his own eyes and in the eyes of his neighbors. Nor indeed was his soldiership justly a subject of derision. In every county there were elderly gentlemen who had seen service which was no child's play. One had been knighted by Charles I, after the battle of Edgehill; another still wore a patch over the scar which he had received at Naseby; a third had defended his old house till Fairfax had blown in the
9 door with a petard. The presence of these old Cavaliers, with their old swords and holsters, and with their old stories about Goring and Lunsford, gave to the musters of militia an earnest and warlike aspect which would otherwise have been wanting. Even those country gentlemen who were too young to have themselves exchanged blows with the cuirassiers of the Parliament, had from childhood been surrounded by the traces of recent war, and fed with stories of the martial exploits of their
10 fathers and uncles. Thus the character of the English esquire of the seventeenth century was compounded of two elements which we are not accustomed to find united. His ignorance and uncouthness, his low tastes and gross phrases, would in our time be considered as indicating a nature and a breeding thoroughly plebeian. Yet he was essentially a patrician, and had in large measure both the virtues and the vices which flourish among men set from their birth in high places, and accustomed to authority, to
11 observance, and to self-respect. It is not easy for a gen-

eration which is accustomed to find chivalrous sentiments only in company with liberal studies and polished manners to image to itself a man with the deportment, the vocabulary, and the accent of a carter, yet punctilious on matters of genealogy and precedence, and yet ready to risk his life rather than see a stain cast on the honor of his house. It is only, however, by thus joining together things seldom or never found together in our own experience that we can form a just idea of that rustic aristocracy which constituted the main strength of the armies of Charles I, and which long supported with strange fidelity the interest of his descendants.

The gross, uneducated, untraveled country gentleman 12
was commonly a Tory; but, though devotedly attached to hereditary monarchy, he had no partiality for courtiers and ministers. He thought, not without reason, that Whitehall was filled with the most corrupt of mankind; that, of the great sums which the House of Commons had voted to the crown since the Restoration, part had been embezzled by cunning politicians, and part squandered on buffoons and foreign courtesans. His stout English heart swelled with indignation at the thought that the government of his country should be subject to French dictation. Being himself generally an old cavalier, or the son of an old cavalier, he reflected with bitter resentment on the ingratitude with which the Stuarts had requited their best friends. Those who heard him grumble at the neglect with which he was treated, and at the profusion with which wealth was lavished on the children of Nell Gwynn and Madam Carwell, would have supposed him ripe for rebellion. But all this ill-humor lasted only 13
till the throne was really in danger. It was precisely when those whom the sovereign had loaded with wealth and honors shrank from his side that the country gentlemen,

so surly and mutinous in the season of his prosperity, rallied round him in a body. Thus, after murmuring twenty years at the misgovernment of Charles II, they came to his rescue in his extremity, when his own secretaries of state and lords of the treasury had deserted him, and enabled him to gain a complete victory over the opposition; nor can there be any doubt that they would have shown equal loyalty to his brother James, if James would even at the moment have refrained from outraging their
14 strongest feeling. For there was one institution, and one only, which they prized even more than hereditary monarchy; and that institution was the Church of England. Their love of the Church was not, indeed, the effect of study or meditation. Few among them could have given any reason, drawn from Scripture or ecclesiastical history, for adhering to her doctrines, her ritual, and her polity; nor were they, as a class, by any means strict observers of that code of morality which is common to all Christian sects. But the experience of many ages proves that men may be ready to fight to the death, and to persecute without pity, for a religion whose creed they do not understand, and whose precepts they habitually disobey. . . .

15 When the lord of a Lincolnshire or Shropshire manor appeared in Fleet Street, he was as easily distinguished from the resident population as a Turk or a Lascar. His dress, his gait, his accent, the manner in which he stared at the shops, stumbled into the gutters, ran against the porters, and stood under the water-spouts, marked him out as an excellent subject for the operations of swindlers and banterers. Bullies jostled him into the kennel. Hackney-coachmen splashed him from head to foot. Thieves explored with perfect security the huge pockets of his horseman's coat, while he stood entranced by the

splendor of the lord-mayor's show. Money-droppers, sore from the cart's tail, introduced themselves to him, and appeared to him the most friendly gentlemen that he had ever seen. Painted women, the refuse of Lewkner Lane and Whatstone Park, passed themselves on him for countesses and maids of honor. If he asked his way to 16
St. James's, his informant sent him to Mile End. If he went into a shop, he was instantly discerned to be a purchaser of everything that nobody else would buy—of second-hand embroidery, copper rings, and watches that would not go. If he rambled into any fashionable coffee-house, he became a mark for the insolent derision of fops and the grave waggery of Templars. Enraged and mortified, he soon returned to his mansion; and there, in the homage of his tenants, and the conversation of his boon companions, found consolation for the vexations and humiliations he had undergone. There he once more found himself a great man; and he saw nothing above him, except when at the assizes he took his seat on the bench near the judge, or when at the muster of the militia he saluted the lord-lieutenant.

EXORDIUM TO HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

MACAULAY'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

This exordium is a fine illustration of Macaulay's brilliant rhetoric. In his "History of England" his style attains its climax, and some of his sketches of men and of epochs, though, perhaps, marked by a tendency to exaggeration, are unsurpassed in all historical literature as examples of graphic delineation. His superb rhythm and his powers of description captivate the imagination, as well as

the taste of his readers; and, if his estimates are not always marked by that strict sobriety of judgment which distinguishes Von Ranke, he is invaluable to young students by reason of the stimulus he imparts to historical reading, an obligation which many now in the vigor of manhood will most gratefully acknowledge.

1 I PURPOSE to write the history of England from the accession of King James II down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors which, in a few months, alienated a loyal gentry and priesthood from the house of Stuart. I shall trace the course of that revolution which terminated the long struggle between our sovereigns and their parliaments, and bound up together the rights of the people and the title of the reigning dynasty. I shall relate how the new settlement was, during many troubled years, successfully defended against foreign and domestic enemies; how, under that settlement, the authority of law and the security of property were found to be compatible with a liberty of discussion and of individual action never before known; how, from the auspicious union of order and freedom, sprang a prosperity of which the annals of human affairs had furnished no example; how our country, from a state of ignominious vassalage, rapidly rose to the place of umpire among European powers; how her opulence and her martial glory grew together; how, by wise and resolute good faith, was gradually established a public credit fruitful of marvels, which to the statesmen of any former age would have seemed incredible; how a gigantic commerce gave birth to a maritime power compared with which every other maritime power, ancient or modern, sinks into insignificance; how Scotland, after ages of enmity, was at length united to England, not merely by legal bonds, but by indissoluble ties of interest and affection; how in America the British colonies rap-

idly became far mightier and wealthier than the realms which Cortes and Pizarro had added to the dominions of Charles V; how in Asia British adventurers founded an empire not less splendid and more durable than that of Alexander.

Nor will it be less my duty faithfully to record disas- 2
ters mingled with triumphs, with great national crimes and follies far more humiliating than any disaster. It will be seen that what we justly account our chief blessings were not without alloy. It will be seen that the system which effectually secured our liberties against the encroachments of kingly power gave birth to a new class of abuses from which absolute monarchies are exempt. It will be seen that, in consequence partly of unwise interference and partly of unwise neglect, the increase of wealth and the extension of trade produced, together with immense good, some evils from which poor and rude societies are free. It will be seen how, in two important dependencies of the crown, wrong was followed by just retribution; how imprudence and obstinacy broke the ties which bound the North American colonies to the parent state; how Ireland, cursed by the domination of race over race, and of religion over religion, remained indeed a member of the empire, but a withered and distorted member, adding no strength to the body politic, and reproachfully pointed at by all who feared or envied the greatness of England.

Yet, unless I greatly deceive myself, the general effect 3
of this checkered narrative will be to excite thankfulness in all religious minds, and hope in the breasts of all patriots. For the history of our country during the last hundred and sixty years is eminently the history of physical, of moral, and of intellectual improvement. Those who compare the age on which their lot has fallen with a

golden age which exists only in their imagination, may talk of degeneracy and decay; but no man who is correctly informed as to the past will be disposed to take a morose or desponding view of the present.

4 I should very imperfectly execute the task which I have undertaken if I were merely to treat of battles and sieges, of the rise and fall of administrations, of intrigues in the palace, and of debates in the Parliament. It will be my endeavor to relate the history of the people as well as the history of the Government; to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts; to describe the rise of religious sects and the changes of literary taste; to portray the manners of successive generations, and not to pass by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public entertainments. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history if I can succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—HIS RISE TO FAME.

BAYNE'S "ESSAYS."

Napoleon's sudden and dazzling rise to fame was one of the results of the French revolution, perhaps the most important event that has marked the history of the last hundred years. Revolutions like this always bring men of Napoleon's character into the front rank; they are, indeed, the nursery of such spirits. Napoleon I was a native of Corsica, and was born in 1769. After a career of amazing brilliancy, in which he vanquished the armies of nearly every nation of continental Europe, he was finally defeated at Wa-

terloo in 1815, and died in exile at St. Helena, 1821. It is difficult to recommend historians of Napoleon's life with confidence. Thiers, Alison, and Lanfrey should be consulted, and a judgment formed by the careful comparison of authorities. What kin was the late Louis Napoleon to Napoleon I, and what relation was he to Josephine, Napoleon's divorced wife?

THE figure of Napoleon Bonaparte first emerges into 1
the view of history at the siege of Toulon, toward the end of the year 1793.

The revolutionary storm in which the evening of the 2
last century went down over France was at its wildest working. Those fierce, irregular forces, which, in the world of mind, are scientifically correspondent to the tornado, the earthquake, the fever, the volcano in the world of external nature, and which seem retained for seasons of crisis and emergency, were performing their terrible ministry. The statical balance of society had been disturbed; the normal forces—the forces of calmness, of growth, of persistence—required to be readjusted. The untamed, primeval powers which always underlie the surface of civilization, like old Titans under quiet hills and wooded plains, had broken their confinement; the solid framework of capacity and authority by which they had been compressed had crumbled down in mere impotence and imbecility, and they now went raving and uncommanded over France. Fear, fury, hot enthusiasm, fanaticism, ferocity, the courage of the wildcat, the cruelty of the tiger, hope to the measure of frenzy, suspicion to the measure of disease, spread confusion through all the borders of the country. At Toulon the general con- 3
fusion was forcibly represented, though but in miniature. The town, defended by a motley crew of British, Spaniards, Neapolitans, and insurgent French, was besieged on behalf of the convention by two armies. These wel-

tered wildly round it, strong in numbers, in valor, in zeal, in stubbornness, but rendered powerless through want of control and direction. Here, as universally over France, the gravitation by which faculty comes into the place of command had not had time to act. Cartaux, the general, strutted about in gold lace, self-satisfied in his ignorance of the position of affairs, bold in his unconsciousness of danger. Representatives of the people, empowered to intermeddle on all occasions, swaggered here and there in the camp, storming, babbling, urging everything to feverish haste, making progress anywhere impossible. Noise, distraction, fussy impotence—such was the spectacle presented on all hands.

4 Then appeared, to take the command of the artillery, the young Corsican officer, Napoleon Bonaparte. Though very young, just completing his twenty-fourth year, he had a look of singular composure, taciturnity, and resolution. Short and slim, but well-knit and active, his figure and port were expressive at once of alertness and self-possession—his eye very quiet and very clear. It would hardly have struck a casual observer that *here* was the commanding and irresistible mind which was to introduce order, the highest, perhaps, of which they were capable, among the tumultuous forces of the French Revolution.

5 Looking steadily and silently into the matter, the secret of success at once revealed itself to Napoleon. The troops and artillery had been scattered and dissipated. Yonder was the keystone of the arch; it was an endless business to batter upon each stone in the structure; concentrate the fire upon that one point, bring down that one stone, and the whole must fall. The town and harbor of Toulon lay here to the north; the channel by which both communicated with the Mediterranean stretched

yonder toward the south; and that promontory at some distance from the town, its strong fortifications giving it the name of Little Gibraltar and indicating the importance attached to it, commanded this channel. If, therefore, Little Gibraltar was won, you could sweep the gateway of the harbor in such a manner that the British fleet would be shy of remaining; and the British fleet once withdrawn, Toulon could offer no resistance. Thus clear 6
and definite was Napoleon's thought, and it was to be proved whether he could as skillfully convert it into action. In action he seemed thought personified, thought made alive and armed with the sword of the lightning. The wild valor of enthusiasm had been nothing to this directed courage; the dogged obstinacy of fanatic rage had been weak in comparison with this calm resolution; the haste and fierceness of Celtic ardor had been tardy to this imperturbable swiftness. Day and night, sleeping only for a few hours in his cloak by the guns, he toils at his batteries, collecting cannon, devising feints, turning the very blunders of incompetence into occasions of advantage; no stupidity, no envy, no obstacle can ruffle his composure, or cause a nerve to flutter in that slight but steelly frame. At last all is prepared. Suddenly there bursts upon Little Gibraltar an overwhelming fire. Eight thousand bombs are poured on it over night; in the morning the troops surge in, victorious, through the shattered walls, and Little Gibraltar is taken. Toulon then falls, and Napoleon Bonaparte is a marked man.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—HIS ITALIAN CAMPAIGN.—HIS MILITARY GENIUS.

BAYNE'S "ESSAYS."

Napoleon's Italian campaign partakes almost of the marvelous in its splendid success. "Romance, indeed, assumed the air of reality." Old and tried commanders were routed by this boy general, who disregarded all the conventional laws of war. Rarely has military renown been so suddenly and so thoroughly achieved. An excellent account of the Italian campaign will be found in Lanfrey's "Life of Napoleon."

1 Of all the periods in the life of Napoleon, the mind is apt to rest with most enthusiasm upon that of his early campaign in Italy. His fame may be said to have been as yet unsullied; even that apparent defection from the principles of liberty, which a severe investigation of his conduct reveals, admits not unreasonably of being traced to a soldierly love of order. And he had won his exalted position through so honest and unmistakable a display of intellectual power! Unfriended among the myriads of revolutionary France, and at first scowled upon by envious incompetence, he had approved himself a man of indubitable and overpowering capacity, who could think, who could act, whom it would clearly be advantageous to
2 obey. One can not but experience a thrill of emotion as the imagination pictures him in his first appearance among the soldiers of Italy. Of all warrior-faces Napoleon's is the finest. Not only has it that clearness of line, that strength and firmness of chiseling, which gives a nobleness to the faces of all great soldiers; there is in it, in the eye especially, a depth of thought and reflection which belongs peculiarly to itself, and suggests not merely the soldier but the sovereign. And perhaps the face of Na-

poleon never looked so nobly as when first an army worthy of his powers waited his commands, the calm assurance of absolute self-reliance giving a statue-like stillness to his brows and temples, on which still shone the brightness of youth, the light of a fame now to be all his own kindling that intense and steadfast eye, and his gaze turned toward the fields of Italy. Can not one fancy his glance going 3
along the ranks, lighting a gleam in every eye, as he presented himself to his troops? "Soldiers"—thus ran his proclamation—"you are almost naked, half starved. The Government owes you much and can give you nothing. Your patience, your courage, in the midst of these rocks, have been admirable, but they reflect no splendor on your arms. I am about to conduct you into the most fertile plains of the earth. Rich provinces, opulent cities, will soon be in your power; there you will find abundant harvests, honor, and glory. Soldiers of Italy, will you fail in courage?" In a moment he had established between himself and his soldiers that understanding by which, more than by cannon or bayonet, victories are won. Privates and commanders at once felt that this was the man to follow.

Then commenced that marvelous series of campaigns 4
which makes the year 1796 an era in the history of warfare, in the development of civilization; in which the fiery energies, unchained by the French Revolution, were first directed by supreme military genius against the standing institutions of Europe to their overthrow and subversion; in which the eye of the world was first fixed in wondering gaze on the fully unveiled face of Napoleon. Not merely to the soldier are these campaigns interesting 5
and profitable. It is for all men instructive to mark the achievements of pure capacity, to watch the wondrous spirit-element controlling and effecting, dazzling difficulty

from its steady march, causing lions to cower aside in its sovereign presence. We are so constituted, besides, that we can not behold energy, perseverance, courage, resolution,
6 without a thrill of emulous sympathy. As we note the progress of that intrepid, indomitable Corsican, from victory to victory, we kindle with those emotions which animated the troops of Napoleon; which sent the grenadiers through the grapeshot sweeping like snow-drift along the bridge of Lodi; which renewed and renewed the bloody struggle on the dykes of Arcola; which made the French columns scorn rest and delay, forget the limit placed to human endurance, rise over the faintness of fatigue and crush down the gnawing of hunger, march through mountain paths all night and spring exultant on the foe at break of dawn, if only the way was led by *him*.

7 A review of these campaigns, even of the most cursory description, is here impossible, and would be superfluous. All men may be supposed to have a somewhat familiar acquaintance with one of the most brilliant passages of modern history, and to be capable of taking the same point of view which must be occupied in order to cast the eye along their course, as illustrating the character of Napoleon.

8 The Italian campaigns seem specially adapted to demonstrate a military capacity at once indubitable, many-sided, and supreme. They exhibit not only the fiery spring that has so often caught the smile of fortune, but the cool calculation and patient resolution which seem to compel it. They show the victor crowned, not once, or twice, or thrice, not under this favorable circumstance of to-day or through that happy thought of to-morrow, but so often that the possibility of fortuitous success is eliminated, and under circumstances of disadvantage so manifold and so varied that even envy, unless aided by crotchet,

stupidity, or fixed idea, must own that this is, beyond all question, the inscrutable and irresistible power of mind. The first fierce onslaught by which Sardinia, bleeding and 9
prostrate, was snatched from the Austrian alliance, by which the gates of Italy were thrown open, and by which Europe was startled, as at three successive thunder-peals, by the victories of Montenotte, Millesimo, and Mondovi, all in the space of a month, might, at least possibly, have been the result of youthful daring and the valor of the Republican army. But the defeats of Colli, the Sardinian, were succeeded by those of Beaulieu, the Austrian; the defeats of Beaulieu were succeeded by the defeats in two campaigns of the well-supported and resolute Wurmser; the defeats of Wurmser were succeeded by the defeats, in two campaigns more, of Alvinzi, also furnished with overpowering numbers; and when Archduke Charles advanced to reconquer a thoroughly subjugated Lombardy, he too was met and driven back. There were six distinct campaigns; and when Napoleon, at their close, dictated, in 1797, the treaty of Campo Formio, he remained indisputably the first warrior in Europe.

A great deal has been said of the change introduced 10
by Napoleon in these campaigns into military tactics. He broke through, it is said, all the rules and etiquette of war, poured his forces always on single points, was now in his enemy's front, now in his rear, and, on the whole, introduced a new system of warfare. That he introduced a change in the mode of carrying on hostilities among the generals of Europe does not admit of doubt. The system of warfare by which Napoleon was overthrown, put in operation by men who had marched under his banner, was indeed a more rapid and fearful thing than that over which he won his first triumphs. But it seems 11
as little doubtful that the change was nothing more than

that natural one which is inevitable in any art or science where consummate genius displays itself. His generalship was essentially that of all the greatest generals. To form combinations with such invention and accuracy, and execute them with such celerity, as will bring an overpowering force to bear upon a single point, had been the objects of generals from Luxembourg to Dumouriez; and had been effected by the former against William of Orange, and by the latter against Brunswick, with a skill and celerity not unworthy of Napoleon. Wellington studied war among the Ghauts of Himalaya, yet the ablest combinations and the most impetuous attacks of the best marshals trained in the school of Bonaparte were unable
12 to baffle him. In our own time we have seen war settle back to that laggard habit into which it had fallen in the hands of the Austrians before the revolutionary campaigns. The advent of military genius of the first order might have introduced precisely such a change of tactics under the walls of Sebastopol as Napoleon introduced on the plains of Lombardy. He did not provide himself with a new horse, but he was the man to put Bucephalus to his speed.

13 The quickness and clearness with which in these campaigns he apprehended the features of every position and the necessities of every situation are amazing. The reports of spies, the vague hints of rumor, became clear before him. As if by second sight, he saw in the far distance every disposition of his enemy. With the pieces before him on a chess-board, it would have required discrimination and decision to estimate or anticipate every move of his adversary, and instantly to adapt his own force to thwart it. But with armies overwhelming in number approaching over wide spaces of country, with only the reports of spies or traitors to depend upon

for intelligence, with a thousand openings for mishap in the very transmission of orders, with the certainty that a slip might be ruin, to have the whole spread out as clear as the starry spheres before his telescopic eye, and again and again, by swift perception and decision, to launch the bolt just where it was needed—this indeed demanded a master mind. And he effected these things so often and 14
so variously! First, as we said, D'Argenteau was overpowered in Piedmont, the French army concentrating itself into a wedge and breaking through the center of the allies. Then came the brilliant fighting of Lodi and the investment of Mantua. Wurmser and Quasdonowich were next to be overthrown. They were near each other at the bottom of the Lago di Garda, and, could they have united, resistance might have been vain. But swift as lightning Quasdonowich was shattered and flung back on this hand, and the whole flood, wheeling round like a heady current, turned to sweep Wurmser away on that. Wurmser, tough and valiant, retreated for a time, and then advanced again on Mantua, leaving Davidowich with a strong army to defend Trient and the passes of the Tyrol. Suddenly, while Wurmser was looking out for the French 15
along his front, he was startled by the intelligence that, far in the rear, Davidowich had been utterly routed. In a moment this spirit-like Napoleon was down, irresistible, upon himself. The eye of a civilian may not deserve much confidence; but this overthrow of Davidowich *first*, and advance thereupon on Wurmser with all his Austrian communications broken, and not improbably in some slight bewilderment, assuredly *looks* one of the finest bits of work to be met with in the annals of war. It is needless to multiply instances. Such was Napoleon's mode of carrying on hostilities.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'S RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

BAYNE'S "ESSAYS."

In Napoleon's Russian campaign "vaulting ambition overleaped itself." The horrors of this campaign, the burning of Moscow, the retreat of the French army, can never be adequately described. Napoleon's first overthrow followed fast in the track of the Russian campaign. Henry Heine has left a most life-like picture, drawn in his characteristic style, of the appearance presented by the French army during their advance into Russia, and the contrast presented on their retreat.

1 Much has been said, and perhaps somewhat vaguely, on the subject of the Russian campaign, and the particular error committed by Napoleon in engaging in it or carrying it on. He trusted presumptuously in fate; he entered into conflict with the elements; and so on. Not at all. He looked as cautiously after the helping of fate now as he had done at Friedland or Eckmühl. "I was," he said to O'Meara in St. Helena, "a few days too late; I had made a calculation of the weather for fifty years before, and the extreme cold had never commenced until about the 20th of December, twenty days later than it began this time." That man left nothing to fate. His intellect was still clear. This early setting in of the cold was the first great cause, in his own belief, of the failure of the Russian attempt; the second was the burning of Moscow. Human prescience could have anticipated neither.

2 The truth is, Napoleon committed one great error in this Russian expedition, and, so far as appears, but one. He did not preserve his rear; he did not secure his retreat. If you look closely into his former campaigns, you find, with the exception, perhaps, of Marengo, no battle which

does not exhibit the most cautious circumspection in securing a retreat. He fell back instantly, though seemingly on the way to victory, if, as at Aspern, his communications in the rear were broken. He always made it a grand object to cut off the retreat of his antagonist; once he had his enemy in a position where defeat was ruin, he attacked with confidence as one sure of an outwitted prey. In St. Helena he charged the Duke of Wellington with defective generalship at Waterloo, because, as he alleged, the allied army had no means of retreat. But now his own retreat was insecure; defeat was destruction. He passed across Europe toward the 3
north, accompanied not by the blessings and good wishes, but by the suppressed indignation and muttered curses, of its peoples. Fear and amazement guarded his throne, not love and seemly reverence. No human being is strong enough to despise these. Men now watched him with eyes of menace, and with right hands on the hilt. Disaffection had spread deep and far. His imperiousness, his insolent haughtiness, had turned against him even Bernadotte, to whom he had given his baton; even Lucien, who had served him so well; even the vassal kings, on whom he conferred a humiliating grandeur. France was 4
becoming weary and sick at heart; even glory became cold in its glittering, when there seemed to be no end to war, and when it might almost be said that in every house there was one dead. He took with him, too, his grand army, his old invincibles, that would so proudly die for him; and who could never be replaced. To all or almost all this, he was blinded. The greatest and most important part of it arose from moral causes, and *so* escaped him.

The story of the Russian campaign is the most solemn 5
and tragic in the annals of modern warfare, if not in the

whole history of war. No poet of these times, so far as one may judge, has possessed a power necessary to its poetic delineation. Perhaps in their very highest moments Coleridge, Shelley, or Byron might have caught certain of its tints of gloom and grandeur; now and then a tone of melody from Mrs. Browning's harp may reach the epic height of its sublimity. But he who depicted the woe of Othello and the madness of Lear, and he who described the march of the rebel angels to the north along the plains of heaven, might have joined their powers to bring out, in right poetic representation, the whole aspects of the Russian campaign. Perhaps it may lie among those subjects for which common life affords no
6 precedent, and common language no words. And, indeed, no description seems necessary. The poetry of Nature, in its weird colors and deep, dark, rhythmic harmonies, is already there; we have but to open our eyes and contemplate it. Those brave soldiers, those dauntless, devoted veterans, those children of victory, swift as eagles, fearless as lions, who had charged on the dikes of Arcola, and hailed the sun of Austerlitz, who were the very embodiment of wild southern valor, following Napoleon, the son of the lightning, beneath the dim vault of the northern winter, there to lay their fire-hearts under that still, pale winding-sheet of snow, the northern blast singing over them its song of stern and melancholy triumph—what could be more sublime poetry than that?
7 It is simple fact. Then, how grandly is the darkness broken as those flames touch all the clouds with angry crimson, and a great people, thrilling with an heroic emotion, lays in ashes its ancient cities rather than yield them up to an invader! Worthy flowers to be cast by a nation in the way of that emperor! "It was the spectacle," said Napoleon in St. Helena, alluding to the conflagra-

tion of Moscow, "It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh, it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld!" A sublime sight indeed; it were difficult to name one more sublime, unless it were the sight of *him* describing it, a hopeless captive in that lonely isle.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—HIS CHARACTER.—HIS GENIUS.

BAYNE'S "ESSAYS."

If we except the Duke of Marlborough, Wellington was the greatest of English generals. He lacked the brilliancy of Marlborough and of his great rival, Napoleon, but his campaigns were marked by a rare combination of energy and clear judgment and by an invincible determination, which almost invariably resulted in success.

His great feat was his victory over Napoleon at Waterloo (June 18, 1815), by which Napoleon was finally overthrown, and the whole tenor of European history changed. Wellington's personal character, too, was above reproach. He has been censured by some for failing to interpose in Ney's behalf after the battle of Waterloo, but if this was an error it was not a crime, and no charge of avarice or rapacity has ever sullied his pure and lofty fame. For estimates of the great commanders referred to in the "Reader," the student should consult Chesney's "Military Biography."

Much has been said concerning the coldness of Wellington's emotions, and his alleged want of kindliness. In this portion of his character, too, we find the traits we have specified. He possessed a kindliness all his own.

It must be granted that he never exhibited that strange fascination of genius which has been so powerful in many instances—in a Mirabeau, a Napoleon, a Hannibal. Yet a manly kindliness was his which comported well with the massive strength of his character. He loved, if we may so say, in the mass; his kindness was that of calm, considerate reason, and borrowed no flash from passion. In India he used no small arts to secure attachment; he was encircled, and he wished to be so, by the dignity of a
2 high-born British gentleman. Yet his rule was felt to be kindly and beneficent, and the inhabitants of the wide provinces whose affairs he administered blessed him in their hearts. He might not, with sentimental sigh, lament over the individual loss or destruction; but the general prosperity, the happiness of the people as a whole, lay near his heart; he did not care to dispense those small personal favors whence are born kind words and smiles, but he spread his blessings as from a great cornucopia
3 over the land. It was so, also, in his military career. If we may say that he did not love each soldier, we must yet assert that no general ever loved his army better. If the individual soldier had to be sacrificed for the good of the army, he hesitated not; but, since the efficiency of the army required the comfort and safety of the individual soldier, the British private could not possibly have sustained fewer hardships in Spain than he experienced under Wellington. In a word, and in all cases, those under our great chief experienced that security and assured joy which weakness always finds under the shield
4 of strength. We might appeal to the case of the captive son of Dhoondiah to prove that kindness lay deep in his nature; it was this which, uniting with his powerful faculties, naturally produced the considerate beneficence which we assert to have distinguished him. We can not

believe that he looked upon his army merely as a machine, and that all his care for it arose from simple calculation; but he was content, if he *deserved* his soldiers' love by maintaining their general comfort, to be without it rather than abstain from sacrificing one for the good of all. Of all theatricality he was singularly void, and his emotions were always under the strict guidance of reason.

There have been countless historical parallels instituted 5
between Wellington and other great generals. He has been very ably compared to Cromwell, and in some respects he resembled that astonishing man. The same piercing vision, the same swift energy, the same organizing genius, distinguished both. But the parallel fails in a most important point: the conditions of the time made it morally impossible for a Cromwell to be produced in the last great European outburst of intellect. In the great Puritan awakening, the infinite elements of religion and of duty had the most prominent and pervading influence; the Puritan felt himself fighting under the banner of Jehovah; the earth was to him a little desert, bordered by the celestial mountains, and what mattered it though he fought and toiled here if he saw the crown awaiting him yonder. A time which produced its highest literary impersonation in Milton might have, as its great martial impersonation, Cromwell. But, in that mighty shaking of 6
the nations which is still going on, the infinite elements of our nature have probably had less direct influence upon the minds of men than was ever the case before. The highest idea of the philosophism from which it sprung was, that man should conquer the elements, assert his freedom, and carpet for himself the earth with the flowers of Paradise. Science was put into the place of God; the light of earth was deemed to have utterly eclipsed the light from heaven. Never, perhaps, did the world so

minutely answer to the idea of a stage, where puppet philosophers and puppet armies played their parts in the most profound unconsciousness that God held the wires; never was the Divinity who was silently shaping the ends so totally invisible to those who were rough-hewing them.

7 Of the distinctive opinions of this era we regard Shelley as the greatest literary impersonation; its two greatest martial impersonations were Napoleon and Wellington. It is but a partial resemblance that there can be between the great Puritan general and the conqueror of Waterloo; a more correct parallel would be between the Dukes of Wellington and of Albemarle.

8 We think we find a singularly close parallel to the career of Napoleon and Wellington in that of Hannibal and Scipio. The first of these ancient generals is pretty generally recognized as the greatest military genius that ever lived. He ran his course from victory to victory until a general arose to oppose him whose attention was sleepless, whose accuracy was unfailing, whose intellectual vision was penetrating, whose valor was dauntless, and who could bring troops into the field which no African levies could match. They met on the plains of Zama; fame has not failed to record that the generalship of Hannibal at least equaled that of Scipio; but victory

9 fled for ever to the Roman eagles. Wellington belonged to the class of generals represented by Scipio; Napoleon to that represented by Hannibal. The wild force of genius has oft been fated by Nature to be finally overcome by quiet strength, and never was it more signally so than in the case of Napoleon and Wellington. The volcano sends up its red bolt with terrific force, as if it would strike the stars; but the calm, resistless hand of gravitation seizes it and brings it to the earth.

10 We look upon the late Duke as one of the soundest

and stateliest men that Great Britain has produced—one of those embodied forces which are sent by God to perform important parts in the history of the world, and around which their respective generations are seen to cluster. The memory of such men is a sacred treasure. The men of Elis did well in appointing the descendants of Phidias to preserve from spot or from detriment their grand statue of gold and ivory; it had been produced in one generation; it was much if following generations kept it whole and untarnished. Our great Wellington has just been placed in the temple of the past, to sit there with the heroes of other times, and to witness that among us too, in the nineteenth century, a mighty man arose. It is the duty of us and of our children to see that no blot abide upon his massive and majestic statue.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

BAYNE'S "ESSAYS."

(*See note on preceding extract.*)

We now draw toward the end of that great martial drama which we have been briefly contemplating. While Wellington was marching upon France, with the armies of Napoleon in retreat before him, the nations of the north were closing in upon their great master. When the ducal coronet had been placed upon Wellington's brow and the marshal's baton put into his hand, after the great triumph of Vittoria, the contest in the north was still doubtful, although the scale of Napoleon seemed

steadily rising; when the last blow was dealt at Toulouse, the scepter and the sword had fallen from his grasp. They sent him to Elba, and Europe snatched a few moments of restless repose, while huge armies not yet dis-
2 banded lay like nightmares on its troubled bosom. But the end had not yet come; the thunders were to awake once more ere the azure of peace was to smile over Europe. Suddenly it was awakened, as by a red bolt of fire passing across the sky; Napoleon had burst his chains, and was again at the head of his armies. And now the two extraordinary men, who had been born in the same year, and who had from the first been destined to meet, were finally to close in the wrestle of death. Once more the wild Celtic vehemence and valor, under a leader of mighty but kindred genius, were to come into conflict with the still, indomitable strength of the Teutons, under a leader whose overwhelming powers were all masked in calmness. We must omit all preliminaries, and endeavor to gaze upon the great contest itself.

3 After various passages of war, the two hosts lay facing each other on the heights of Waterloo; the French were posted on one ridge, the British on another, and there were several important posts of defense between them. The dim morning of the memorable 18th of June, 1815, looked down upon the British squares on the one hill-side, and the vast masses of French cavalry and infantry on the opposing heights; in the valley between them, summer had spread out a rye-field; ere evening, it was to be trod-
4 den flat, and welded together by human gore. It is a common enough remark in the present day that the modern battle lacks the interest and sublimity of the ancient one; mechanically, it is said, you shoot, and mechanically you are shot at; the wild fire that lit the eye of an Achilles can gleam no more; the shattering sway of the one

strong arm has ceased to be of account in the day of battle; give us the fiery *melée* of the olden time, in which a Hector could mingle, and of which a Homer could sing. Is it, then, so superlatively and exclusively noble and difficult to deal the stern blow when the nerves are strung by the animal excitement of the combat, and the enthusiasm is raised by the presence and justling of the foe? And is it nothing to gaze, unflinching, upon the slow, steady advance of the column, from which the eye of death is calmly glaring? Is that deliberate determination of small account by which death, whether it comes in the shattering cannon-ball, or the tearing musket-bullet, or the cold bayonet-stab, is chosen before flight or surrender? We declare without hesitation that the modern 5
battle is a grander spectacle than was the ancient; around no Homeric battle was there ever such a terrific sublimity as there hung around the field of Waterloo. Napoleon did not, with bared arm, rush into the midst of the combatants, trusting to his single prowess. Wellington did not, heading with musket and bayonet the onward charge, expose his bosom to the steel. But did ever an Achilles or an Attila avail so much in the day of battle as that dark-browed Corsican, or that calm, clear-eyed Briton? Each remained apart, wielding the tremendous mechanism of war, mightier than the very gods of Homer. And had the valor which they wielded become mechanism, had human heroism no place in that field? Let us look upon 6
it and see. Under the fitting drapery of jagged and trailing clouds, which seemed weeping over the fearful scene, stood a certain number of little squares, ranged on the slope of a valley; toil-worn they were, drenched with rain, and few in number on the bleak hill-side. On the ridges to which, with dauntless eye, they looked, were ranged three hundred cannon; from all their throats,

through the long and weary hours, was poured forth the shower of iron, tearing and shattering those little squares, winnowing their ranks with a tempest of death. And whenever the mangling shot had done its work, and a gap yawned, on dashed the lancers or cuirassiers, as the
7 ocean dashes on the rock riven of the thunderbolt. Yet it was all in vain. The roar of death from those three hundred cannon-throats they heard undismayed; the gleam of the lancers and the glittering of the cuirasses, as the horsemen dashed out from the cloudy smoke, with death upon their plumes, they eyed unswerving. Hour after hour rolled heavily away, and the patient earth, with all her summer burden, wheeled on to the east. The squares dwindled, and several united into one; the arm was growing heavy, the scent of blood filled the air, the ground was fattening with human gore; yet they yielded not. In silence they closed up their ranks, as brother after brother fell a mangled corpse; with the earnest prayer of agony they implored to be led against the foe.
8 But yield they never would; the car of death might crush them into the ground, but it was only so that a path could be made. Sterner or nobler valor never fought round windy Troy.

"O proud Death,
What feast was toward in thine eternal cell!"

From noon until eve those cannon had roared, and squadron after squadron of horsemen had poured upon those squares; and now, as the shades of a gloomy evening were beginning to fall, the fight was ever becoming the sterner, and the light in that dark, fiery eye, which directed the French columns, the more wild and agitated. Once more, as if by a tremendous effort to wrest the scepter from destiny, an attempt was to be made by Napo-

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leon. His old guard yet remained. They loved him as 9
children love their father; they had received from his hand the wreaths of honor and victory; some of them had followed him to the flames of Moscow; on some of them had risen the sun of Austerlitz; and now for that dear master they were to go against those unconquerable squares. Beyond them lay fame, and honor, and victory; to yield a foot was destruction and despair. Slowly, under the rolling smoke of those great guns, they advanced, with the firm tread of men whose nerves had long been strung to the music of battle; we shall not liken them to tornado or thunder-cloud; there is no spectacle so fearful to man as the calm, determined advance of thousands of his brothers to the strife of death. Let the brave 10
have their due! The old guard advanced most gallantly; but they were ploughed up, as they approached, by the British artillery, and a murderous fire from the unquivering British arm searched their ranks as they endeavored to deploy; valiantly did they attempt it, but it was in vain. Torn and mangled by that terrible fire, they wavered; in a moment the British horsemen dashed into their ranks and rolled them backward in wild confusion. All was won on the one side, and all was lost on the other. Who can tell the feeling of serene and complete satisfac- 11
tion which then filled the breast of Wellington! And, ah! who can image to himself the dread moment when thick clouds rushed over the fire of that imperial eye, whose lightnings were to smite the towers of earth no more! Lo! mid the thickening dusk, while the cheer of another host comes on the gale, the shattered squares have opened into line. At last, the bayonets glittering afar in the cloudy air, they sweep down the ridges to victory. For a moment Napoleon saw the long line, as it came on like the rolling simoom. Shakespeare could not

have voiced his emotions at the sight. And he passed away to his lonely rock in the sea, to exhibit the sublimest spectacle of modern times, whose deathless sorrow could be sung by no harp but that of the melancholy ocean.

12 Now was the time when the genuine and lofty manhood of our mighty Wellington displayed itself. He had reached the highest pinnacle of fame, the eye of Europe was fixed upon him, and his grateful country exhausted in his behoof her storehouse of honor and reward. It is such moments that try men. The towering Andes, with the serene air of the upper heavens about their brows, present us with two phenomena: to those solitudes of the pathless sky, by the force of wind and the tumults of the lower atmosphere, are borne the smallest insects; in those serene solitudes, in the full flood of the undimmed sunshine, floats the condor. The difference between the two is marked. The insects, borne aloft by external and not by internal strength, are tossed hither and thither in the thin air, with their little pinions tattered, and their little senses bewildered; the condor, with outspread fans, rests upon the liquid ether as his native element, whither Na-

13 ture had designed him to ascend. The phenomena are replete with meaning to the eye of wisdom. By popular applause, by confusion and turmoil, the human insect is often borne for a time aloft, to be dashed about and to fall; the man who, rising far over his fellows, and basking in the full beams of glory and victory, rests there placid and immovable as the condor, is a true and mighty son of Nature. His strength is from within. So, most emphatically, it was with Wellington; the world's applause did not quicken a pulse in his frame, or flutter for a moment his calm and manly intellect.

14 In connection with this part of the career of Wellington, there is one name which we can not pass over; if

not an actual spot in the sun of his glory, it is at least a faint mist which has obscured it. That name is Ney. We must confess a very strong wish that Wellington had done his utmost to save Ney. To say he was not required to do it by justice, or even by honor, is probably to assert a fact; but it is virtually to admit the absence of a satisfactory plea. Why talk of the iron rod of justice or the cold code of honor here; hath mercy no golden scepter to extend to the vanquished? How beautiful, as he returned resistless from the field, would this trait of human kindness have shown; as a sunbeam on the wings of a proud eagle, that at eventide seeks his island-eyrie, after having vanquished all that resisted! He had stilled the tempests of Europe as the wise and kind Magician stilled the elements and the demons; and when, like him, he was to lay his terrors aside, would not the spectacle have been still more noble and sublime if, like Prospero, he had closed all with a strain of mercy's music? We shall not 15
say that the affair left a blot on the Duke's escutcheon; we can imagine that, with his rigid habits of adherence to form, his unwillingness in any particulars to overstep his powers or prerogatives, and the natural reserve of his character, he might not feel himself called upon directly to interfere; but, had he for once cast all such feelings aside, and striven energetically to save Ney, it would have cast such an enhancing light over all his glories that we can not but regret its absence.

We shall not follow the Duke of Wellington in the 16
remaining portion of his career. As a statesman, he displayed the same decision and the same intellectual perspicacity which had marked him as a soldier; he had a deep sympathy with that old conservatism which has now been so severely battered by free-traders and Manchester schools, but which numbered in its ranks much of the

highest and the noblest blood in Britain; when the trumpet of advancement spoke so clearly and so loud that it could be neither mistaken nor resisted, he advanced. It was when he was at the head of the Government, in 1829, that the famous measure for the emancipation of the Roman Catholics was passed.

17 We seem to see him, after the pacification of Europe, taking up his abode, in calm majesty, in the island round which he had built such a battlement of strength and of glory. We shall apply to him the superb thought of Tennyson:

> "With his hand against the hilt,
> He paced the troubled land, like Peace."

18 We trust that some portraiture of the character of the Duke of Wellington has been presented to the reader in the foregoing paragraphs. It well became us to trust for such portraiture to his mighty deeds rather than to our puny words. But we deem a few supplementary remarks necessary for the general summing up of his character. His radical characteristics were calmness, clearness, strength; they are easily read, and it is not difficult to refer to their action every portion of his career. We see them everywhere; in the unerring but silent care with which he gained a comprehensive knowledge of the conditions of every contest in which he was engaged; in the piercing and certain glance by which he detected the error of an opponent; in the sedate and massive composure of his dispatches, where clearness of vision produces pictures rivaling the efforts of art; in the marble stillness and
19 strength of his firm cheek and unwrinkled forehead. We trace the same characteristics in his valor. He has been called cautious and hesitating; after the charges of Assaye, the passage of the Douro, and the eagle swoop of Sala-

manca! The accusation has been founded on a simple mistake. We have been told, and with sufficient truth, that the word impossible is a word of ill omen; the scrupulous, hesitating ideologist who fears to take a step lest the earth yawn, is little worth. Yet the power to discern the impossible is but the necessary complement of the power to discern the possible. A thousandfold clamor declares that such a thing can not be done, but the man of commanding intellect distinctly hears the voice of Nature saying it can, and does it; he is declared valiant, fiery, and so forth. A similar clamor pronounces such a thing to be possible, but the man of mind still hears the voice of Nature whispering "No," and abstains from doing it; he is called cautious, phlegmatic, or cowardly. Both clamors have been heard in the case of Wellington; and it were a question which was the more inane. Few eyes ever looked upon a battle-field with a surer perception of the possible and the impossible than his; he would not draw his sword to hew rocks, but when he did draw it, it went through.

SAILING OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

FROUDE'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

After the execution of Mary Stuart, the indignation of the Catholic powers was naturally aroused against the English Government, and Spain, then the leading kingdom of Europe, as well as the champion of the Catholic cause, set on foot the splendid Armada designed to avenge Mary's death and restore the Catholic supremacy in England. Mary was executed in 1587, and the Armada sailed in 1588. Never did a fleet receive a more signal overthrow. The elements seemed to have conspired against it. A comparatively

small portion of the magnificent armament ever reached Spain in safety.

Sir Walter Raleigh played a conspicuous part in the defeat of the Armada. From this signal disaster the power of Spain began to decline, though it remained formidable for a considerable period.

1 All being thus in order, the Prince of Parma ready to embark, the paternal admonition to the English nation to commit treason prepared for circulation, and the last touches added to the completeness of the fleet in the Tagus, the Duke of Medina Sidonia sailed from Lisbon on the 19th–29th of May. The northerly breeze which prevails on the coast of Portugal was unusually strong.
2 The galleons standing high out of the water, and carrying small canvas in proportion to their size, worked badly to windward. They were three weeks in reaching Finisterre, where, the wind having freshened to a gale, they were scattered, some standing out to sea, some into the Bay of Biscay. Their orders, in the event of such a casualty, had been to make for Ferrol. The wind shifting suddenly to the west, those that had gone into the bay could not immediately reach it, and were driven into Santander. The officers, however, were, on the whole, well satisfied with the qualities which the ships had displayed. A mast or two had been sprung, a few yards and bowsprits had been carried away; but beyond loss of time there had been no serious damage.

The weather moderating, the fleet was again collected in the Bay of Ferrol by the 6th–16th* of July. All repairs were completed by the 11th–21st, and the next day, 12th–22d, the Armada took leave of Spain for the last time.

3 The scene as the fleet passed out of the harbor must

* 6th–16th, 19th–29th, etc., indicate the respective dates as represented by the Old Style and the New Style. The last reform in our calendar dates from 1752. (See "Note on the Early Life of George Washington.")

have been singularly beautiful. It was a treacherous interval of real summer. The early sun was lighting the long chain of the Gallician mountains, marking with shadows the cleft defiles, and shining softly on the white walls and vineyards of Coruña. The wind was light, and falling toward a calm; the great galleons drifted slowly with the tide on the purple water, the long streamers trailing from the trucks, the red crosses, the emblems of the crusade, showing bright upon the hanging sails. The fruit-boats were bringing off the last fresh supplies, and the pinnaces hastening to the ships with the last loiterers on shore. Out of thirty thousand men who that morning stood upon the decks of the proud Armada, twenty thousand and more were never again to see the hills of Spain. Of the remnant who in two short months crept back ragged and torn, all but a few hundred returned only to die.

The Spaniards, though a great people, were usually 4 over-conscious of their greatness, and boasted too loudly of their fame and prowess; but among the soldiers and sailors of the doomed expedition against England the national vainglory was singularly silent. They were the flower of the country, culled and chosen over the entire Peninsula, and they were going with a modest nobility upon a service which they knew to be dangerous, but which they believed to be peculiarly sacred. Every one—seaman, officer, and soldier—had confessed and communicated before he went on board. Gambling, swearing, profane language of all kinds had been peremptorily forbidden. Private quarrels and differences had been made up or suspended. In every vessel, and in the whole fleet, the strictest order was prescribed and observed. Medina Sidonia led the way in the San Martin, showing lights at night, and firing guns when the weather was

hazy. Mount's Bay was to be the next place of rendezvous if they were again separated.

5 On the first evening the wind dropped to a calm. The morning after, the 13th–23d, a fair fresh breeze came up from the south and southwest, the ships ran flowingly before it, and in two days and nights they had crossed the bay and were off Ushant. The fastest of the pinnaces was dispatched from thence to Parma, with a letter bidding him expect the Duke's immediate coming.

6 But they had now entered the latitude of the storms, which through the whole season had raged round the English shore. The same night a southwest gale overtook them. They lay to, not daring to run farther. The four galleys, unable to keep the sea, were driven in upon the French coast and wrecked. The Santa Aña, a galleon of eight hundred tons, went down, carrying with her ninety seamen, three hundred soldiers, and fifty thousand ducats in gold. The weather was believed to be under the peculiar care of God, and this first misfortune was of evil omen for the future. The storm lasted two days, and then the sky cleared; and again gathering into order,

7 they proceeded on their way. On the 19th–29th they were in the mouth of the Channel. At daybreak on the morning of the 20th–30th the Lizard was under their lee, and an English fishing-boat was hanging near them, counting their numbers. They gave chase, but the boat shot away down-wind and disappeared. They captured another an hour or two later, from which they learned the English fleet was in Plymouth, and Medina Sidonia called a council of war to consider whether they should go in and fall upon it while at anchor. Philip's orders, however, were peremptory that they should turn neither right nor left, and make straight for Margate Roads and Parma. The Duke was unenterprising, and consciously unequal

to his work; and, already bending under his responsibilities, he hesitated to add to them.

Had he decided otherwise it would have made no 8
difference, for the opportunity was not allowed him. Long before the Spaniards saw the Lizard, they had themselves been seen, and on the evening of the 19th–29th the beacons along the coast had told England that the hour of its trial was come.

To the ships at Plymouth the news was as a message 9
of salvation. By thrift and short rations, by good management, contented care, and lavish use of private means, there was still one week's provisions in the magazines, with powder and shot for one day's sharp fighting, according to English notions of what fighting ought to be. They had to meet the enemy, as it were, with one arm bandaged by their own sovereign; but all wants, all difficulties, were forgotten in the knowledge that he was come, and that they could grapple with him before they were dissolved by starvation.

The warning light flew on to London, swift mes- 10
sengers galloping behind it. There was saddling and arming in village and town, and musters flocking to their posts. Loyal England forgot its difference of creeds, and knew nothing but that the invader was at the door. One thing was wanting—a soldier to take the supreme command; but the Queen found what she needed, found it in the person in whom, in her eyes, notwithstanding his offences in the Low Countries, all excellencies were still combined—her own Leicester. Worse appointment could not possibly have been made; but even Leicester was lifted into a kind of hero by the excitement of the moment. He was not a coward, and not entirely a fool. Tilbury had been chosen as the place where the force 11
was to assemble which was intended to cover London.

It was the lowest spot where the Thames could be easily crossed, and it was impossible to say on which side of the river the enemy might choose to approach. Leicester flew at once to his post there, and so far had he fulfilled his duty that he had sixteen thousand men with him at Tilbury, with thirty thousand forming rapidly in his rear out of the musters of the midland counties, before Parma could have advanced, under the most favorable circumstances, within a day's march of London.

SKETCH OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

FROUDE'S "CÆSAR."

As is remarked further on, Froude's estimate of Julius Cæsar should be compared with Mommsen's. A more distinct impression of an historical character is sometimes gained by studying two portraits.

1 In person, Cæsar was tall and slight. His features were more refined than was usual in Roman faces. The forehead was wide and high, the nose large and thin, the lips full, the eyes dark-gray like an eagle's, the neck extremely thick and sinewy. His complexion was pale. His beard and mustache were kept carefully shaved. His hair was short and naturally scanty, falling off toward the end of his life and leaving him partially bald. His voice, especially when he spoke in public, was high
2 and shrill. His health was uniformly strong until his last year, when he became subject to epileptic fits. He was a great bather, and scrupulously clean in all his habits, abstemious in his food, and careless in what it consisted, rarely or never touching wine, and noting sobriety as

the highest of qualities when describing any new people. He was an athlete in early life, admirable in all manly exercises, and especially in riding. In Gaul, as has been said already, he rode a remarkable horse, which he had bred himself, and which would let no one but Cæsar mount him. From his boyhood it was observed of him 3
that he was the truest of friends, that he avoided quarrels, and was most easily appeased when offended. In manner he was quiet and gentlemanlike, with the natural courtesy of high breeding. On an occasion when he was dining somewhere the other guests found the oil too rancid for them. Cæsar took it without remark, to spare his entertainer's feelings. When on a journey through a forest with his friend Oppius, he came one night to a hut where there was a single bed Oppius being unwell, Cæsar gave it up to him and slept on the ground.

In his public character he may be regarded under 4
three aspects—as a politician, a soldier, and a man of letters.

Like Cicero, Cæsar entered public life at the bar. 5
He belonged by birth to the popular party, but he showed no disposition, like the Gracchi, to plunge into political agitation. His aims were practical. He made war only upon injustice and oppression; and when he commenced as a pleader he was noted for the energy with which he protected a client whom he believed to have been wronged. At a later period, before he was prætor, he was engaged in defending Masintha, a young Numidian prince, who had suffered some injury from Hiempsal, the father of Juba. Juba himself came to Rome on the occasion, bringing with him the means of influencing the judges which Jugurtha had found so effective. Cæsar in his indignation seized Juba by the beard in the court; and when Masintha was sentenced to some unjust penalty,

Cæsar carried him off, concealed him in his house, and
6 took him to Spain in his carriage. When he rose into the Senate, his powers as a speaker became strikingly remarkable. Cicero, who often heard him, and was not a favorable judge, said that there was a pregnancy in his sentences and a dignity in his manner which no orator in Rome could approach. But he never spoke to court popularity. His aim from first to last was better government, the prevention of bribery and extortion, and the distribution among deserving citizens of some portion of the public land which the rich were stealing. The Julian laws, which excited the indignation of the aristocracy, had no other objects than these; and had they been
7 observed they would have saved the constitution. The obstinacy of faction and the Civil War which grew out of it obliged him to extend his horizon, to contemplate more radical reforms—a large extension of the privileges of citizenship, with the introduction of the provincial nobility into the Senate, and the transfer of the administration from the Senate and annually elected magistrates to the permanent chief of the army. But his objects throughout were purely practical. The purpose of government he conceived to be the execution of justice; and a constitutional liberty under which justice was made impossible did not appear to him to be liberty at all.

8 The practicality which showed itself in his general aims appeared also in his mode of working. Cæsar, it was observed, when anything was to be done, selected the man who was best able to do it, not caring particularly who or what he might be in other respects. To this faculty of discerning and choosing fit persons to execute his orders may be ascribed the extraordinary success of his own provincial administration, the enthusiasm which was felt for him in the North of Italy, and the perfect quiet

of Gaul after the completion of the conquest. Cæsar did not crush the Gauls under the weight of Italy. He took the best of them into the Roman service, promoted them, led them to associate the interests of the Empire with their personal advancement and the prosperity of their own people. No act of Cæsar's showed more sagacity than the introduction of Gallic nobles into the Senate; none was more bitter to the Scipios and Metelli, who were compelled to share their august privileges with these despised barbarians.

It was by accident that Cæsar took up the profession 9
of a soldier; yet, perhaps, no commander who ever lived showed greater military genius. The conquest of Gaul was effected by a force numerically insignificant, which was worked with the precision of a machine. The variety of uses to which it was capable of being turned implied, in the first place, extraordinary forethought in the selection of materials. Men whose nominal duty was merely to fight were engineers, architects, mechanics of the highest order. In a few hours they could extemporize an impregnable fortress on an open hill-side. They bridged the Rhine in a week. They built a fleet in a month. The 10
legions at Alesia held twice their number pinned within their works, while they kept at bay the whole force of insurgent Gaul, entirely by scientific superiority. The machine, which was thus perfect, was composed of human beings who required supplies of tools, and arms, and clothes, and food, and shelter, and for all these it depended on the forethought of its commander. Maps there were none. Countries entirely unknown had to be surveyed; routes had to be laid out; the depths and courses of rivers, the character of mountain passes, had all to be ascertained. Allies had to be found among tribes as yet unheard of. Countless contingent difficulties had

to be provided for, many of which must necessarily arise, though the exact nature of them could not be anticipated.

11 When room for accidents is left open, accidents do not fail to be heard of. But Cæsar was never defeated when personally present, save once at Gergovia and once at Durazzo; and the failure at Gergovia was caused by the revolt of the Ædui; and the manner in which the failure at Durazzo was retrieved showed Cæsar's greatness more than the most brilliant of his victories. He was rash, but with a calculated rashness which the event never failed to justify. His greatest successes were due to the rapidity of his movements, which brought him on the enemy before they heard of his approach. He traveled sometimes a hundred miles a day, reading or writing in his carriage, through countries without roads,

12 and crossing rivers without bridges. No obstacles stopped him when he had a definite end in view. In battle he sometimes rode, but he was more often on foot, bareheaded, and in a conspicuous dress, that he might be seen and recognized. Again and again, by his own efforts, he recovered a day that was half lost. He once seized a panic-stricken standard-bearer, turned him round, and told him that he had mistaken the direction of the enemy. He never misled his army as to an enemy's strength, or if he misstated their numbers it was only to exaggerate.

13 In Africa, before Thapsus, when his officers were nervous at the reported approach of Juba, he called them together and said briefly, "You will understand that within a day King Juba will be here with ten legions, thirty thousand horse, a hundred thousand skirmishers, and three hundred elephants. You are not to think or ask questions. I tell you the truth, and you must prepare for it. If any of you are alarmed I shall send you home."

14 Yet he was singularly careful of his soldiers. He

allowed his legions rest, though he allowed none to himself. He rarely fought a battle at a disadvantage. He never exposed his men to unnecessary danger, and the loss by wear and tear in the campaigns in Gaul was exceptionably and even astonishingly slight. When a gallant action was performed, he knew by whom it had been done, and every soldier, however humble, might feel assured that if he deserved praise he would have it. The army was Cæsar's family. When Sabinus was cut off he allowed his beard to grow, and he did not shave it till the disaster was avenged. If Quintus Cicero had been his own child, he could not have run greater personal risk to save him when shut up at Charleroy. In disci- 15
pline he was lenient to ordinary faults, and not careful to make curious inquiries into such things. He liked his men to enjoy themselves. Military mistakes in his officers, too, he always endeavored to excuse, never blaming them for misfortunes unless there had been a defect of courage as well as judgment. Mutiny and desertion only, he never overlooked. And thus no general was ever more loved by, or had greater power over, the army which served under him. He brought the insurgent tenth legion into submission by a single word. When the Civil War began, and Labienus left him, he told all his officers who had served under Pompey that they were free to follow if they wished. Not another man forsook him.

Sentonius says that he was rapacious, that he plun- 16
dered tribes in Spain who were allies of Rome, that he pillaged shrines and temples in Gaul, and destroyed cities merely for spoil. He adds a story which Cicero would not have left untold and uncommented on if he had been so fortunate as to hear of it: that Cæsar when first consul took three thousand pounds weight of gold out of the Capitol and replaced it with gilded brass. A simi-

lar story is told of the Cid and of other heroes of fiction
How came Cicero to be ignorant of an act which, if done
17 at all, was done under his own eyes? When prætor, Cæsar brought back money from Spain to the treasury; but he was never charged at the time with peculation or oppression there. In Gaul the war paid its own expenses; but what temples were there in Gaul which were worth spoiling? Of temples he was, indeed, scrupulously careful. Varro had taken gold from the Temple of Hercules at Cadiz. Cæsar replaced it. Metellus Scipio had threatened to plunder the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. Cæsar protected it. In Gaul the Druids were his best friends; therefore he certainly had not outraged religion there, and the quiet of the province during the Civil War is a sufficient answer to the accusation of gratuitous oppression.

18 The Gauls paid the expenses of their conquest in the prisoners taken in battle, who were sold to the slave merchants; and this is the real blot on Cæsar's career. But the blot was not personally upon Cæsar, but upon the age in which he lived. The great Pomponius Atticus himself was a dealer in human chattels. That prisoners of war should be sold as slaves was the law of the time, accepted alike by victors and vanquished; and the crowds of libertini who assisted at Cæsar's funeral proved that he was not regarded as the enemy of these unfortunates, but as their special friend.

19 His leniency to the Pompeian faction has already been spoken of sufficiently. It may have been politic, but it arose also from the disposition of the man. Cruelty originates in fear, and Cæsar was too indifferent to death to fear anything. So far as his public action was concerned, he betrayed no passion save hatred of injustice; and he moved through life calm and irresistible, like a force of nature.

Cicero has said of Cæsar's oratory that he surpassed 20
those who had practiced no other art. His praise of him as a man of letters is yet more delicately and gracefully emphatic. Most of his writings are lost, but there remain seven books of commentaries on the wars in Gaul (the eighth was added by another hand), and three books upon the Civil War, containing an account of its causes and history. Of these it was that Cicero said, in an admirable image, that fools might think to improve on them, but that no wise man would try it; they were *nudi omni ornatu orationis, tanquam veste detractâ*—bare of ornament, the dress of style dispensed with, like an undraped human figure, perfect in all its lines as Nature made it. In his composition, as in his actions, Cæsar is entirely simple. He indulges in no images, no labored descrip- 21
tions, no conventional reflections. His art is unconscious, as the highest art always is. The actual fact of things stands out as it really was, not as mechanically photographed, but interpreted by the calmest intelligence, and described with unexaggerated feeling. No military narrative has approached the excellence of the history of the war in Gaul. Nothing is written down which could be dispensed with, nothing important is left untold, while the incidents themselves are set off by delicate and just observations on human character. The story is rendered 22
attractive by complimentary anecdotes of persons, while details of the character and customs of an unknown and remarkable people show the attention which Cæsar was always at leisure to bestow on anything which was worthy of interest, even when he was surrounded with danger and difficulty. The books on the Civil War have the same simplicity and clearness, but a vein runs through them of strong if subdued emotion. They contain the history of a great revolution related by the principal actor

in it; but no effort can be traced to set his own side in a favorable light, or to abuse or depreciate his adversaries.
23 The coarse invectives which Cicero poured so freely upon those who differed from him are conspicuously absent. Cæsar does not exult over his triumphs or parade the honesty of his motives. The facts are left to tell their own story; and the gallantry and endurance of his own troops are not related with more feeling than the contrast between the confident hopes of the patrician leaders at Pharsalia and the luxury of their camp with the overwhelming disaster which fell upon them. About himself and his own exploits there is not one word of self-complacency or self-admiration. In his writings, as in his life, Cæsar is always the same—direct, straightforward, unmoved, save by occasional tenderness, describing with unconscious simplicity how the work which had been
24 forced upon him was accomplished. He wrote with extreme rapidity in the intervals of other labor, yet there is not a word misplaced, not a sign of haste anywhere, save that the conclusion of the Gallic war was left to be supplied by a weaker hand. The Commentaries, as an historical narrative, are as far superior to any other Latin composition of the kind as the person of Cæsar himself stands out among the rest of his contemporaries.

25 His other compositions have perished, in consequence, perhaps, of the unforgiving republican sentiment which revived among men of letters after the death of Augustus—which rose to a height in the "Pharsalia" of Lucan —and which leaves so visible a mark in the writings of Tacitus and Suetonius. There was a book, "De Analogiâ," written by Cæsar after the conference at Lucca, during the passage of the Alps. There was a book on the Auspices, which, coming from the head of the Roman religion, would have thrown a light much to be desired

on this curious subject. In practice Cæsar treated the auguries with contempt. He carried his laws in open disregard of them. He fought his battles careless whether the sacred chickens would eat or the calves' livers were of the proper color. His own account of such things in his capacity of Pontifex would have had a singular interest.

From the time of his boyhood he kept a commonplace 26
book, in which he entered down any valuable or witty sayings, inquiring carefully, as Cicero takes pains to tell us, after any smart observation of his own. Niebuhr remarks that no pointed sentences of Cæsar's can have come down to us. Perhaps he had no gift that way, and admired in others what he did not possess.

He left in verse "an account of the stars"—some 27
practical almanac, probably, in a shape to be easily remembered; and there was a journal in verse also, written on the return from Munda. Of all the lost writings, however, the most to be regretted is the "Anti-Cato." After Cato's death Cicero published a panegyric upon him. To praise Cato was to condemn Cæsar; and Cæsar replied with a sketch of the Martyr of Utica as he had himself known him. The pamphlet, had it survived, would have shown how far Cæsar was able to extend the forbearance so conspicuous in his other writings to the most respectable and the most inveterate of his enemies. The verdict of fact and the verdict of literature on the great controversy between them have been summed up in the memorable line of Lucan—

Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

Was Cato right, or were the gods right? Perhaps both.
There is a legend that at the death of Charles V the ac- 28
cusing angel appeared in heaven with a catalogue of deeds

which no advocate could palliate—countries laid desolate, cities sacked and burned, lists of hundreds of thousands of women and children brought to misery by the political ambition of a single man. The evil spirit demanded the offender's soul, and it seemed as if mercy itself could not refuse him the award. But at the last moment the Supreme Judge interfered. The Emperor, he said, had been sent into the world at a peculiar time, for a peculiar purpose, and was not to be tried by the ordinary rules. Titian has painted the scene: Charles kneeling before the throne, with the consciousness, as became him, of human infirmities, written upon his countenance, yet neither afraid nor abject, relying in absolute faith that the Judge of all mankind would do right.

Of Cæsar, too, it may be said that he came into the world at a special time and for a special object. The old religions were dead, from the pillars of Hercules to the Euphrates and the Nile, and the principles on which human society had been constructed were dead also. There remained of spiritual conviction only the common and human sense of justice and morality; and out of this sense some ordered system of government had to be constructed under which quiet men could live and labor and eat the fruit of their industry. Under a rule of this material kind there can be no enthusiasm, no chivalry, no saintly aspirations, no patriotism of the heroic type. It was not to last for ever. A new life was about to dawn for mankind. Poetry, and faith, and devotion were to spring again out of the seeds which were sleeping in the heart of humanity. But the life which is to endure grows slowly; and as the soil must be prepared before the wheat can be sown, so before the kingdom of heaven could throw up its shoots there was needed a kingdom of this world where the nations were neither torn in pieces by

violence nor were rushing after false ideals and spurious ambitions. Such a kingdom was the empire of the Cæsars—a kingdom where peaceful men could work, think, and speak as they pleased, and travel freely among provinces ruled for the most part by Gallios who protected life and property, and forbade fanatics to tear each other in pieces for their religious opinions. "It is not 31
lawful for us to put any man to death," was the complaint of the Jewish priests to the Roman governor. Had Europe and Asia been covered with independent nations, each with a local religion represented in its ruling powers, Christianity must have been stifled in its cradle. If St. Paul had escaped the Sanhedrim at Jerusalem, he would have been torn to pieces by the silversmiths at Ephesus. The appeal to Cæsar's judgment-seat was the shield of his mission, and alone made possible his success.

And this spirit, which confined government to its 32
simplest duties, while it left opinion unfettered, was especially present in Julius Cæsar himself. From cant of all kinds he was totally free. He was a friend of the people, but he indulged in no enthusiasm for liberty. He never dilated on the beauties of virtue, or complimented, as Cicero did, a Providence in which he did not believe. He was too sincere to stoop to unreality. He 33
held to the facts of this life and to his own convictions; and, as he found no reason for supposing that there was a life beyond the grave, he did not pretend to expect it. He respected the religion of the Roman State as an institution established by the laws. He encouraged or left unmolested the creeds and practices of the uncounted sects or tribes who were gathered under the eagles. But his own writings contain nothing to indicate that he himself had any religious belief at all. He saw no evidence that the gods practically interfered in human affairs. He

never pretended that Jupiter was on his side. He thanked his soldiers after a victory, but he did not order "Te Deums" to be sung for it; and, in the absence of these conventionalisms, he perhaps showed more real reverence than he could have displayed by the freest use of the formulas of pietism.

EXECUTION OF MARY STUART.

FROUDE'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

This is one of Froude's most studied attempts at brilliant word-painting. The story of Mary Stuart is a theme of which the world never grows weary. She was executed upon the charge of conspiring against Queen Elizabeth, but the sentiment of the world will always remain divided as to her guilt or innocence. Her memory seems to have been vindicated by subsequent events, as her son, James VI, of Scotland, succeeded to the English crown upon the death of Elizabeth, as James I, of England, and the present house of Hanover base their succession to the English throne upon their descent from her granddaughter, Elizabeth of Bohemia. The student should read Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of Scotland," also the works of Housack and Melin.

1 THE end had come. She had long professed to expect it, but the clearest expectation is not certainty. The scene for which she had affected to prepare she was to encounter in its dread reality, and all her busy schemes, her dreams of vengeance, her visions of a revolution, with herself ascending out of the convulsion and seating herself on her rival's throne—all were gone. She had played deep, and the dice had gone against her.

2 Yet in death, if she encountered it bravely, victory was still possible. Could she but sustain to the last the

character of a calumniated suppliant, accepting heroically for God's sake and her creed's the concluding stroke of a long series of wrongs, she might stir a tempest of indignation which, if it could not save herself, might at least overwhelm her enemy. Persisting, as she persisted to the last, in denying all knowledge of Babington, it would be affectation to credit her with a genuine feeling of religion; but the imperfection of her motive exalts the greatness of her fortitude. To an impassioned believer death is comparatively easy.

Her chaplain was lodged in a separate part of the 3
castle. The Commissioners, who were as anxious that her execution should wear its real character as she was herself, determined to convert it into a martyrdom, refused, perhaps unwisely, to allow him access to her, and offered her again the assistance of an Anglican dean. They gave her an advantage over them which she did not fail to use. She would not let the dean come near her. She sent a note to the chaplain telling him that she had meant to receive the sacrament, but, as it might not be, she must content herself with a general confession. She bade him watch through the night and pray for her. In the morning, when she was brought out, she might perhaps see him, and receive his blessing on her knees. She supped cheerfully, giving her last meal with 4
her attendants a character of sacred parting. Afterward she drew aside her apothecary, M. Gorion, and asked him if she might depend upon his fidelity; when he satisfied her that she might trust him, she said she had a letter and two diamonds which she wished to send to Mendoza. He undertook to melt some drug and conceal them in it, where they would never be looked for, and promised to deliver them faithfully. One of the jewels was for Mendoza himself; the other, and the larg-

5 est, was for Philip. It was to be a sign that she was dying for the truth, and was meant also to bespeak his care for her friends and servants. Every one of them, so far as she was able, without forgetting a name, she commended to his liberality. Arundel, Paget, Morgan, the Archbishop of Glasgow, Westmoreland, Throgmorton, the Bishop of Ross, her two secretaries, the ladies who had shared the trials of her imprisonment—she remembered them all, and specified the sums which she desired
6 Philip to bestow on them. And as Mary Stuart then and throughout her life never lacked gratitude to those who had been true to her, so then, as always, she remembered her enemies. There was no cant about her, no unreal talk of forgiveness of injuries. She bade Gorion tell Philip it was her last prayer that he should persevere, notwithstanding her death, in the invasion of England. It was God's quarrel, she said, and worthy of his greatness; and as soon as he had conquered it, she desired him not to forget how she had been treated by Cecil and Leicester and Walsingham; by Lord Huntingdon, who had ill-used her fifteen years before at Tutbury; by Sir Amyas Paulet and Secretary Wade.

7 Her last night was a busy one. As she said herself, there was much to be done, and the time was short. A few lines to the King of France were dated two hours after midnight. They were to insist for the last time that she was innocent of the conspiracy, that she was dying for religion, and for having asserted her right to the crown; and to beg that, out of the sum which he owed her, her servants' wages might be paid, and masses provided for her soul. After this she slept for three or four hours, then rose, and with the most elaborate care prepared to encounter the end.

8 At eight in the morning the provost-marshal knocked

at the outer door which communicated with her suite of apartments. It was locked, and no one answered; he went back in some trepidation lest the fears might prove true which had been entertained the preceding evening. On his returning with the sheriff, however, a few min- 9
utes later, the door was open, and they were confronted with the tall, majestic figure of Mary Stuart standing before them in splendor. The plain, gray dress had been exchanged for a robe of black satin; her jacket was of black satin also, looped and slashed, and trimmed with velvet. Her false hair was arranged studiously with a coif, and over her head, and falling down over her back, was a white veil of delicate lawn. A crucifix of gold hung from her neck. In her hand she held a crucifix of ivory, and a number of jeweled paternosters was attached to her girdle. Led by two of Paulet's gentlemen, the 10
sheriff walking before her, she passed to the chamber of presence in which she had been tried, where Shrewsbury, Kent, Paulet, Drury, and others were waiting to receive her. Andrew Melville, Sir Robert's brother, who had been master of her household, was kneeling in tears. "Melville," she said, "you should rather rejoice than weep that the end of my troubles is come. Tell my friends I die a true Catholic. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing to prejudice his kingdom of Scotland, and so, good Melville, farewell." She kissed him, and turning, asked for her chaplain, Du Preau. He 11
was not present. There had been a fear of some religious melodrama which it was thought well to avoid. Her ladies, who had attempted to follow her, had been kept back also. She could not afford to leave the account of her death to be reported by enemies and Puritans, and she required assistance for the scene which she meditated. Missing them, she asked the reason of their absence, and

said she wished them to see her die. Kent said he feared they might scream or faint, or attempt, perhaps, to dip their handkerchiefs in her blood. She undertook that they should be quiet and obedient. "The Queen," she said, "would never deny her so slight a request"; and when Kent still hesitated she added, with tears, "You know I am cousin to your Queen, of the blood of Henry VII, a married Queen of France, and anointed Queen of Scotland!"

12 It was impossible to refuse. She was allowed to take six of her own people with her and select them herself. She chose her physician Burgoyne, Andrew Melville, the apothecary Gorion, and her surgeon, with two ladies, Elizabeth Kennedy, and Curle's young wife, Barbara Mowbray, whose child she had baptized.

13 "Allons donc," she then said, "let us go," and passing out attended by the earls, and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall. The news had spread far through the country. Thousands of people were collected outside the walls. About three hundred knights and gentlemen of the county had been admitted to witness the execution. The tables and forms had been removed, and a great
14 wood-fire was blazing in the chimney. At the upper end of the hall, above the fireplace, but near it, stood the scaffold, twelve feet square and two feet and a half high. It was covered with black cloth; a low rail ran round it covered with black cloth also, and the sheriff's guard of halberdiers were ranged on the floor below on the four sides to keep off the crowd. On the scaffold was the block, black like the rest; a square black cushion was placed behind it, and behind the cushion a black chair; on the right were two other chairs for the earls. The axe leant against the rail, and two masked figures stood

like mutes on either side at the back. The Queen of 15
Scots as she swept in seemed as if coming to take a part in some solemn pageant. Not a muscle of her face could be seen to quiver; she ascended the scaffold with absolute composure, looked round her smiling, and sat down. Shrewsbury and Kent followed and took their places, the sheriff stood at her left hand, and Beale then mounted a platform and read the warrant aloud.

In all the assembly Mary Stuart appeared the person least interested in the words which were consigning her to death.

"Madam," said Lord Shrewsbury to her, when the 16
reading was ended, "you hear what we are commanded to do."

"You will do your duty," she answered, and rose as if to kneel and pray.

The Dean of Peterborough, Dr. Fletcher, approached the rail. "Madam," he began, with a low obeisance, "the Queen's most excellent Majesty—" "Madam, the Queen's most excellent Majesty—" Thrice he commenced his sentence, wanting words to pursue it. When he repeated the words a fourth time, she cut him short.

"Mr. Dean," she said, "I am a Catholic, and must die a Catholic. It is useless to attempt to move me, and your prayers will avail me but little."

"Change your opinion, madam," he cried, his tongue being loosed at last; "repent of your sins, settle your faith in Christ, by him to be saved."

"Trouble not yourself further, Mr. Dean," she answered; "I am settled in my own faith, for which I mean to shed my blood."

"I am sorry, madam," said Shrewsbury, "to see you so addicted to Popery."

"That image of Christ you hold there," said Kent,

"will not profit you if he be not engraved in your heart."

She did not reply, and turning her back on Fletcher knelt for her own devotions.

17 He had been evidently instructed to impair the Catholic complexion of the scene, and the Queen of Scots was determined that he should not succeed. When she knelt, he commenced an extempore prayer, in which the assembly joined. As his voice sounded out in the hall she raised her own, reciting with powerful, deep-chested tones the penitential psalms in Latin, introducing English sentences at intervals, that the audience might know what she was saying, and praying with especial distinctness for her holy father the Pope.

18 From time to time, with conspicuous vehemence, she struck the crucifix against her bosom, and then, as the Dean gave up the struggle, leaving her Latin, she prayed in English wholly, still clear and loud. She prayed for the Church which she had been ready to betray, for her son whom she had disinherited, for the Queen whom she had endeavored to murder. She prayed God to avert his wrath from England—that England which she had sent a last message to Philip to beseech him to invade. She forgave her enemies, whom she had invited Philip not to forget, and then, praying to the saints to intercede for her with Christ, and kissing the crucifix and crossing her own breast, "Even as thy arms, O Jesus," she cried, "were spread upon the cross, so receive me into thy mercy and forgive my sins."

19 With these words she rose. The black mutes stepped forward, and in the usual form begged her forgiveness.

"I forgive you," she said, "for now I hope you shall end all my troubles." They offered their help in arranging her dress. "Truly, my lords," she said with a

smile to the earls, "I never had such grooms waiting on me before." Her ladies were allowed to come up upon the scaffold to assist her; for the work to be done was considerable, and had been prepared with no common thought.

She laid her crucifix on her chair. The chief execu- 20
tioner took it as a perquisite, but was ordered instantly to lay it down. The lawn veil was lifted carefully off, not to disturb the hair, and was hung upon the rail. The black robe was next removed. Below it was a petticoat of crimson velvet. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of crimson satin. One of her ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, with which she hastily covered her arms; and thus she stood on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood-red from head to foot.

Her reasons for adopting so extraordinary a costume 21
must be left to conjecture. It is only certain that it must have been carefully studied, and that the pictorial effect must have been appalling.

The women, whose firmness had hitherto borne the 22
trial, began now to give way, spasmodic sobs bursting from them which they could not check. "Ne criez vous," she said, "j'ay promis pour vous." Struggling bravely, they crossed their breasts again and again, she crossing them in turn and bidding them pray for her. Then she knelt on the cushion. Barbara Mowbray bound her eyes with a handkerchief. "Adieu," she said, smiling for the last time and waving her hand to them, "Adieu, au revoir." They stepped back from off the scaffold and left her alone. On her knees she repeated 23
the psalm, "In te, Domine, confido," "In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust." Her shoulders being exposed, two scars became visible, one on either side, and, the earls being now a little behind her, Kent pointed to

them with his white wand and looked inquiringly at his companion. Shrewsbury whispered that they were the remains of two abscesses from which she had suffered while living with him at Sheffield.

24 When the psalm was finished, she felt for the block, and laying down her head, muttered, "In manus, Domine tuas, commendo animam meam." The hard wood seemed to hurt her, for she placed her hands under her neck. The executioners gently removed them, lest they should deaden the blow, and then, one of them holding her
25 slightly, the other raised the axe and struck. The scene had been too trying even for the practiced headsman of the Tower. His arm wandered. The blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely broke the skin. She neither spoke nor moved. He struck again, this time effectively. The head hung by a shred of skin, which he divided without withdrawing the axe; and at once a metamorphosis was witnessed strange as was ever wrought by wand of fabled enchanter. The coif fell off, and the false plaits. The labored illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to show it to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman.

26 "So perish all enemies of the Queen!" said the Dean of Peterborough. A loud "Amen!" rose over the hall. "Such end," said the Earl of Kent, rising and standing over the body, "to the Queen's and the Gospel's enemies!"

27 Orders had been given that everything which she had worn should be immediately destroyed, that no relics should be carried off to work imaginary miracles. Sentinels stood at the doors who allowed no one to pass out

without permission; and after the first pause, the earls still keeping their places, the body was stripped. It then 28
appeared that a favorite lap-dog had followed its mistress unperceived, and was concealed under her clothes; when discovered, it gave a short cry, and seated itself between the head and the neck, from which the blood was still flowing. It was carried away and carefully washed, and then beads, paternoster, handkerchief—each particle of dress which the blood had touched—with the cloth on the block and on the scaffold, was burnt in the hall fire in the presence of the crowd. The scaffold itself was 29
next removed; a brief account of the execution was drawn up, with which Henry Talbot, Lord Shrewsbury's son, was sent to London, and then every one was dismissed. Silence settled down on Fotheringay, and the last scene of the life of Mary Stuart, in which tragedy and melodrama were so strangely intermingled, was over.

PORTRAIT OF HENRY VIII.

FROUDE'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

To vindicate the fame of Henry VIII, and to reverse all our conceptions of his character, is one of the principal objects aimed at by Froude in his history. His ingenious and elaborate attempt to "make the worse appear the better reason" has proved a signal failure. No artistic delineation or dramatic coloring can transform a tyrant into a hero.

NATURE had been prodigal to him of her rarest gifts. 1
In person he is said to have resembled his grandfather, Edward IV, who was the handsomest man in Europe. His form and bearing were princely, and amid the easy

freedom of his address, his manner remained majestic. No knight in England could match him in the tournament except the Duke of Suffolk; he drew with ease as strong a bow as was borne by any yeoman of his guard, and these powers were sustained in unfailing vigor by a temperate habit and by constant exercise. Of his intellectual ability we are not left to judge from the suspicious panegyrics of his contemporaries. His state papers and letters may be placed by the side of those of Wolsey or of Cromwell, and they lose nothing in the comparison. Though they are broadly different, the perception is equally clear, the expression equally powerful, and they
2 breathe throughout an irresistible vigor of purpose. In addition to this, he had a fine musical taste, carefully cultivated; he spoke and wrote in four languages; and his knowledge of a multitude of other subjects, with which his versatile ability made him conversant, would have formed the reputation of any ordinary man. He was among the best physicians of his age. He was his own engineer, inventing improvements in artillery, and new constructions in ship-building; and this not with the condescending incapacity of a royal amateur, but with thorough workmanlike understanding. His reading was vast, especially in theology, which has been ridiculously ascribed by Lord Herbert to his father's intention of educating him for the archbishopric of Canterbury—as if the scientific mastery of such a subject could have been acquired by a boy of twelve years of age, for he was no more when he became Prince of Wales He must have studied theology with the full maturity of his understanding; and he had a fixed, and perhaps unfortunate, interest in the subject itself.

3 In all directions of human activity Henry displayed natural powers of the highest order, at the highest stretch

of industrious culture. He was "attentive," as it is called, "to his religious duties," being present at the services in the chapel two or three times a day with unfailing regularity, and showing to outward appearance a real sense of religious obligation in the energy and purity of his life. In private, he was good-humored and good-natured. His letters to his secretaries, though never undignified, are simple, easy, and unrestrained; and the letters written by them to him are similarly plain and business-like, as if the writers knew that the person whom they were addressing disliked compliments, and chose to be treated as a man. Again, from their correspondence with one another, when they describe interviews with him, we gather the same pleasant impression. He seems to have been always kind, always considerate, inquiring into their private concerns with genuine interest, and winning, as a consequence, their warm and unaffected attachment.

As a ruler, he had been eminently popular. All his 4 wars had been successful. He had the splendid tastes in which the English people most delighted, and he had substantially acted out his own theory of his duty, which was expressed in the following words:

"Scripture taketh princes to be, as it were, fathers and nurses to their subjects, and by Scripture it appeareth that it appertaineth unto the office of princes to see that right religion and true doctrine be maintained and taught, and that their subjects may be well ruled and governed by good and just laws; and to provide and care for them that all things necessary for them may be plenteous; and that the people and commonweal may increase; and to defend them from oppression and invasion, as well within the realm as without; and to see that justice be administered unto them indifferently; and to hear

benignly all their complaints; and to shew toward them, although they offend, fatherly pity. And, finally, so to correct them that the evil that they had, yet rather save them than lose them, if it were not for respect of justice, and maintenance of peace and good order in the commonweal."

5 These principles do really appear to have determined Henry's conduct in his earlier years. He had more than once been tried with insurrection, which he had soothed down without bloodshed, and extinguished in forgiveness; and London long recollected the great scene which followed "evil May-day," 1517, when the apprentices were brought down to Westminster Hall to receive their pardons. There had been a dangerous riot in the streets, which might have provoked a mild government to severity, but the King contented himself with punishing the five ringleaders; and four hundred other prisoners, after being paraded down the streets in white shirts with halters round their necks, were dismissed with an admonition, Wolsey weeping as he pronounced it.

6 It is certain that, if he had died before the divorce was mooted, Henry VIII, like that Roman emperor said by Tacitus to have been *consensu omnium dignus imperii nisi imperasset*, would have been considered by posterity as formed by Providence for the conduct of the Reformation, and his loss would have been deplored as a perpetual calamity. We must allow him, therefore, the benefit of his past career, and be careful to remember it when interpreting his later actions. Not many men would have borne themselves through the same trials with the same integrity; but the circumstances of those trials had not
7 tested the true defects in his moral constitution. Like all princes of the Plantagenet blood, he was a person of a most intense and imperious will. His impulses, in

general, nobly directed, had never known contradiction; and late in life, when his character was formed, he was forced into collision with difficulties with which the experience of discipline had not fitted him to contend. Education had done much for him, but his nature required more correction than his position had permitted, while unbroken prosperity and early independence of control had been his most serious misfortune. He had capacity, if his training had been equal to it, to be one of the greatest of men. With all his faults about him, he was still, perhaps, the greatest of his contemporaries, and the man best able of all living Englishmen to govern England, had he not been set to do it by the conditions of his birth.

CORONATION OF ANNE BOLEYN.

FROUDE'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

The coronation of Anne Boleyn is another of Froude's finest descriptive efforts.

Henry VIII of England, after having been married for many years to Catharine of Aragon, who had been previously married to his younger brother, Prince Arthur, was so fascinated with the charms of Anne Boleyn that he caused himself to be divorced from Catharine, upon pretended scruples of conscience in regard to his marriage to his brother's widow. The divorce of Henry VIII was, in its consequences, one of the most important events of the sixteenth century, as it was one of the principal causes that led to the separation of the English nation from the Roman Catholic communion. The Pope having refused to sanction the divorce of Henry from Catharine, it was pronounced by Cranmer, and Anne Boleyn was publicly acknowledged as Queen.

Henry VIII became the head of the Church in his own kingdom, and allegiance to the Pope was renounced. In a few years Anne

Boleyn was accused of infidelity to Henry, was tried, condemned, and executed. She was the mother of Queen Elizabeth. (See Miss Strickland's "Queens of England.")

1 On the morning of the 31st of May the families of the London citizens were stirring early in all houses. From Temple Bar to the Tower the streets were fresh strewed with gravel, the footpaths were railed off along the whole distance, and occupied on one side by the guilds, their workmen, and apprentices, on the other by the city constables and officials in their gaudy uniforms, "with their staves in hand for to cause the people to keep good room and order." Cornhill and Gracechurch Street had dressed their fronts in scarlet and crimson, in arras and tapestry, and the rich carpet-work from Persia and the East. Cheapside, to outshine her rivals, was draped even more splendidly in cloth of gold and tissue and velvet. The sheriffs were pacing up and down on the great Flemish horses, hung with liveries, and all the windows were thronged with ladies crowding to see the procession
2 pass. At length the Tower guns opened, the grim gates rolled back, and under the archway in the bright May sunshine the long column began slowly to defile. Two states only permitted their representatives to grace the scene with their presence—Venice and France. It was, perhaps, to make the most of this isolated countenance that the French ambassador's train formed the van of the cavalcade. Twelve French knights came riding foremost in surcoats of blue velvet with sleeves of yellow silk, their horses trapped in blue, with white crosses powdered on their hangings. After them followed a troop of English gentlemen, two and two, and then the Knights of the Bath, "in gowns of violet, with hoods purfled with miniver like doctors." Next, perhaps at a little interval, the abbots passed on, mitered in their robes; the barons

followed in crimson velvet, the bishops then, and then the earls and marquises, the dresses of each order increasing in elaborate gorgeousness. All these rode on in pairs. 3
Then came alone Audeley, lord-chancellor, and behind him the Venetian ambassador and the Archbishop of York; the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Du Bellay, Bishop of Bayonne and of Paris, not now with bugle and hunting-frock, but solemn with stole and crozier. Next the Lord-Mayor, with the city mace in hand, and Garter in his coat-of-arms; and then Lord William Howard—Belted Will Howard, of the Scottish Border, Marshal of England. The officers of the Queen's household succeeded the Marshal in scarlet and gold, and the van of the procession was closed by the Duke of Suffolk, as high constable, with his silver wand. It is no easy matter to 4
picture to ourselves the blazing trail of splendor which in such a pageant must have drawn along the London streets—those streets which now we know so black and smoke-grimed, themselves then radiant with masses of color—gold and crimson and violet. Yet there it was, and there the sun could shine upon it, and tens of thousands of eyes were gazing on the scene out of the crowded lattices.

Glorious as the spectacle was, perhaps, however, it 5
passed unheeded. Those eyes were watching all for another object, which now drew near. In an open space behind the constable there was seen approaching "a white chariot," drawn by two palfreys in white damask which swept the ground, a golden canopy borne above it making music with silver bells; and in the chariot sat the observed of all observers, the beautiful occasion of all this glittering homage; fortune's plaything of the hour, the Queen of England—queen at last—borne along upon the waves of this sea of glory, breathing the perfumed in-

cense of greatness which she had risked her fair name, delicacy, her honor, her self-respect, to win; and she had won it.

6 There she sat, dressed in white tissue robes, her fair hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and her temples circled with a light coronet of gold and diamonds—most beautiful—loveliest, most favored, perhaps, as she seemed at that hour, of all England's daughters. Alas! "within the hollow round" of that coronet

> Kept death his court, and there the antick sate,
> Scoffing her state and grinning at her pomp.
> Allowing her a little breath, a little scene
> To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks,
> Infusing her with self and vain conceit,
> As if the flesh which walled about her life
> Were brass impregnable; and humored thus,
> Bored through her castle walls; and farewell, Queen.

7 Fatal gift of greatness (so dangerous ever), so more than dangerous in these tremendous times when the fountains are broken loose of the great deeps of thought, and nations are in the throes of revolution; when ancient order and law and tradition are splitting in the social earthquake; and as the opposing forces wrestle to and fro, those unhappy ones who stand out above the crowd become the symbols of the struggle, and fall the victims of its alternating fortunes. And what if into an unsteady heart and brain, intoxicated with splendor, the outward chaos should find its way, converting the poor silly soul into an image of the same confusion—if conscience should be deposed from her high place, and the Pandora box be broken loose of passions and sensualities and follies, and at length there be nothing left of all which man or woman ought to value save hope of God's forgiveness.

8 Three short years have yet to pass, and again, on a

summer morning, Queen Anne Boleyn will leave the Tower of London, not radiant then with beauty on a gay errand of coronation, but a poor, wandering ghost, on a sad, tragic errand, from which she will never more return, passing away out of an earth where she may stay no longer into a presence where, nevertheless, we know that all is well for all of us, and therefore for her.

But let us not cloud her short-lived sunshine with the 9
shadow of the future. She went on in her loveliness, the peeresses following in their carriages, with the royal guard in their rear. In Fenchurch Street she was met by the children of the city schools, and at the corner of Gracechurch Street a masterpiece had been prepared of the pseudo-classic art, then so fashionable, by the merchants of the Styllyard. A Mount Parnassus had been constructed, and a Helican fountain upon it, playing into a basin, with four jets of Rhenish wine. On the top of the mountain sat Apollo, with Calliope at his feet, and on either side the remaining muses, holding lutes or harps, and singing each of them some "posy" or epigram in praise of the Queen, which was presented, after it had been sung, written in letters of gold.

From Gracechurch Street the procession passed to 10
Leadenhall, where there was a spectacle, in better taste, of the old English Catholic kind, quaint, perhaps, and forced, but truly, and even beautifully, emblematic. There was again a "little mountain," which was hung with red and white roses; a gold ring was placed on the summit, on which, as the Queen appeared, a white falcon was made to "descend as out of sky"; "and then incontinent came down an angel, with great melody, and set a close crown of gold upon the falcon's head; and in the same pageant sat Saint Anne, with all her issue beneath her; and Mary Cleophas, with her four children, of the

which children one made a goodly oration to the Queen of the fruitfulness of St. Anne, trusting that like fruit should come of her."

11 With such "pretty conceits," at that time the honest tokens of an English welcome, the new Queen was received by the citizens of London. These scenes must be multiplied by the number of the streets, where some fresh fancy met her at every turn. To preserve the festivities from flagging, every fountain and conduit within the walls ran all day with wine; the bells of every steeple were ringing; children lay in wait with songs, and ladies with posies, in which all the resources of fantastic extravagance were exhausted; and thus, in an unbroken triumph—and, to outward appearance, received with the warmest affection—she passed under Temple Bar, down the Strand, by Charing Cross, to Westminster Hall. The King was not with her throughout the day; nor did he intend to be with her in any part of the ceremony. She was to reign without a rival, the undisputed sovereign of the hour.

12 Saturday being passed in showing herself to the people, she retired for the night to "the King's manor house at Westminster," where she slept. On the following morning, between eight and nine o'clock, she returned to the Hall, where the Lord Mayor, the City Council, and the peers were again assembled, and took her place on the high dais at the top of the stairs, under the cloth of state, while the bishops, the abbots, and the monks of the Abbey formed in the area. A railed way had been laid with carpets across Palace Yard and the Sanctuary to the Abbey gates, and, when all was ready, preceded by the peers in their robes of Parliament, and the Knights of the Garter in the dress of the order, she swept out under her canopy, the bishops and the monks "solemnly sing-

ing." The train was borne by the old Duchess of Norfolk, her aunt, the Bishops of London and Winchester on either side, "bearing up the lappets of her robe." The Earl of Oxford carried the crown, on its cushion, immediately before her. She was dressed in purple velvet furred with ermine, her hair escaping loose, as she usually wore it, under a wreath of diamonds.

On entering the Abbey she was led to the coronation- 13
chair, where she sat, while the train fell into their places, and the preliminaries of the ceremonial were dispatched. Then she was conducted up to the high altar and annointed Queen of England, and she received from the hands of Cranmer, fresh come in haste from Dunstable, with the last words of his sentence upon Catharine scarcely silent upon his lips, the golden scepter, and St. Edward's crown.

Did any twinge of remorse, any pang of painful recol- 14
lection, pierce at that moment the incense of glory which she was inhaling? Did any vision flit across her of a sad, mourning figure which once had stood where she was standing, now desolate, neglected, sinking into the darkening twilight of a life cut short by sorrow? Who can tell? At such a time that figure would have weighed heavily upon a noble mind, and a wise mind would have been taught by the thought of it that, although life be fleeting as a dream, it is long enough to experience strange vicissitudes of fortune. But Anne Boleyn was not noble, and was not wise; too probably, she felt nothing but the delicious, all-absorbing, all-intoxicating present; and, if that plain, suffering face presented itself to her memory at all, we may fear that it was rather as a foil to her own surpassing loveliness. Two years later she was able to exult over Catharine's death; she is not likely to

have thought of her with gentle feelings in the first glow and flush of triumph.

We may now leave these scenes. They concluded in the usual English style—with a banquet in the great hall, and with all outward signs of enjoyment and pleasure. There must have been but few persons present, however, who did not feel that the sunshine of such a day might not last for ever, and that over so dubious a marriage no Englishman could exult with more than half a heart. It is foolish to blame, lightly, actions which arise in the midst of circumstances which are, and can be, but imperfectly known, and there may have been political reasons which made so much pomp desirable. Anne Boleyn had been the subject of public conversation for seven years, and Henry, no doubt, desired to present his jewel to them in the rarest and choicest setting. Yet, to our eyes, seeing, perhaps, by the light of what followed, a more modest introduction would have appeared more suited to the doubtful nature of her position.

MARKETS AND WAGES IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

FROUDE'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

Froude gives us in this extract a description of prices current in the reign of Henry VIII (1509-'47). Let the student compare them with prices current in our day. Any successful endeavor to reproduce the past life of a nation must exhibit its modes of daily life, its domestic economy—what people ate, what they wore, and what they paid for them. This is in strict accordance with the idea of history as expounded by Carlyle and Macaulay.

WHEAT, the price of which necessarily varied, averaged in the middle of the fourteenth century tenpence the

bushel, barley averaging at the same time three shillings the quarter. With wheat the fluctuations were excessive; a table of its possible variations describes it as ranging from eighteenpence the quarter to twenty shillings; the average, however, being six-and-eightpence. When the price was above this sum, the merchants might import to bring it down; when it was below this price, the farmers were allowed to export to the foreign markets; and the same average continued to hold, with no perceptible tendency to a rise, till the close of the reign of Elizabeth.

Beef and pork were a halfpenny a pound; mutton 2
was three farthings. They were fixed at these prices by the 3d of the 24th of Henry VIII. But this act was unpopular both with buyers and with sellers. The old practice had been to sell in the gross, and under that arrangement the rates had been generally lower. Stowe says: "It was this year enacted that butchers should sell their beef and mutton by weight—beef for a halfpenny the pound, and mutton for three farthings; which being devised for the great commodity of the realm—as it was thought—hath proved far otherwise: for at that time fat oxen were sold for six-and-twenty shillings and eightpence the piece; fat wethers for three shillings and fourpence the piece; fat calves at a like price; and fat lambs for twelvepence. The butchers of London sold penny 3
pieces of beef for the relief of the poor—every piece two pounds and a half, sometimes three pounds for a penny; and thirteen and sometimes fourteen of these pieces for twelvepence; mutton, eightpence the quarter; and an hundredweight of beef for four shillings and eightpence." The act was repealed in consequence of the complaints against it, but the prices never fell again to what they had been, although beef, sold in the gross, could still be had for a halfpenny a pound in 1570.

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4 Strong beer, such as we now buy for eighteenpence a gallon, was then a penny a gallon, and table-beer less than a halfpenny. French and German wines were eightpence the gallon; Spanish and Portuguese wines a shilling. This was the highest price at which the best wines might be sold, and if there was any fault in quality or quantity, the dealers forfeited four times the amount. Rent, another important consideration, can not be fixed so accurately, for Parliament did not interfere with it. Here, however, we are not without very tolerable information. "My father," says Latimer, "was a yeoman, and had no land of his own; only he had a *farm of three or four pounds by the year* at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the King a harness with himself and his horse. I remembered that I buckled on his harness when he went to Blackheath field.

5 He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the King's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds, or twenty nobles, each, having brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbors, and some alms he gave to the poor; and all this he did off the said farm." If "three or four pounds at the uttermost" was the rent of a farm yielding such results, the rent of laborers' cottages is not likely to have been considerable.

6 I am below the truth, therefore, with this scale of prices in assuming the penny in terms of a laborer's necessities to have been equal, in the reign of Henry VIII, to the present shilling. For a penny, at the time of which I write, the laborer could buy more bread, beef, beer, and wine—he could do more toward finding lodging for himself and his family—than the laborer of the

nineteenth century for a shilling. I do not see that this admits of question. Turning, then, to the table of wages, 7
it will be easy to ascertain his position. By the 3d of the 6th of Henry VIII it was enacted that master carpenters, masons, bricklayers, tylers, plumbers, glaziers, joiners, and other employers of such skilled workmen, should give to each of their journeymen, if no meat or drink was allowed, sixpence a day for half the year, fivepence a day for the other half; or fivepence halfpenny for the yearly average. The common laborers were to receive fourpence a day for half the year; for the remaining half, threepence. In the harvest months they were allowed to work by the piece, and might earn considerably more; so that, in fact—and this was the rate at which their wages were usually estimated—the day-laborer received, on an average, fourpence a day for the whole year. Nor was he in danger, except by his own 8
fault or by unusual accident, of being thrown out of employ; for he was engaged by contract for not less than a year, and could not be dismissed before his term had expired, unless some gross misconduct could be proved against him before two magistrates. Allowing a deduction of one day in the week for a saint's day or a holiday, he received, therefore, steadily and regularly, if well-conducted, an equivalent of twenty shillings a week—twenty shillings a week and a holiday; and this is far from being a full account of his advantages. In most par- 9
ishes, if not in all, there were large ranges of common and uninclosed forest-land, which furnished his fuel to him gratis, where pigs might range, and ducks and geese; where, if he could afford a cow, he was in no danger of being unable to feed it; and so important was this privilege considered that, when the commons began to be largely inclosed, Parliament insisted that the work-

ingman should not be without some piece of ground on which he could employ his own and his family's industry. By the 7th of the 31st of Elizabeth it was ordered that no cottage should be built for residence without four acres of land at lowest being attached to it for the sole use of the occupants of such cottage.

THE LAST YEARS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

FROUDE'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

Our last extract from Froude is his estimate of the character of Queen Elizabeth. Hume's and Green,s estimates should be compared with this. Elizabeth's reign (1558–1603) is a great central point in English history. The most splendid triumphs of our tongue were achieved in her time, and in that of her successor, James I (1603–1625). The political importance of this era is scarcely inferior to its literary importance. The great issues involved in Puritanism began to take definite form in her reign, as well as those momentous political issues whose settlement was not accomplished until the constitutional revolution of 1688. In the age of Elizabeth and James I the earliest English settlements were made in the present territory of the United States—Roanoke Island, Jamestown, Plymouth—so that the era of those two sovereigns is most intimately linked to the history of our own country. Elizabeth was the daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, his second wife. What kin was she (Elizabeth) to Mary Stuart? Among the illustrious names of Elizabeth's and James's time may be mentioned Sir Francis Bacon, Shakespeare, Spenser, Jonson, Hooker, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Edward Coke, the Earl of Essex, Walsingham, and Burleigh.

1 In fighting out her long quarrel with Spain her concluding years passed away. The great men who had upheld the throne in the days of her peril dropped one by one into the grave. Walsingham died soon after the

defeat of the Armada, ruined in fortune, and weary of his ungrateful service. Hunsdon, Knollys, Burghley, Drake, followed at brief intervals, and their mistress was left by herself, standing, as it seemed, on the pinnacle of earthly glory, yet in all the loneliness of greatness, and unable to enjoy the honors which Burghley's policy had won for her. The first place among the Protestant powers, which had been so often offered her and so often refused, had been forced upon her in spite of herself. "She was Head of the Name," but it gave her no pleasure. She was the last of her race. No Tudor would sit again on the English throne. Her own sad prophecy 2
was fulfilled, and she lived to see those whom she most trusted turning their eyes to the rising sun. Old age was coming upon her, bringing with it, perhaps, a consciousness of failing faculties; and solitary in the midst of splendor, and friendless among the circle of adorers who swore they lived but in her presence, she grew weary of a life which had ceased to interest her. Sickening of a vague disease, she sought no help from medicine, and finally refused to take food. She could not rest in her bed, but sate silent on cushions, staring into vacancy with fixed and stony eyes, and so at last she died.

Her character I have left to be gathered from her 3
actions, from her letters, from the communications between herself and her ministers, and from the opinions expressed freely to one another in private by those ministers themselves. The many persons with whom she was brought into confidential relations during her long reign noted down what she said to them, and her words have been brought up in judgment against her; and there have been extremely few men and women in this world whose lives would bear so close a scrutiny, or who could look forward to being subjected to it without shame and dis-

4 may. The mean thoughts which cross the minds and at one time or other escape from the lips of most of us, were observed and remembered when proceeding from the mouth of a sovereign, and rise like accusing spirits in authentic frightfulness out of the private drawers of statesmen's cabinets. Common persons are sheltered by obscurity; the largest portion of their faults they forget themselves, and others do not care to recollect; while kings and queens are at once refused the ordinary allowances for human weakness, and pay for their great place in life by a trial before posterity more severe, it is to be hoped, than awaits us all at the final Judgment bar.

5 This, too, ought to be borne in mind—that sovereigns, when circumstances become embarrassing, may not, like unvalued persons, stand aside and leave others to deal with them. Subjects are allowed to decline responsibility, to refuse to undertake work which they dislike, or to lay down at any time a burden which they find too heavy for them. Princes born to govern find their duties cling to them as their shadows. Abdication is often practically impossible. Every day they must do some act or form some decision from which consequences follow of infinite moment. They would gladly do nothing if they might, but it is not permitted to them. They are denied the alternative of inaction, which is so often the best safeguard against doing wrong.

6 Elizabeth's situation was from the very first extremely trying. She had few relations, none of any weight in the state, and those whom like Hunsdon and Sir Francis Knollys she took into her Cabinet, derived their greatness from herself. Her unlucky, it may be almost called culpable, attachment to Leicester made marriage unconquerably distasteful to her, and her disappointment gave an additional twist to her natural eccentricities. Circum-

stances more than choice threw her originally on the side of the Reformation; and when she told the Spanish ambassadors that she had been forced into the separation from the Papacy against her will, she probably spoke but the truth. She was identified in her birth with the cause of 7
independence. The first battle had been fought over her cradle, and her right to be on the throne turned morally, if not in law, on the legitimacy of Queen Catherine's divorce. Her sister persecuted her as the child of the woman who had caused her mother so much misery, and her friends, therefore, had naturally been those who were most her sister's enemies. She could not have submitted to the Pope without condemning her father, or admitting a taint upon her own birth, while in Mary of Scotland she had a rival ready to take advantage of any concession which she might be tempted to make.

For these reasons, and not from any sympathy with the views either of Luther or Calvin, she chose her party at her accession. She found herself compelled against 8
her will to become the patron of heretics and rebels, in whose objects she had no interest, and in whose theology she had no belief. She resented the necessity while she submitted to it, and her vacillations are explained by the reluctance with which each successive step was forced upon her, on a road which she detested. It would have been easy for a Protestant to be decided. It would have been easy for a Catholic to be decided. To Elizabeth the speculations of so-called divines were but as ropes of sand and sea-slime leading to the moon, and the doctrines for which they were rending each other to pieces a dream of fools or enthusiasts. Unfortunately her keenness of insight was not combined with any profound concern for serious things. She saw through the emptiness of the 9
forms in which religion presented itself to the world.

She had none the more any larger or deeper conviction of her own. She was without the intellectual emotions which give human character its consistency and power. One moral quality she possessed in an eminent degree; she was supremely brave. For thirty years she was perpetually a mark for assassination; her spirits were never affected, and she was never frightened into cruelty. She had a proper contempt also for idle luxury and indulgence. She lived simply, worked hard, and ruled her
10 household with rigid economy. But her vanity was as insatiable as it was commonplace. No flattery was too tawdry to find a welcome with her, and, as she had no repugnance to false words in others, she was equally liberal of them herself. Her entire nature was saturated with artifice. Except when speaking some round untruth, Elizabeth never could be simple. Her letters and her speeches were as fantastic as her dress, and her meaning as involved as her policy. She was unnatural even in her prayers, and she carried her affectations into the pres-
11 ence of the Almighty. She might doubt legitimately whether she ought to assist an Earl of Murray or a Prince of Orange when in arms against their sovereign; but her scruples extended only to the fulfillment of her promises of support, when she had herself tempted them into insurrection. Obligations of honor were not only occasionally forgotten by her, but she did not seem to understand what honor meant.

12 Vain as she was of her own sagacity, she never modified a course recommended to her by Burghley without injury both to the realm and to herself. She never chose an opposite course without plunging into embarrassments, from which his skill and Walsingham's were barely able to extricate her. The great results of her reign were the fruits of a policy which was not her own, and which she

starved and mutilated when energy and completeness were needed.

That she pushed no question to extremities, that, for 13
instance, she refused to allow the succession to the crown to be determined, and permitted the Catholics to expect the accession of the Queen of Scots, has been interpreted by the result into wisdom. She gained time by it, and her hardest problems were those which time alone could resolve satisfactorily. But the fortune which stood her friend so often never served her better than in lengthening her life into old age. Had the Queen of Scots survived her, her legacy to England would have been a desperate and dreadful civil war, and her reluctance was no result of any far-sighted or generous calculation. She wished only to reign in quiet till her death, and was contented to leave the next generation to settle its own difficulties. Her tenderness toward conspirators 14
was as remarkable as it was hitherto unexampled; but her unwillingness to shed blood extended only to high-born traitors. Unlike her father, who ever struck the leaders and spared the followers, Elizabeth could rarely bring herself to sign the death-warrant of a nobleman; yet without compunction she could order Yorkshire peasants to be hung in scores by martial law. Mercy was the quality with which she was most eager to be credited. She delighted in popularity with the multitude, and studied the conditions of it; but she uttered no word of blame; she rather thanked the perpetrators for good service done to the commonwealth when Essex sent in his report of the women and children who were stabbed in the caves of Rathlin. She was remorseless when she 15
ought to have been most forbearing, and lenient when she ought to have been stern; and she owed her safety and her success to the incapacity and the divisions of her

enemies rather than to wisdom and resolution of her own. Time was her friend, time and the weakness of Philip; and the fairest feature in her history, the one relation in which from first to last she showed sustained and generous feeling, is that which the perversity of history has selected as the blot on her escutcheon. Beyond and beside the political causes which influenced Elizabeth's attitude toward the Queen of Scots, true human pity, true kindness, a true desire to save her from herself,
16 had a real place. From the day of Mary Stuart's marriage with Francis II, the English throne was the dream of her imagination, and the means to arrive at it her unceasing practical study. Any contemporary European sovereign, any English sovereign in an earlier age, would have deemed no means unjustifiable to remove so perilous a rival. How it would have fared with her after she came to England, the fate of Edward II, of Richard, of Henry VI, of the Princes in the Tower, and, later yet, of the unhappy son of the unhappy Clarence, might tell. Whatever might have been the indirect advantage of Mary Stuart's prospective title, the danger from her pres-
17 ence in the realm must have infinitely exceeded it. She was "the bosom serpent," "the thorn in the flesh," which could not be plucked out; and after the Rebellion of the North, and the discovery of the Ridolfi Conspiracy, neither Philip nor Alva expected that she would be permitted to survive. It seems as if Elizabeth, remembering her own danger in her sister's lifetime, had studied to show an elaborate tenderness to a person who was in the same relation to herself. From the beginning to the end no trace can be found of personal animosity on the part of Elizabeth; on the part of Mary, no trace of anything save the fiercest hatred.
18 But this, like all other questions connected with the Virgin Queen, should be rather studied in her actions

than in the opinion of the historian who relates them. Actions and words are carved upon eternity. Opinions are but forms of cloud created by the prevailing currents of the moral air. Princes, who are credited on the wrong side with the evils which happen in their reigns, have a right in equity to the honor of the good. Many problems growing out of Elizabeth's reign were left unsettled. Some were disposed of on the scaffold at Whitehall, some in the revolution of 1688; some yet survive to test the courage and the ingenuity of modern politicians.

But the worst legacy which princes or statesmen could 19
bequeath to their country would be the resolution of all its perplexities, the establishment once and for ever of a finished system, which would neither require nor tolerate improvement.

THE AGE OF ELIZABETH.—SOCIAL LIFE AND DOMESTIC COMFORT IN HER REIGN.

GREEN'S "HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE."

Mr. Green here gives us a graphic picture of English home life in Elizabethan times. As we have endeavored to impress upon the student, all such descriptions are of the very essence of history. In the growth of domestic comfort the growth of the great mass of the people can be clearly traced.

WHAT Elizabeth really contributed to commercial de- 1
velopment was the peace and social order from which it sprang, and the thrift which spared the purses of her subjects by enabling her to content herself with the ordinary resources of the Crown. She lent, too, a ready patronage to the new commerce, she shared in its speculations, she considered its extension and protection as a part of public policy, and she sanctioned the formation of

the great merchant companies which could then alone secure the trader against wrong or injustice in distant countries. The Merchant-Adventurers of London, a body which had existed long before, and had received a charter of incorporation under Henry VII, furnished a model for the Russian Company and the company which ab-
2 sorbed the new commerce to the Indies. But it was not wholly with satisfaction that either Elizabeth or her ministers watched the social change which wealth was producing around them. They feared the increased expenditure and comfort which necessarily followed it as likely to impoverish the land and to eat out the hardihood of the people. "England spendeth more on wines in one year," complained Cecil, "than it did in ancient times in four years." The disuse of salt fish and the greater consumption of meat marked the improvement which was taking place among the agricultural classes. Their rough and wattled farm-houses were being superseded by dwellings of brick and stone. Pewter was replacing the wooden trenchers of the earlier yeomanry; there were yeomen who could boast of a fair show of sil-
3 ver plate. It is from this period, indeed, that we can first date the rise of a conception which seems to us now a peculiarly English one—the conception of domestic comfort. The chimney-corner, so closely associated with family life, came into existence with the general introduction of chimneys, a feature rare in ordinary houses at the beginning of this reign. Pillows, which had before been despised by the farmer and the trader as fit only "for women in delicate health," were now in general use. Carpets superseded the filthy flooring of rushes. The lofty houses of the wealthier merchants, their parapeted fronts, their costly wainscoting, the cumbrous but elaborate beds, the carved staircases, the quaintly-figured ga-

bles, not only broke the mean appearance which had till then characterized English towns, but marked the rise of a new middle and commercial class which was to play its part in later history. A transformation of an even more 4
striking kind proclaimed the extinction of the feudal character of the *noblesse.* Gloomy walls and serried battlements disappeared from the dwellings of the gentry. The strength of the mediæval fortress gave way to the pomp and grace of the Elizabethan hall; Knowle, Longleat, Burleigh and Hatfield, Hardwick and Audley End, are familiar instances of the social as well as architectural change which covered England with buildings where the thought of defense was abandoned for that of domestic comfort and refinement. We still gaze with pleasure on their picturesque line of gables, their fretted fronts, their gilded turrets and fanciful vanes, their castellated gateways, the jutting oriels from which the great noble looked down on his new Italian garden, its stately terraces and broad flights of steps, its vases and fountains, its quaint mazes, its formal walks, its lines of yews cut into grotesque shapes in hopeless rivalry of the cypress avenues of the South. It was the Italian refinement of 5
life which remodeled the interior of such houses, raised the principal apartments to an upper floor—a change to which we owe the grand staircases of the time—surrounded the quiet courts by long "galleries of the presence," crowned the rude hearth with huge chimneypieces adorned with fauns and cupids, with quaintly interlaced monograms and fantastic arabesques, hung tapestries on the walls, and crowded each chamber with quaintly-carved chairs and costly cabinets. The life of the Middle Ages concentrated itself in the vast castle hall, where the baron looked from his upper dais on the retainers who gathered at his board. But the great 6

households were fast breaking up; and the whole feudal economy disappeared when the lord of the household withdrew with his family into his "parlour" or "withdrawing-room," and left the hall to his dependents. He no longer rode at the head of his servants, but sat apart in the newly-introduced "coach." The prodigal use of glass became a marked feature in the domestic architecture of the time, and one whose influence on the general health of the people can hardly be over-estimated. Long lines of windows stretched over the fronts of the new manor halls. Every merchant's house had its oriel. "You shall have sometimes," Lord Bacon grumbled, "your houses so full of glass that we can not tell where
7 to come to be out of the sun or the cold." But the prodigal enjoyment of light and sunshine was a mark of the temper of the age. The lavishness of a new wealth united with a lavishness of life, a love of beauty, of color, of display, to revolutionize English dress. The Queen's three thousand robes were rivaled in their bravery by the slashed velvets, the ruffs, the jeweled purpoints of the courtiers around her. Men "wore a manor on their backs." The old sober notions of thrift melted before the strange revolutions of fortune wrought by the New World. Gallants gambled away a fortune at a sitting, and sailed off to make a fresh one in the Indies. Visions of galleons loaded to the brim with pearls and diamonds and ingots of silver, dreams of El Dorados, where all was of gold, threw a haze of prodigality and profusion over
8 the imagination of the meanest seaman. The wonders, too, of the New World kindled a burst of extravagant fancy in the Old. The strange medley of past and present which distinguishes its masques and feastings only reflected the medley of men's thoughts. Pedantry, novelty, the allegory of Italy, the chivalry of the Middle

Ages, the mythology of Rome, the English bear-fight, pastorals, superstition, farce—all took their turn in the entertainment which Lord Leicester provided for the Queen at Kenilworth. A "wild man" from the Indies chanted her praises, and Echo answered him. Elizabeth turned from the greetings of sibyls and giants to deliver the enchanted lady from her tyrant "Sans Pitie." Shepherdesses welcomed her with carols of the spring, while Ceres and Bacchus poured their corn and grapes at her feet.

SKETCH OF THE EMPEROR CHARLEMAGNE.—HIS MODE OF LIFE.—HIS INFLUENCE UPON SUBSEQUENT HISTORY.

GUIZOT'S "HISTORY OF FRANCE."

The empire of Charlemagne was a grand attempt to revive, in another form, the Imperialism of ancient Rome. The German emperors were regarded as the lawful successors of the Roman Cæsars. A proper conception of the Holy Roman Empire, in which the Pope exercised jurisdiction over the spiritual world, as the Emperor did over the temporal world, is necessary to the thorough understanding of mediæval history. The empire of Charlemagne was an endeavor to fuse into harmony the Romance and Teutonic elements of society, and to establish a government of law and order. The time had not come, however, and the empire of Charlemagne fell to pieces in the hands of his feeble successors. Charlemagne's efforts to promote learning and education should be compared with the labors of Alfred the Great in the same direction. (See Milman's "History of Latin Christianity"; Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire"; Freeman's "Historical Essays.")

AFTER so much of war and toil at a distance, Charle- 1
magne was now at Aix-la-Chapelle, finding rest in this work of peaceful civilization. He was embellishing the

capital which he had founded, and which was called the King's court. He had built there a grand basilica, magnificently adorned. He was completing his own palace there. He fetched from Italy clerics skilled in church music, a pious joyance to which he was much devoted, and which he recommended to the bishops of his empire. In the outskirts of Aix-la-Chapelle "he gave full scope," said Eginhard, "to his delight in riding and hunting. Baths of naturally tepid water gave him great pleasure. Being passionately fond of swimming, he became so dexterous that none could be compared with him. He invited not only his sons, but also his friends, the grandees of his court, and sometimes even the soldiers of his guard, to bathe with him, insomuch that there were often a hundred and more persons bathing at a time.

2 When age arrived, he made no alteration in his bodily habits; but, at the same time, instead of putting away from him the thought of death, he was much taken up with it, and prepared himself for it with stern severity. He drew up, modified, and completed his will several times over. Three years before his death he made out the distribution of his treasures, his money, his wardrobe, and all his furniture, in the presence of his friends and his officers, in order that their voice might insure, after his death, the execution of this partition, and he set down his intentions, in this respect, in a written summary, in which he massed all his riches in three grand lots.

3 The first two were divided into twenty-one portions, which were to be distributed among the twenty-one metropolitan churches of his empire. After having put these first two lots under seal, he willed to preserve to himself his usual enjoyment of the third so long as he lived. But, after his death or voluntary renunciation of the things of this world, this same lot was to be sub-

divided into four portions. His intention was that the first should be added to the twenty-one portions which were to go to the metropolitan churches; the second set aside for his sons and daughters, and for the sons and daughters of his sons, and redivided among them in a just and proportionate manner; the third dedicated, according to the usage of Christians, to the necessities of the poor; and, lastly, the fourth distributed in the same way, under the name of alms, among the servants, of both sexes, of the palace, for their lifetime. . . . As for the books, of which he had amassed a large number in his library, he decided that those who wished to have them might buy them at their proper value, and that the money which they produced should be distributed among the poor."

Having thus carefully regulated his own private 4
affairs and bounty, he, two years later, in 813, took the measures necessary for the regulation, after his death, of public affairs. He had lost, in 811, his eldest son Charles, who had been his constant companion in his wars, and, in 810, his second son, Pepin, whom he had made King of Italy; and he summoned to his side his third son, Louis, King of Aquitaine, who was destined to succeed him. He ordered the convocation of five local councils, which were to assemble at Mayence, Rheims, Châlons, Tours, and Arles, for the purpose of bringing about, subject to the King's ratification, the reforms necessary in the Church. Passing from the affairs of the 5
Church to those of the State, he convoked, at Aix-la-Chapelle, a general assembly of bishops, abbots, counts, laic grandees, and of the entire people, and, holding council in his palace with the chief among them, "he invited them to make his son Louis King-Emperor; whereto all assented, saying that it was very expedient,

and pleasing, also, to the people. On Sunday, in the next month, August, 813, Charlemagne repaired, crown on head, with his son Louis, to the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, laid upon the altar another crown, and, after praying, addressed to his son a solemn exhortation respecting all his duties as king toward God and the Church, toward his family and his people, asked him if he were fully resolved to fulfill them, and, at the answer that he was, bade him take the crown that lay upon the altar and place it, with his own hands, upon his head, which Louis did, amid the acclamations of all present,
6 who cried, 'Long live the Emperor Louis!' Charlemagne then declared his son Emperor jointly with him, and ended the solemnity with these words: 'Blessed be Thou, O Lord God, who hast granted me grace to see with mine own eyes my son seated on my throne!'" And Louis set out again immediately for Aquitaine.

7 He was never to see his father again. Charlemagne, after his son's departure, went out hunting, according to his custom, in the forest of Ardenne, and continued during the whole autumn his usual mode of life. "But, in January, 814, he was taken ill," says Eginhard, "of a violent fever, which kept him to his bed. Recurring forthwith to the remedy he ordinarily employed against fever, he abstained from all nourishment, persuaded that this diet would suffice to drive away, or, at the least, assuage the malady; but, added to the fever, came that pain in the side which the Greeks call *pleurisy*. Nevertheless, the Emperor persisted in his abstinence, supporting his body only by drinks taken at long intervals; and on the seventh day after that he had taken to his bed, having received the holy communion," he expired about nine o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 28th of January, 814, in his seventy-first year.

"After performance of ablutions and funeral duties, 8
the corpse was carried away and buried, amid the profound mourning of all the people, in the church he himself had built; and above his tomb there was put up a gilded arcade, with his image and this superscription: 'In this tomb reposeth the body of Charles, great and orthodox Emperor, who did gloriously extend the kingdom of the Franks, and did govern it happily for forty-seven years. He died at the age of seventy years, in the year of the Lord 814, in the seventh year of the Indiction, on the 5th of the Kalends of February.'"

If we sum up his designs and his achievements, we 9
find an admirably sound idea, a vain dream, a great success, and a great failure.

Charlemagne took in hand the work of placing upon a solid foundation the Frankish Christian dominion by stopping, in the north and south, the flood of barbarians and Arabs—Paganism and Islamism. In that he succeeded; the inundations of Asiatic populations spent their force in vain against the Gallic frontier. Western and Christian Europe was placed, territorially, beyond reach of attacks from the foreigner and infidel. No sovereign, no human being, perhaps, ever rendered greater service to the civilization of the world.

Charlemagne formed another conception, and made 10
another attempt. Like more than one great barbaric warrior, he admired the Roman Empire that had fallen, its vastness all in one, and its powerful organization under the hand of a single master. He thought he could resuscitate it, durably, through the victory of a new people and a new faith, by the hand of Franks and Christians. With this view he labored to conquer, convert, and govern. He tried to be, at one and the same time, Cæsar, Augustus, and Constantine. And for a

moment he appeared to have succeeded; but the appearance passed away with himself. The unity of the empire and the absolute power of the Emperor were buried in his grave. The Christian religion and human liberty set to work to prepare for Europe other governments and other destinies.

CONDEMNATION OF JOAN OF ARC.—HER DEATH.—ESTIMATE OF HER CHARACTER.

GUIZOT'S "HISTORY OF FRANCE."

Joan of Arc is one of those rare phenomena that puzzle the philosopher as well as the historian. I have elsewhere remarked that a resemblance may be discerned between Mohammed and Joan of Arc. Such characters are developed by nearly all great religious struggles, and may be regarded as the joint product of enthusiasm and fanaticism.

Joan was captured by the Burgundian allies of the English, and was by the English delivered to the French. She was tried by the spiritual power, condemned, and executed as a sorceress, 1431 A. D. This was during the great Hundred Years' War between France and England, which began in the reign of Edward III.

Lamartine and De Quincey may be read for views of Joan of Arc's character.

1 On the 29th of May the tribunal met again. Forty judges took part in the deliberation. Joan was unanimously declared a case of relapse, was found guilty, and cited to appear next day, the 30th, on the Vieux-Marché to hear sentence pronounced, and then undergo the punishment of the stake.

When, on the 30th of May, in the morning, the Dominican brother Martin Ladvenu was charged to announce

her sentence to Joan, she gave way at first to grief and terror. "Alas!" she cried, "am I to be so horribly and cruelly treated, that this my body, full pure and perfect and never defiled, must to-day be consumed and reduced to ashes? Ah! I would seven times rather be beheaded than burned!" The Bishop of Beauvais at this moment came up. "Bishop," said Joan, "you are the cause of my death; if you had put me in the prisons of the Church, and in the hands of fit and proper ecclesiastical warders, this had never happened. I appeal from you to the presence of God." One of the doctors 2
who had sat in judgment upon her—Peter Maurice—went to see her, and spoke to her with sympathy. "Master Peter," said she to him, "where shall I be to-night?" "Have you not good hope in God?" asked the doctor. "O! yes," she answered; "by the grace of God I shall be in paradise." Being left alone with the Dominican, Martin Ladvenu, she confessed, and asked to communicate. The monk applied to the Bishop of Beauvais to know what he was to do. "Tell brother Martin," was the answer, "to give her the eucharist and all she asks for." At nine o'clock, having resumed her woman's dress, Joan was dragged from prison, and driven to the Vieux-Marché. From seven to eight hundred soldiers 3
escorted the car, and prohibited all approach to it on the part of the crowd which encumbered the road and the vicinities; but a man forced a passage, and flung himself toward Joan. It was a canon of Rouen, Nicolas Loiseleur, whom the Bishop of Beauvais had placed near her, and who had abused the confidence she had shown him. Beside himself with despair, he wished to ask pardon of her; but the English soldiers drove him back with violence and with the epithet of traitor, and, but for the intervention of the Earl of Warwick, his life would have

4 been in danger. Joan wept and prayed, and the crowd afar off wept and prayed with her. On arriving at the place, she listened in silence to a sermon by one of the doctors of the court, who ended by saying: "Joan, go in peace; the Church can no longer defend thee; she gives thee over to the secular arm." The laic judges, Raoul Bouteillier, baillie of Rouen, and his lieutenant, Peter Darou, were alone qualified to pronounce sentence of death; but no time was given to them. The priest Massieu was still continuing his exhortations to Joan, but "How now, priest!" was the cry from amid the soldiery; "are you going to make us dine here?"—"Away with her—away with her!" said the baillie to the guards; and
5 to the executioner, "Do thy duty." When she came to the stake, Joan knelt down, completely absorbed in prayer. She had begged Massieu to get her a cross, and an Englishman present made one out of a little stick and handed it to the French heroine, who took it, kissed it, and laid it on her breast. She begged brother Isambard de la Pierre to go and fetch the cross from the church of St. Sauveur, the chief door of which opened on the Vieux-Marché, and to hold it "upright before her eyes till the coming of death, in order," she said, "that the cross whereon God hung might, as long as she lived, be continually in her sight"; and her wishes were fulfilled. She wept over her country and the spectators as well as over herself. "Rouen, Rouen!" she cried, "is it here that I must die? Shalt thou be my last resting-place? I
6 fear greatly thou wilt have to suffer for my death." It is said that the aged Cardinal of Winchester and the Bishop of Beauvais himself could not stifle their emotion—and, peradventure, their tears. The executioner set fire to the fagots. When Joan perceived the flames rising, she urged her confessor, the Dominican brother Martin Ladvenu, to

go down, at the same time asking him to keep holding the cross up high in front of her, that she might never cease to see it. The same monk, when questioned four-and-twenty years later, at the rehabilitation trial, as to the last sentiments and the last words of Joan, said that to the very latest moment she had affirmed that her voices were heavenly; that they had not deluded her; and that the revelations she had received came from God. When 7
she had ceased to live, two of her judges—John Alespée, canon of Rouen, and Peter Maurice, doctor of theology—cried out, "Would that my soul were where I believe the soul of that woman is!" And Tressart, secretary to King Henry VI, said sorrowfully, on returning from the place of execution: "We are all lost; we have burned a saint!"

A saint indeed in faith and in destiny. Never was 8
human creature more heroically confident in and devoted to inspiration coming from God—a commission received from God. Joan of Arc sought nothing of all that happened to her and of all she did, nor exploit, nor power, nor glory. "It was not her condition," as she used to say, to be a warrior, to get her king crowned, and to deliver her country from the foreigner. Everything came to her from on high, and she accepted everything without hesitation, without discussion, without calculation, as we should say in our times. She believed in God, and 9
obeyed him. God was not to her an idea, a hope, a flash of human imagination, or a problem of human science. He was the Creator of the world; the Saviour of mankind through Jesus Christ; the Being of beings, ever present, ever in action; sole legitimate Sovereign of man, whom he has made intelligent and free; the real and true God whom we are painfully searching for in our own day, and whom we shall never find again until we cease pretending to do without him and putting ourselves in his

10 place. Meanwhile, one fact may be mentioned which does honor to our epoch and gives us hope for our future. Four centuries have rolled by since Joan of Arc, that modest and heroic servant of God, made a sacrifice of herself for France. For four-and-twenty years after her death, France and the King appeared to think no more of her. However, in 1455, remorse came upon Charles VII and upon France. Nearly all the provinces, all the towns, were freed from the foreigner, and shame was felt that nothing was said, nothing done, for the young girl who had saved everything. At Rouen especially, where the sacrifice was completed, a cry for reparation arose. It was timidly demanded from the spiritual power which had sentenced and delivered over Joan as a heretic to the
11 stake. Pope Calixtus III entertained the request preferred, not by the King of France, but in the name of Isabel Romée, Joan's mother, and her whole family. Regular proceedings were commenced and followed up for the rehabilitation of the martyr, and on the 7th of July, 1456, a decree of the court assembled at Rouen quashed the sentence of 1431 together with all its consequences, and ordered "a general procession and solemn sermon at St. Ouen Place and the Vieux-Marché, where the said maid had been cruelly and horribly burned, besides the planting of a cross of honor (*crucis honestæ*) on the Vieux-Marché, the judges reserving the official notice to be given of their decision throughout the cities and notable places of the realm." The city of Orleans responded to this appeal by raising on the bridge over the Loire a group in bronze representing Joan of Arc on her knees before Our Lady between two angels. This monument, which was broken during the religious wars of the sixteenth century and repaired shortly afterward, was removed in the eighteenth century, and Joan of Arc then

received a fresh insult; the poetry of a cynic was devoted to the task of diverting a licentious public at the expense of the saint whom, three centuries before, fanatical hatred had brought to the stake. In 1792 the council of the 12
commune of Orleans, "considering that the monument in bronze did not represent the heroine's services, and did not by any sign call to mind the struggle against the English," ordered it to be melted down and cast into cannons, of which "one should bear the name of Joan of Arc." It is in our time that the city of Orleans and its distinguished Bishop, Mgr. Dupanloup, have at last paid Joan homage worthy of her, not only by erecting to her a new statue, but by recalling her again to the memory of France with her true features and in her grand character. Neither French nor any other history offers a like example of a modest little soul, with a faith so pure and efficacious, resting on divine inspiration and patriotic hope.

CHARACTER OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

GUIZOT'S "HISTORY OF FRANCE."

This short sketch of the Middle Ages, by Guizot, should be compared with Pearson's elaborate essay on the same subject.

It has been remarked that the Middle Ages were, in 1
point of fact, one of the most brutal, most ruffianly epochs in history, one of those wherein we encounter most crimes and violence; wherein the public peace was most incessantly troubled, and wherein the greatest licentiousness in morals prevailed. Nevertheless it can not be denied that side by side with these gross and barbarous morals, this social disorder, there existed knightly morality and

knightly poetry. We have moral records confronting ruffianly deeds; and the contrast is shocking, but real. It is exactly this contrast which makes the great and fundamental characteristic of the Middle Ages. Let us turn our eyes toward other communities, toward the earliest stages, for instance, of Greek society, toward that heroic age of which Homer's poems are the faithful reflection.
2 There is nothing there like the contrasts by which we are struck in the Middle Ages. We do not see that, at the period and among the people of the Homeric poems, there was abroad in the air or had penetrated into the imaginations of men any idea more lofty or more pure than their every-day actions; the heroes of Homer seem to have no misgiving about their brutishness, their ferocity, their greed, their egotism; there is nothing in their souls superior to the deeds of their lives. In the France of the Middle Ages, on the contrary, though practically crimes and disorders, moral and social evils abound, yet men have in their souls and their imaginations loftier and purer instincts and desires; their notions of virtue and their ideas of justice are very superior to the practice pursued around them and among themselves; a certain moral ideal hovers above this low and tumultuous community, and attracts the notice and obtains the regard of
3 men in whose life it is but very faintly reflected. The Christian religion undoubtedly is, if not the only, at any rate the principal, cause of this great fact; for its particular characteristic is to arouse among men a lofty moral ambition by keeping constantly before their eyes a type infinitely beyond the reach of human nature, and yet profoundly sympathetic with it. To Christianity it was that the Middle Ages owed knighthood, that institution which, in the midst of anarchy and barbarism, gave a poetical and moral beauty to the period. It was feudal knight-

hood and Christianity together which produced the two great and glorious events of those times, the Norman conquest of England and the Crusades.

THE CRUSADES.—PREACHING OF PETER THE HERMIT.—ENTHUSIASM OF THE CRUSADERS.

GUIZOT'S "HISTORY OF FRANCE."

(*See note on the Crusades, extracts from Gibbon.*)

In 1095, after the preaching errantry of Peter the 1
Hermit, Pope Urban II was at Clermont, in Auvergne, presiding at the grand council, at which thirteen archbishops and two hundred and five bishops or abbots were met together, with so many princes and lay-lords, that "about the middle of the month of November the towns and the villages of the neighborhood were full of people, and divers were constrained to have their tents and pavilions set up amid the fields and meadows, notwithstanding that the season and the country were cold to an extreme." The first nine sessions of the council were devoted to the affairs of the Church in the West; but at the tenth, Jerusalem and the Christians of the East became the subject of deliberation. The Pope went out of the church wherein the council was assembled and mounted a platform erected upon a vast open space in the midst of the throng. Peter the Hermit, standing at 2
his side, spoke first, and told the story of his sojourn at Jerusalem, all he had seen of the miseries and humiliations of the Christians, and all he himself had suffered there, for he had been made to pay tribute for admission into the Holy City, and for gazing upon the spectacle of

the exactions, insults, and tortures he was recounting. After him Pope Urban II spoke in the French tongue, no doubt, as Peter had spoken, for he was himself a Frenchman, as the majority of those present were, grandees and populace. He made a long speech, entering upon the most painful details connected with the sufferings of the Christians of Jerusalem, "that royal city which the Redeemer of the human race had made illustrious by his coming, had honored by his residence, had hallowed by his passion, had purchased by his death, had distinguished by his burial. She now demands of you her deliverance . . . men of France, men from beyond the mountains, nations chosen and beloved of God, right valiant knights, recall the virtues of your ancestors, the virtue and greatness of King Charlemagne and your other kings; it is from you above all that Jerusalem awaits the help she invokes, for to you, above all nations, God has vouchsafed signal glory in arms. Take ye, then, the road to Jerusalem for the remission of your sins, and depart, assured of the imperishable glory which awaits you in the kingdom of heaven."

3 From the midst of the throng arose one prolonged and general shout, "God willeth it! God willeth it!" The Pope paused for a moment, and then, making a sign with his hand as if to ask for silence, he continued: "If the Lord God were not in your souls, ye would not all have uttered the same words. In the battle, then, be those your war-cry, those words that came from God; in the army of the Lord let naught be heard but that one shout, 'God willeth it! God willeth it!' We ordain not, and we advise not, that the journey be undertaken by the old or the weak, or such as be not suited for arms, and let not women set out without their husbands or their brothers; let the rich help the poor; nor priests nor

clerks may go without the leave of their bishops; and no layman shall commence the march save with the blessing of his pastor. Whosoever hath a wish to enter upon this pilgrimage, let him wear upon his brow or his breast the cross of the Lord; and let him who, in accomplishment of his desire, shall be willing to march away, place the cross behind him between his shoulders; for thus he will fulfill the precept of the Lord, who said, 'He that doth not take up his cross and follow me, is not worthy of me.'"

The enthusiasm was general and contagious, as the 4
first shout of the crowd had been; and a pious prelate, Adhémar, Bishop of Puy, was the first to receive the cross from the Pope's hands. It was of red cloth or silk, sewed upon the right shoulder of the coat or cloak, or fastened on the front of the helmet. The crowd dispersed to assume it and spread it.

Religious enthusiasm was not the only, but the first 5
and the determining motive of the Crusade. It is to the honor of humanity, and especially to the honor of the French nation, that it is accessible to the sudden sway of a moral and disinterested sentiment, and resolves, without prevision as well as without premeditation, upon acts which decide for many a long year the course and the fate of a generation, and, it may be, of a whole people. We have seen in our own day, in the conduct of populace, national assemblies, and armies, under the impulse not any longer of religious feeling, but of political and social agitation, France thus giving herself up to the rush of sentiments, generous indeed and pure, but without the least forecast touching the consequences of the ideas which inspired them or the acts which they entailed. It is with nations as with armies: the side of glory is that of danger; and great works are wrought at a heavy cost,

6 not only of happiness, but also of virtue. It would be wrong, nevertheless, to lack respect for and to speak evil of enthusiasm; it not only bears witness to the grandeur of human nature, it justly holds its place and exercises its noble influence in the course of the great events which move across the scene of human errors and vices, according to the vast and inscrutable design of God. It is quite certain that the Crusaders of the eleventh century, in their haste to deliver Jerusalem from the Mussulmans, were far from foreseeing that, a few centuries after their triumph, Jerusalem and the Christian East would fall again beneath the yoke of the Mussulmans and their barbaric stagnation; and this future, had they caught but a glimpse of it, would doubtless have chilled their zeal. But it is not a whit the less certain that, in view of the end, their labor was not in vain; for, in the panorama of the world's history, the Crusades marked the date of the arrest of Islamism, and powerfully contributed to the decisive preponderance of Christian civilization.

7 To religious enthusiasm there was joined another motive, less disinterested, but natural and legitimate, which was the still very vivid recollection of the evils caused to the Christians of the West by the Mussulman invasions in Spain, France, and Italy, and the fear of seeing them begin again. Instinctively, war was carried to the East to keep it from the West, just as Charlemagne had invaded and conquered the country of the Saxons to put an end to their inroads upon the Franks. And this prudent plan availed not only to give the Christians of the West a hope of security, it afforded them the pleasure of vengeance. They were about to pay back alarm for alarm, and evil for evil, to the enemy from whom they had suffered in the same way; hatred and pride, as well as piety, obtained satisfaction.

There is, moreover, great motive power in a spirit of 8
enterprise and a taste for adventure. Care-for-nothingness is one of mankind's chief diseases, and if it plays so conspicuous a part in comparatively enlightened and favored communities, amid the labors and the enjoyments of an advanced civilization, its influence was certainly not less in times of intellectual sloth and harshly monotonous existence. To escape therefrom, to satisfy in some sort the energy and curiosity inherent in man, the people of the eleventh century had scarcely any resource but war, with its excitement and distant excursions into unknown regions. Thither rushed the masses of the people, while the minds which were eager, above everything, for intellectual movement and for knowledge, thronged, on the mountain of St. Geneviève, to the lectures of Abélard. Need of variety and novelty, and an instinctive desire to extend their views and enliven their existence, probably made as many Crusaders as the feeling against the Mussulmans and the promptings of piety.

DEATH OF MARSHAL TURENNE.

GUIZOT'S "HISTORY OF FRANCE."

Marshal Turenne was one of the most illustrious of French commanders, and his modesty was equal to his merit. Few generals have done more to develop war into a science than Turenne, and his great pupil, the Duke of Marlborough.

On the 27th of June, 1675, in the morning, Turenne 1
ordered an attack on the village of Salzbach. The young Count of St. Hilaire found him at the head of his in-

fantry, seated at the foot of a tree, into which he had ordered an old soldier to climb, in order to have a better view of the enemy's manœuvres. The Count of Roye sent to conjure him to reconnoitre in person the German column that was advancing. "I shall remain where I am," said Turenne, "unless something important occur," and he sent off reënforcements to M. de Roye; the latter repeated his entreaties; the Marshal asked for his horse, and, at a hand gallop, reached the right of the army, along a hollow, in order to be under cover from two small pieces of cannon which kept up an incessant fire. "I don't at all want to be killed to-day," he kept saying. He perceived M. de St. Hilaire, the father, coming to meet him, and asked him what column it was on account of which
2 he had been sent for. "My father was pointing it out to him," writes young St. Hilaire, "when, unhappily, the two little pieces fired: a ball, passing over the quarters of my father's horse, carried away his left arm and the horse's neck, and struck M. de Turenne in the left side; he still went forward about twenty paces on his horse's neck, and fell dead. I ran to my father, who was down, and raised him up. 'No need to weep for me,' he said; 'it is the death of that great man; you may, perhaps, lose your father, but neither your country nor you will ever have a general like that again. O poor army, what is to become of you?' Tears fell from his eyes; then, suddenly recovering himself, 'Go, my son, and leave me,' he said; 'with me it will be as God pleases; time presses; go and do your duty'" ("Mémoires du Marquis de St. Hilaire," t. i, p. 205). They threw a cloak over the corpse
3 of the great General, and bore it away. "The soldiers raised a cry that was heard two leagues off," writes Madame de Sévigné; "no consideration could restrain them; they roared to be led to battle, they wanted to avenge the

death of their father; with him they had feared nothing, but they would show how to avenge him, let it be left to them; they were frantic—let them be led to battle." Montecuculli had for a moment halted. "To-day a man has fallen who did honor to man," said he, as he uncovered respectfully. He threw himself, however, on the rear-guard of the French army, which was falling back upon Elsass, and recrossed the Rhine at Altenheim. The death of Turenne was equivalent to a defeat.

The Emperor Napoleon said of Turenne, "He is the 4
only general whom experience ever made more daring." He had been fighting for forty years, and his fame was still increasing, without effort or ostentation on his part. "M. de Turenne, from his youth up, possessed all good qualities," wrote Cardinal de Retz, who knew him well, "and the great he acquired full early. He lacked none but those that he did not think about. He possessed nearly all virtues as it were by nature; he never possessed the glitter of any. He was believed to be more fitted for the head of an army than of a party, and so I think, because he was not naturally enterprising; but, however, who knows? He always had in everything, just as in his speech, certain obscurities, which were never cleared up save by circumstances, but never save to his glory." He had said, when he set out, to this same Cardinal de Retz, then in retirement at Commercy, "Sir, I am no *talker* (*diseur*), but I beg you to believe that, if it were not for this business in which perhaps I may be required, I would go into retirement as you have gone, and I give you my word that, if I come back, I, like you, will put some space between life and death." God did not leave him time. 5
He summoned suddenly to him this noble, grand, and simple soul. "I see that cannon loaded with all eternity," says Madame de Sévigné; "I see all that leads M. de

Turenne thither, and I see therein nothing gloomy for him. What does he lack? He dies in the meridian of his fame. Sometimes, by living on, the star pales. It is safer to cut to the quick, especially in the case of heroes whose actions are all so watched. M. de Turenne did not feel death: count you that for nothing?" Turenne was sixty-four; he had become a convert to Catholicism in 1668, seriously and sincerely, as he did everything. For him Bossuet had written his exposition of faith. Heroic souls are rare, and those that are heroic and modest are rarer still; that was the distinctive feature of M. de Turenne. "When a man boasts that he has never made mistakes in war, he convinces me that he has not been long at it," he would say. At his death, France considered herself lost.

SAILING OF THE NORMAN FLEET FOR THE CONQUEST OF ENGLAND.

GUIZOT'S "HISTORY OF FRANCE."

An interesting account of the assembling of the forces that constituted the Norman army will be found in Thierry's "Norman Conquest of England."

1 DIVES was the place of assemblage appointed for fleet and army. William repaired thither about the end of August, 1066. But for several weeks contrary winds prevented him from putting to sea; some vessels which made the attempt perished in the tempest; and some of the volunteer adventurers got disgusted, and deserted. William maintained strict discipline among this multitude, forbidding plunder so strictly that "the cattle fed in the fields in full security." The soldiers grew tired of wait-

ing in idleness and often in sickness. "Yon is a madman," said they, "who is minded to possess himself of another's land; God is against the design, and so refuses us a wind." About the 20th of September the weather changed. The fleet got ready, but could only go and anchor at St. Valery, at the mouth of the Somme. There it was necessary to wait several more days; impatience and disquietude were redoubled; "and there appeared in the heavens a star with a tail, a certain sign of great things to come." William had the shrine of St. Valery 2
brought out and paraded about, being more impatient in his soul than anybody, but ever confident in his will and his good fortune. There was brought to him a spy whom Harold had sent to watch the forces and plans of the enemy; and William dismissed him, saying: "Harold hath no need to take any care or be at any charges to know how we be, and what we be doing; he shall see for himself, and shall feel before the end of the year." At last, on the 27th of September, 1066, the sun rose on a calm sea and with a favorable wind; and toward evening the fleet set out. The Mora, the vessel on which William was, and which had been given to him by his wife Matilda, led the way; and a figure in gilded bronze, some say in gold, representing their youngest son, William, had been placed on the prow, with the face toward England. Being a better sailer than the others, this ship was soon a long way ahead; and William had a mariner sent to the top of the mainmast to see if the fleet were following. "I see naught but sea and sky," said the mariner. William had the ship brought to; and, the second time, the mariner said, "I see four ships." Before long he cried, "I see a forest of masts and sails." On the 29th of September, St. Micha- 3
el's day, the expedition arrived off the coast of England, at Pevensey, near Hastings, and "when the tide had

ebbed, and the ships remained aground on the strand," says the chronicle, the landing was effected without obstacle; not a Saxon soldier appeared on the coast. William was the last to leave his ship; and on setting foot on the sand he made a false step and fell. "Bad sign!" was muttered around him; "God have us in his keeping!" "What say you, lords?" cried William; "by the glory of God, I have grasped this land with my hands; all that there is of it is ours!"

4 With what forces William undertook the conquest of England, how many ships composed his fleet, and how many men were aboard the ships, are questions impossible to be decided with any precision, as we have frequently before had occasion to remark, amid the exaggerations and disagreements of chroniclers. Robert Wace reports, in his "Romance of Rou," that he had heard from his father, one of William's servants on this expedition, that the fleet numbered six hundred and ninety-six vessels, but he had found in divers writings that there were more than three thousand. M. Augustin Thierry, after his learned researches, says, in his history of the "Conquest of England by the Normans," that "four hundred vessels of four sails, and more than a thousand transport-ships, moved out into the open sea, to the sound of trumpets and of a great cry of joy raised by sixty thou-
5 sand throats." It is probable that the estimate of the fleet is pretty accurate, and that of the army exaggerated. We saw in 1830 what efforts and pains it required, amid the power and intelligent ability of modern civilization, to transport from France to Algeria thirty-seven thousand men aboard three squadrons, comprising six hundred and seventy-five ships of all sorts. Granted that in the eleventh century there was more hap-hazard than in the nineteenth, and that there was less care for human life on

the eve of a war; still, without a doubt, the armament of Normandy in 1066 was not to be compared with that of France of 1830, and yet William's intention was to conquer England, whereas Charles X thought only of chastising the Dey of Algiers.

THE DEATH OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.—ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER.

GUIZOT'S "HISTORY OF FRANCE."

Gustavus Adolphus was King of Sweden, and was the ally of the German Protestants during the great Thirty Years' War in Germany (1618–'48). This war, or series of wars, was one of the most fearful that has occurred in modern times. It was a revival of the issues involved in the Reformation of the sixteenth century, and was the last great war of religion in Europe. Tilly, Wallenstein, and Gustavus Adolphus are among the most conspicuous figures in the protracted struggle. So fierce and desolating was the strife, that some parts of Germany have not to this day recovered from its effects. At last it ended in compromises, and in serious losses to Germany. Gustavus Adolphus was one of the most promising military commanders of his age, and is especially distinguished for his services in promoting the use of light artillery, so formidable an arm in modern warfare. The student should read Archbishop Trench's "Twelve Lectures on the Thirty Years' War," Von Ranke's "Life of Wallenstein," and Gardiner's "History of the Thirty Years' War."

THERE was a thick fog. Gustavus Adolphus, rising 1
before daybreak, would not put on his breastplate, his old wounds hurting him under harness: "God is my breastplate," he said. When somebody came and asked him for his watchword, he answered, "God with us"; and it was Luther's hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott" (our God is a strong tower), that the Swedes sang

as they advanced toward the enemy. The King had given orders to march straight on Lützen. "He animated his men to the fight," says Richelieu, "with words that he had at command, while Wallenstein, by his mere presence and the sternness of his silence, seemed to let his men understand that, as he had been wont to do, he would reward them or chastise them, according as they did well or ill on that great day."

2 It was 10 A. M., and the fog had just lifted; six batteries of cannon and two large ditches defended the imperialists; the artillery from the ramparts of Lützen played upon the King's army; the balls came whizzing about him. Bernard of Saxe-Weimar was the first to attack, pushing forward on Lützen, which was soon taken. Gustavus Adolphus marched on to the enemy's intrenchments; for an instant the Swedish infantry seemed to waver; the King seized a pike and flung himself amid the ranks. "After crossing so many rivers, scaling so many walls, and storming so many places, if you have not courage enough to defend yourselves, at least turn your heads to see me die!" he shouted to the soldiers. They rallied: the King remounted his horse, bearing along with him a regiment of Swalandaise cavalry. "You will behave like good fellows, all of you," he said to them, as he dashed over the two ditches, carrying, as he went, two batteries of the enemy's cannon. "He took off his hat and rendered thanks to God for the victory He was giving him."

3 Two regiments of imperial cuirassiers rode up to meet him; the King charged them at the head of his Swedes; he was in the thickest of the fight; his horse received a ball through the neck; Gustavus had his arm broken: the bone came through the sleeve of his coat; he wanted to have it attended to, and begged the Duke of Saxe-

Altenburg to assist him in leaving the battle-field; at that very moment Falkenberg, lieutenant-colonel in the imperial army, galloped his horse on to the King and shot him, point-blank, in the back with a pistol. The King fell from his horse, and Falkenberg took to flight, pursued by one of the King's squires, who killed him. Gustavus Adolphus was left alone with a German page, who tried to raise him; the King could no longer speak; three Austrian cuirassiers surrounded him, asking the page the name of the wounded man; the youngster would not say, and fell, riddled with wounds, on his master's body; the Austrians sent one more pistol-shot into the dying man's temple, and stripped him of his clothes, leaving him only his shirt. The *mêlée* recommenced, and successive charges of cavalry passed over the hero's corpse. There were counted nine open wounds and thirteen scars on his body when it was recovered toward the evening.

One of the King's officers, who had been unable to 4
quit the fight in time to succor him, went and announced his fall to Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar. To him a retreat was suggested, but, "we mustn't think of that," said he, "but of death or victory." A lieutenant-colonel of a cavalry regiment made some difficulty about resuming the attack; the Duke passed his sword through his body, and, putting himself at the head of the troops, led them back upon the enemy's intrenchments, which he carried and lost three times. At last he succeeded in turning the cannon upon the enemy, and "that gave the turn to the victory, which, nevertheless, was disputed till night." "It was one of the most horrible ever heard of," says Cardinal Richelieu; "six thousand dead or dying were left on the field of battle, where Duke Bernard encamped till morning!"

When day came, he led the troops off to Weisenfeld. 5

The army knew nothing yet of the King's death. The Duke of Saxe-Weimar had the body brought to the front. "I will no longer conceal from you," he said, "the misfortune that has befallen us; in the name of the glory that you have won in following this great prince, help me to exact vengeance for it, and to let all the world see that he commanded soldiers who rendered him invincible, and, even after his death, the terror of his enemies." A shout arose from the host, "We will follow you whither you will, even to the end of the earth!"

6 "Those who look for spots on the sun, and find something reprehensible even in virtue itself, blame this King," says Cardinal Richelieu, "for having died like a trooper; but they do not reflect that all conqueror-princes are obliged to do not only the duty of captain, but of simple soldier, and to be the first in peril, in order to lead thereto the soldier who would not run the risk without them. It was the case with Cæsar and with Alexander, and the Swede died so much the more gloriously than either the one or the other, in that it is more becoming the condition of a great captain and a conqueror to die sword in hand, making a tomb for his body of his enemies on the field of battle, than to be hated of his own and poniarded by the hands of his nearest and dearest, or to die of poison, or of drowning in a wine-butt."

7 Just like Napoleon in Egypt and Italy, Gustavus Adolphus had performed the prelude, by numerous wars against his neighbors, to the grand enterprise which was to render his name illustrious. Vanquished in his struggle with Denmark, in 1613, he had carried war into Muscovy, conquered towns and provinces, and as early as 1617 he had effected the removal of the Russians from the shores of the Baltic. The Poles made a pretense of setting their own King, Sigismund, upon the throne of

Sweden; and for eighteen years Gustavus Adolphus had bravely defended his rights, and protected and extended his kingdom up to the truce of Altenmarket, concluded in 1629 through the intervention of Richelieu, who had need of the young King of Sweden in order to oppose the Emperor Ferdinand and the dangerous power of the house of Austria. Summoned to Germany by the Prot- 8
estant princes, who were being oppressed and despoiled, and assured of assistance and subsidies from the King of France, Gustavus Adolphus had, no doubt, ideas of a glorious destiny, which have been flippantly taxed with egotistical ambition. Perhaps, in the noble joy of victory, when he "was marching on without fighting," seeing provinces submit, one after another, without his being hardly at the pains to draw his sword, might he have sometimes dreamed of a Protestant empire and the imperial crown upon his head; but, assuredly, such was not the aim of his enterprise and of his life. "I must in the end make a sacrifice of myself," he had said, on bidding farewell to the estates of Sweden; and it was to the cause of Protestantism in Europe that he made this sacrifice. Sincerely religious in heart, Gustavus Adolphus was not ignorant that his principal political strength was in the hands of the Protestant princes; and he put at their service the incomparable splendor of his military genius. In two years the power of the house of Austria, a work 9
of so many efforts and so many years, was shaken to its very foundations. The evangelical union of Protestant princes was re-forming in Germany, and treating, as equal with equal, with the Emperor; Ferdinand was trembling in Vienna, and the Spaniards, uneasy even in Italy, were collecting their forces to make head against the irresistible conqueror, when the battle-field of Lützen saw the fall, at thirty-eight years of age, of the "hero of the North,

the bulwark of Protestantism," as he was called by his contemporaries, astounded at his greatness. God sometimes thus cuts off his noblest champions in order to make men see that He is master, and He alone accomplishes his great designs; but, to them whom He deigns thus to employ, He accords the glory of leaving their imprint upon the times they have gone through and the events to which they have contributed.

SKETCH OF HANNIBAL.

ARNOLD'S "HISTORY OF ROME."

This sketch of the character of Hannibal is a fine specimen of historical description, and is characterized by Dr. Arnold's scrupulous regard for truth. Hannibal, the great Carthaginian commander, was the most formidable enemy of Rome, and was, perhaps, the ablest general of antiquity.

1 If the characters of men be estimated according to the steadiness with which they have followed the true principle of action, we can not assign a high place to Hannibal. But, if patriotism were indeed the greatest of virtues, and a resolute devotion to the interests of his country were all the duty that a public man can be expected to fulfill, he would then deserve the most lavish praise. Nothing can be more unjust than the ridicule with which Juvenal has treated his motives, as if he had been actuated merely by a romantic desire of glory. On the contrary, his whole conduct displays the loftiest genius and the boldest spirit of enterprise, happily subdued and directed by a cool judgment to the furtherance of the honor and interests of his country; and his sacrifice

of selfish pride and passion when, after the battle of Zama, he urged the acceptance of peace, and lived to support the disgrace of Carthage with the patient hope of one day repairing it, affords a strong contrast to the cowardly despair with which some of the best of the Romans deprived their country of their service by suicide. Of the extent of his abilities, the history of his 2
life is the best evidence. As a general, his conduct remains uncharged with a single error; for the idle censure which Livy presumes to pass on him for not marching to Rome after the battle of Cannæ is founded on such mere ignorance that it does not deserve any serious notice. His knowledge of human nature and his ascendancy over men's minds are shown by the uninterrupted authority which he exercised alike in his prosperity and adversity over an army composed of so many various and discordant materials, and which had no other bond than the personal character of the leader. As a statesman he was at once manly, disinterested, and sensible; a real reformer of abuses in his domestic policy, and in his measures, with respect to foreign enemies, keeping the just limit between weakness and blind obstinacy. He stands re- 3
proached, however, with covetousness by the Carthaginians and with cruelty by the Romans. The first charge is sustained by no facts that have been transmitted to us; and it is a curious circumstance that the very same vice was long imputed by party violence to the great Duke of Marlborough, and that the imputation has been lately proved by his biographer to have been utterly calumnious. Of cruelty, indeed, according to modern principles, he can not be acquitted; and his putting to death all the Romans whom he found on his march through Italy, after the battle of the Lake Thrasymenus, was a savage excess of hostility. Yet many instances of courtesy are

recorded of him, even by his enemies, in his treatment of the bodies of the generals who fell in action against him; and certainly, if compared with the ordinary proceedings of Roman commanders, his actions deserve no peculiar
4 brand of barbarity. Still it is little to his honor that he was not more careless of human suffering than Marcellus or Scipio; nor can the urgency of his circumstances or the evil influence of his friends, to both which Polybius attributes much of the cruelty ascribed to him, be justly admitted as a defense. It is the prevailing crime of men in high station to be forgetful of individual misery so long as it forwards their grand objects; and it is most important that our admiration of great public talents and brilliant successes should not lead us to tolerate an indifference to human suffering.

CHARACTER OF SCIPIO.

ARNOLD'S "HISTORY OF ROME."

The description of Scipio should be compared with that of Hannibal, his great rival. Both were men of consummate ability. The student should read the history of the Punic wars, and trace the irresistible advance of Rome to supremacy, as well as the steady decline and the final overthrow of her powerful enemy, Carthage. Arnold, Michelet, and Mommsen may be studied with great advantage on these points.

1 A MIND like Scipio's, working its way under the peculiar influences of his time and country, can not but move irregularly—it can not but be full of contradictions. Two hundred years later the mind of the dictator, Cæsar, acquiesced contentedly in epicureanism; he retained no more of enthusiasm than was inseparable from the inten-

sity of his intellectual power and the fervor of his courage, even amid his utter moral degradation. But Scipio could not be like Cæsar. His mind rose above the state of things around him; his spirit was solitary and kingly; he was cramped by living among those as his equals whom he felt fitted to guide as from some higher sphere; and he retired at last to Liternum to breathe freely, to enjoy the simplicity of his childhood, since he could not fulfill his natural calling to be a hero-king. So far he stood apart from his countrymen, admired, reverenced, but not loved. But he could not shake off all the influ- 2
ences of his time; the virtue, public and private, which still existed at Rome, the reverence paid by the wisest and best men to the religion of their fathers, were elements too congenial to his nature not to retain their hold on it; they cherished that nobleness of soul in him and that faith in the invisible and divine which two centuries of growing unbelief rendered almost impossible in the days of Cæsar. Yet how strange must the conflict be when faith is combined with the highest intellectual power, and its appointed object is no better than pagan ism! Longing to believe, yet repelled by palpable false hood, crossed inevitably with snatches of unbelief, in which hypocrisy is ever close at the door, it breaks out desperately, as it may seem, into the region of dreams and visions and mysterious communings with the invisible, as if longing to find that food in its own creations which no outward objective truth offers to it. The pro- 3
portions of belief and unbelief in the human mind in such cases, no human judgment can determine; they are the wonders of history—characters inevitably misrepresented by the vulgar, and viewed even by those who, in some sense, have the key to them as a mystery not fully to be comprehended, and still less explained to others.

The genius which conceived the incomprehensible character of Hamlet would alone be able to describe with intuitive truth the character of Scipio or of Cromwell. With all his greatness, there was a waywardness in him which seems often to accompany genius, a self-idolatry natural enough where there is so keen a consciousness of power and of lofty designs, a self-dependence which feels even the most sacred external relations to be unessential
4 to its own perfection. Such is the Achilles of Homer—the highest conception of the individual hero relying on himself, and sufficient to himself. But the same poet who conceived the character of Achilles has also drawn that of Hector—of the truly noble because unselfish hero who subdues his genius to make it minister to the good of others, who lives for his relations, his friends, and his country. And as Scipio lived in himself and for himself, like Achilles, so the virtue of Hector was worthily represented in the life of his great rival Hannibal, who, from his childhood to his latest hour, in war and in peace, through glory and through obloquy, amid victories and amid disappointments, ever remembered to what purpose his father had devoted him, and withdrew no thought or desire or deed from their pledged service to his country.

THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS.

SMITH'S "HISTORY OF GREECE."

The battle of Salamis was one of the decisive battles of the world. The defeat of the Persians turned back the tide of Oriental invasion, and saved Greece to Christianity and civilization. It was a struggle between Asiatic and European races, between Eastern and Western civilization. If Xerxes had won the battle of Salamis,

Greece might have become what Turkey in Europe is now, and the history of the world would have been changed. The student will find Grote's and Curtius's "History of Greece" full of interest and instruction.

1 At length the day began to dawn which was to decide the fate of Greece. As the veil of night rolled gradually away, the Persian fleet was discovered stretching, as far as the eye could reach, along the coast of Attica. Its right wing, consisting of Phœnician and Cyprian vessels, was drawn up toward the Bay of Eleusis, while the Ionians occupied the left, toward Peiræus, and the southern entrance of the straits. On the low and barren Island of Psyttaleia, adjacent to that point, a detachment of choice Persian troops had been landed. As the Grecian fleet was concentrated in the harbor of the town of Salamis, it was thus surrounded, as it were, in a net, by the Persians. Xerxes, who attributed the disasters at Artemisium to his own absence, had caused a lofty throne to be erected upon one of the projecting declivities of Mount Ægaleos, opposite the harbor of Salamis, whence he could survey the combat, and stimulate by his presence the courage of his men; while by his side stood scribes, prepared to record the names both of the daring and the backward.

"A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men, in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And, when the sun set, where were they?"

2 The Grecian commanders lost no time in preparing to meet their multitudinous opponents. The Athenians were posted on the left wing, and consequently opposed

to the Phœnicians on the Persian right. The Lacedæmonians and the other Peloponnesians took their station on the right, and the Æginetans and Eubœans in the center. Animated by the harangues of Themistocles and the other leaders, the Greek seamen embarked with alacrity, encouraging one another to deliver their country, their wives, and children, and the temples of their gods from the grasp of the barbarians. Just at this juncture a favorable omen seemed to promise them success. When Eurybiades gave the order for the fleet to remain and fight at Salamis, a trireme had been dispatched to Ægina to invoke the assistance of Æacus, and the Æacid heroes, Palamon and Aias (Ajax). As the Greeks were on the point of embarking, the trireme returned from the mission just in time to take her place in the line of battle.

3 As the trumpets sounded, the Greeks rowed forward to the attack, hurling into the still morning air the loud war-pæan, reverberated shrilly from the cliffs of Salamis, and not unanswered by the Persians. But suddenly a panic appeared to seize the Grecian oarsmen. They paused, backed astern, and some of the rearward vessels even struck the ground at Salamis. At this critical juncture a supernatural portent is said to have reanimated the drooping courage of the Greeks. A female figure was seen to hover over the fleet, uttering loud reproaches at their flight. Reanimated by the vision, the Greeks again rowed forward to the attack. History has preserved to us but few details of the engagement, which, indeed, soon became a scene of confusion too intricate to be accurately observed; but the names of those who first grappled with the enemy have not been left unrecorded. The Athenian captains, Ameinias and Lycomedes, the former a brother of the poet Æschylus,

were the first to bring their ships into action; Democritus, a Naxian, was the third. The Persian fleet, with 4
the exception of some of the Ionic contingents, appears to have fought with alacrity and courage. But the very numbers on which they so confidently relied proved one of the chief causes of their defeat. They had neither concert in action nor space to manœuvre; and the confusion was augmented by the mistrust with which the motley nations composing the Persian armament regarded one another. Too crowded either to advance or to retreat, their oars broken or impeded by collision with one another, their fleet lay like an inert and lifeless mass upon the water, and fell an easy prey to the Greeks. A single incident will illustrate the terror and confusion which reigned among the Persians. Artemisia, although, as 5
we have related, averse to giving battle, distinguished herself in it by deeds of daring bravery. At length she turned and fled, pursued by the Athenian trierarch, Ameinias. Full in her course lay the vessel of the Carian prince, Damosithymus of Calyndus. Instead of avoiding, she struck and sunk it, sending her countryman and all his crew to the bottom. Ameinias, believing from this act that she was a deserter from the Persian cause, suffered her to escape. Xerxes, who from his lofty throne beheld the feat of the Halicarnassian queen, but who imagined that the sunken ship belonged to the Greeks, was filled with admiration at her courage, and is said to have exclaimed, "My men are become women, my women men!"

The number of ships destroyed and sunk is stated at 6
forty on the side of the Greeks, and two hundred on that of the Persians, exclusive of those which were captured with all their crews. Besides this loss at sea, Aristeides succeeded in inflicting on the Persians another on land.

It has been already stated that some chosen Persian troops had been landed at Psyttaleia, in order to assist such Persian ships, or destroy such Grecian ships, as might be forced upon the island. When the rout of the Persian fleet was completed, Aristeides landed on the island with a body of Hoplites, defeated the Persians, and cut them to pieces to a man.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.—INFLUENCE OF HIS CONQUESTS.

SMITH'S "HISTORY OF GREECE."

The conquests of Alexander the Great were instrumental in preparing the way for the spreading of the Gospel, by extending the Greek culture and the Greek language throughout the Eastern world. Greek became the language of learning and literature in the East; the Old Testament was translated into Greek at Alexandria, one of the great centers of commerce and philosophy, founded by Alexander, and the New Testament was written in Greek. Upon his death, Alexander's conquests were divided among his successors, and were finally absorbed into the empire of Rome. (See Freeman's "Historical Essays," and Grote's "History of Greece.")

1 ALEXANDER entered Babylon in the spring of 324, notwithstanding the warnings of the priests of Belus, who predicted some serious evil to him if he entered the city at that time. Babylon was now to witness the consummation of his triumphs and of his life. As in the last scene of some well-ordered drama, all the results and tokens of his great achievements seemed to be collected there to do honor to his final exit. Ambassadors from all parts of

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Greece, from Libya, Italy, and probably from still more distant regions, were waiting to salute him, and to do homage to him as the conqueror of Asia; the fleet under Nearchus had arrived, after its long and enterprising voyage, and had been augmented by other vessels constructed in Phœnicia, and thence brought overland to Thapsacus, and down the river to Babylon; while for the reception of this navy, which seemed to turn the inland capital of his empire into a port, a magnificent harbor was in process of construction. A more melancholy, and, it may be 2
added, a more useless monument of his greatness, was the funeral pile now rising for Hephæstion, which was constructed with such unparalleled splendor that it is said to have cost ten thousand talents. The mind of Alexander was still occupied with plans of conquest and ambition; his next design was the subjugation of Arabia; which, however, was to be only the stepping-stone to the conquest of the whole known world. He dispatched three expeditions to survey the coast of Arabia; ordered a fleet to be built to explore the Caspian Sea; and engaged himself in surveying the course of the Euphrates, and in devising improvements of its navigation. The period for commencing the Arabian campaign had already arrived; solemn sacrifices were offered up for its success, and grand banquets were given previous to departure. At these 3
carousals Alexander drank deep; and at the termination of the one given by his favorite, Medius, he was seized with unequivocal symptoms of fever. For some days, however, he neglected the disorder, and continued to occupy himself with the necessary preparations for the march. But in eleven days the malady had gained a fatal strength and terminated his life on June 28th, B. C. 323, at the early age of thirty-two. While he lay speechless on his death-bed his favorite troops were admitted to

see him; but he could offer them no other token of recognition than by stretching out his hand.

4 Few of the great characters of history have been so differently judged as Alexander. Of the magnitude of his exploits, indeed, and of the justice with which, according to the usual sentiments of mankind, they confer upon him the title of "Great," there can be but one opinion; it is his motive for undertaking them that has been called in question. An eminent writer brands him as an "adventurer"—an epithet which, to a certain extent, must be allowed to be true, but which is not more true of him than of most other conquerors on a large scale. His military renown, however, consists more in the seemingly extravagant boldness of his enterprises than in the real power of the foes whom he overcame. The resistance he met with was not greater than that which a European army experiences in the present day from one composed of Asiatics; and the empire of the East was decided by the two battles of Issus and Arbela. His chief difficulties were the geographical difficulties of distance, climate, and the nature of the ground traversed. But this is no proof that he was incompetent to meet a foe more worthy of his military skill; and his proceedings in Greece before his departure show the reverse.

5 His motives, it must be allowed, seem rather to have sprung from the love of personal glory and the excitement of conquest than from any wish to benefit his subjects. The attention which he occasionally devoted to commerce, to the foundation of new cities, and to other matters of a similar kind, form rather episodes in his history than the real objects at which his aims were directed; and it was not by his own prudence, but through the weariness of his army, that his career of conquest was at length arrested, which he wished to prosecute before he

had consolidated what he had already won. Yet on the 6
whole his achievements, though they undoubtedly occasioned great partial misery, must be regarded as beneficial to the human race; the families of which, if it were not for some such movements, would stagnate in solitary listlessness and poverty. By the conquests of Alexander the two continents were put into closer communication with one another; and both, but particularly Asia, were the gainers. The language, the arts, and the literature of Greece were introduced into the East; and after the death of Alexander Greek kingdoms were formed in the western parts of Asia, which continued to exist for many generations.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS, OCTOBER 14, 1066.

PALGRAVE'S "NORMANDY AND ENGLAND."

The battle of Hastings (fought October 14, 1066) was, like the battle of Salamis and the battle of Waterloo, one of the decisive battles of the world. The opposing forces were, the Anglo-Saxons, under command of Harold, the last of the Anglo-Saxon kings, and the Normans, commanded by William, Duke of Normandy. William claimed the crown by virtue of a grant, which he alleged that Edward the Confessor, Harold's predecessor, had made to him. Upon the death of Edward, Harold became King of England, and refused to yield the crown upon the demand of William. It is said that Harold had acknowledged William's claim during the lifetime of Edward the Confessor; but the whole transaction is involved in uncertainty. The refusal of Harold to surrender the throne led to the invasion of England by William, and the memorable battle of Hastings. The results of this battle were most important, and can not be detailed here. England was brought into closer relations with the Continental powers—her language and her system of government underwent essential changes. The Normans were a North-

ern or Scandinavian race, who settled in Northern France, called, after them, Normandy. Originally pirates and depredators, after their settlement in France they came into contact with Roman culture, adopted the Romance tongue, formed out of the decaying Latin, and became a civilized people. The Normans were one of the most chivalrous and adventurous races of the middle ages, and many of the finer elements of English character may be traced to their influence. The Danes, who settled in England in Anglo-Saxon times, and the Normans, originally belonged to the same race. The student should consult Freeman's "Norman Conquest," Stubbs's "Constitutional History of England," and Pearson's "England in the Early and Middle Ages."

1 WILLIAM had been most actively employed. As a preliminary to further proceedings, he had caused all the vessels to be drawn on shore and rendered unserviceable. He told his men that they must prepare to conquer or to die—flight was impossible. He had occupied the Roman castle of Pevensey, whose walls are yet existing, flanked by Anglo-Norman towers, and he had personally surveyed all the adjoining country, for he never trusted this part of a general's duty to any eyes but his own. One Robert, a Norman thane, who was settled in the neighborhood, advised him to cast up intrenchments for the purpose of resisting Harold. William replied that his best defense was in the valor of his army and the goodness of his cause.

2 In compliance with the opinions of the age, William had an astrologer in his train. An Oriental monarch, at the present time, never engages in battle without a previous horoscope; and this superstition was universally adopted in Europe during the middle ages. But William's "clerk" was not merely a star-gazer. He had graduated in all the occult sciences—he was a necromancer, or, as the word was often spelled, in order to accommodate it to the supposed etymology, a *nigro-*

mancer, a "sortilegus," and a soothsayer. These accomplishments in the sixteenth century would have assuredly brought the clerk to the stake; but, in the eleventh, although they were highly illegal according to the strict letter of the ecclesiastical law, yet they were studied as eagerly as any other branch of metaphysics, of which they were supposed to form a part. The *sorcerer*, or sortilegus, by casting *sortes*, or lots, had ascertained that the Duke would succeed, and that Harold would surrender without a battle, upon which assurance the Normans entirely relied. After the landing, William inquired for 3
his conjurer. A pilot came forward and told him that the unlucky wight had been drowned in the passage. William then immediately pointed out the folly of trusting to the predictions of one who was utterly unable to tell what would happen unto himself. When William first set foot on shore he had shown the same spirit. He stumbled and fell forward on the palms of his hands. "*Mal signe est ci!*" exclaimed his troops, affrighted at the omen. "No," answered William, as he rose, "I have taken seizin of the country," showing the clod of earth which he had grasped. One of his soldiers, with the quickness of a modern Frenchman, instantly followed up the idea; he ran to a cottage and pulled out a bundle of reeds from the thatch, telling him to receive that symbol also as the seizin of the realm with which he was invested. These little anecdotes display the turn and temper of the Normans, and the alacrity by which the army was pervaded.

Some fruitless attempts are said to have been made 4
at negotiation. Harold dispatched a monk to the enemy's camp, who was to exhort William to abandon his enterprise. The Duke insisted on his right; but, as some historians relate, he offered to submit his claim to a legal

decision, to be pronounced by the Pope, either according to the law of Normandy or according to the law of England; or, if this mode of adjustment did not please Harold, that the question should be decided by single combat, the crown becoming the meed of the victor. The propositions of William are stated, by other authorities, to have contained a proposition for a compromise, namely, that Harold should take Northumbria, and William the rest of the Anglo-Saxon dominions. All or any of these proposals are such as may very probably have been made; but they were not minuted down in formal protocols, or couched in diplomatic notes; they were verbal messages, sent to and fro on the eve of a bloody battle.

5 Fear prevailed in both camps. The English, in addition to the apprehensions which even the most stout-hearted feel on the eve of a morrow whose close they may never see, dreaded the papal excommunication, the curse encountered in support of the unlawful authority of a usurper. When they were informed that battle had been decided upon, they stormed and swore; and now the cowardice of conscience spurred them on to riot and revelry. The whole night was spent in debauch. *Wæs-heal* and *drink-heal* resounded from the tents; the wine-cups passed gayly round and round by the smoky blaze of the red watch-fires, while the ballad of ribald mirth was loudly sung by the carousers.

6 In the Norman leaguer, far otherwise had the dread of the approaching morn affected the hearts of William's soldiery. No voice was heard excepting the solemn response of the litany and the chant of the psalm. The penitents confessed their sins, the masses were said, and the sense of the imminent peril of the morrow was tranquillized by penance and prayer. Each of the nations, as we are told by one of our most trustworthy English his-

torians, acted according to their "national custom"; and severe is the censure which the English thus receive. The English were strongly fortified in their position by 7
lines of trenches and palisades; and within these defenses they were marshaled according to the Danish fashion—shield against shield, presenting an impenetrable front to the enemy. The men of Kent formed the vanguard, for it was their privilege to be the first in the strife. The burgesses of London, in like manner, claimed and obtained the honor of being the royal body-guard, and they were drawn up around the standard. At the foot of this banner stood Harold, with his brothers, Leofwin and Gurth, and a chosen body of the bravest thanes.

Before the Normans began their march, and very 8
early in the morning of the feast of St. Calixtus, William assembled his barons around him, and exhorted them to maintain his righteous cause. As the invaders drew nigh, Harold saw a division advancing, composed of the volunteers from the county of Boulogne and from the Amiennois, under the command of William Fitz-Osborn and Roger Montgomery. "It is the Duke," exclaimed Harold, "and little shall I fear him. By *my* forces will *his* be four times outnumbered!" Gurth shook his head, and expatiated on the strength of the Norman cavalry as opposed to the foot-soldiers of England; but their discourse was stopped by the appearance of the combined cohorts under Aimeric, Viscount of Thouars, and Alan Fergant, of Brittany. Harold's heart sunk at the sight, and he broke out into passionate exclamations of fear and dismay. But now the third and last division of the Norman army was drawing nigh. The consecrated gonfalon floats amid the forest of spears, and Harold is now too well aware that he beholds the ranks which are commanded in person by the Duke of Normandy.

9 Immediately before the Duke rode Taillefer, the minstrel, singing, with a loud and clear voice, the lay of Charlemagne and Roland, and the emprises of the paladins who had fallen in the dolorous pass of Roncevaux. Taillefer, as his guerdon, had craved permission to strike the first blow, for he was a valiant warrior, emulating the deeds which he sung: his appellation, *Taillefer*, is probably to be considered not as his real name, but as an epithet derived from his strength and prowess; and he fully justified his demand by transfixing the first Englishman whom he attacked, and by felling the second to the ground. The battle now became general, and raged with the greatest fury. The Normans advanced beyond the English lines, but they were driven back, and forced into a trench, where horses and riders fell upon each other in fearful confusion. More Normans were slain here than in any other part of the field. The alarm spread; the light troops left in charge of the baggage and the stores thought that all was lost, and were about to take flight; but the fierce Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, the Duke's half-brother, and who was better fitted for the shield than for the miter, succeeded in reassuring them, and then, returning to the field, and rushing into that part where the battle was hottest, he fought as the stoutest of the warriors engaged in the conflict.

10 From nine in the morning till three in the afternoon the successes on either side were nearly balanced. The charges of the Norman cavalry gave them great advantage, but the English phalanx repelled their enemies; and the soldiers were so well protected by their targets that the artillery of the Normans was long discharged in vain. The bowmen, seeing that they had failed to make any impression, altered the direction of their shafts, and, instead of shooting point-blank, the flights of arrows were

directed upward, so that the points came down upon the heads of the men of England, and the iron shower fell with murderous effect. The English ranks were exceedingly distressed by the volleys, yet they still stood firm; and the Normans now employed a stratagem to decoy their opponents out of their intrenchments. A feigned 11
retreat on their part, induced the English to pursue them with great heat. The Normans suddenly wheeled about, and a new and fiercer battle was urged. The field was covered with separate bands of foemen, each engaged with one another. Here, the English yielded—there, they conquered. One English thane, armed with a battle-axe, spread dismay among the Frenchmen. He was cut down by Roger de Montgomery. The Normans have preserved the name of the Norman baron, but that of the Englishman is lost in oblivion. Some other English thanes are also praised as having singly, and by their personal prowess, delayed the ruin of their countrymen and country.

At one period of the battle the Normans were nearly 12
routed. The cry was raised that the Duke was slain, and they began to fly in every direction. William threw off his helmet, and, galloping through the squadron, rallied his barons, though not without great difficulty. Harold, on his part, used every possible exertion, and was distinguished as the most active and bravest among the soldiers in the host which he led on to destruction. A Norman arrow wounded him in the left eye; he dropped from his steed in agony, and was borne to the foot of the standard. The English began to give way, or rather to retreat to the standard as their rallying-point. The Normans encircled them, and fought desperately to reach this goal. Robert Fitz-Ernest had almost seized the banner, but he was killed in the attempt. William led his troops on

with the intention, it is said, of measuring his sword with Harold. He did encounter an English horseman, from whom he received such a stroke upon his helmet that he was nearly brought to the ground. The Normans flew to the aid of their sovereign, and the bold Englishman
13 was pierced by their lances. About the same time the tide of battle took a momentary turn. The Kentish men and East Saxons rallied and repelled the Norman barons; but Harold was not among them, and William led on his troops with desperate intrepidity. In the thick crowd of the assailants and the assailed, the hoofs of the horses were plunged deep into the gore of the dead and the dying. Gurth was at the foot of the standard, without hope, but without fear: he fell by the falchion of William. The English banner was cast down, and the gonfalon, planted in its place, announced that William of Normandy was the conqueror. It was now late in the evening. The English troops were entirely broken, yet no Englishman would surrender. The conflict continued in many parts of the bloody field long after dark.

14 By William's orders, a spot close to the gonfalon was cleared, and he caused his pavilion to be pitched among the corpses which were heaped around. He there supped with his barons; and they feasted among the dead; but, when he contemplated the fearful slaughter, a natural feeling of pity, perhaps allied to repentance, arose in his stern mind; and the Abbey of Battle, in which the prayer was to be offered up perpetually for the repose of the souls of all who had fallen in the conflict, was at once the monument of his triumph and the token of his piety. The abbey was most richly endowed, and all the land for one league round about was annexed to the Battle franchise. The Abbot was freed from the authority of the Metropolitan of Canterbury, and invested with archiepis-

copal jurisdiction. The high-altar was erected on the very spot where Harold's standard had waved; and the roll, deposited in the archives of the monastery, recorded the names of those who had fought with the Conqueror, and among whom the lands of broad England were divided. But all this pomp and solemnity has passed away like a dream. The "perpetual prayer" has ceased for ever; the roll of Battle is rent. The shields of the Norman lineages are trodden in the dust—the abbey is leveled with the ground—and a dank and reedy pool fills the spot where the foundations of the quire have been uncovered, merely for the gaze of the idle visitor, or the instruction of the moping antiquary.

ENGLISH HOME-LIFE IN ANGLO-SAXON TIMES.

PEARSON'S "ENGLAND IN THE EARLY AND MIDDLE AGES."

Anglo-Saxon or old English domestic life gives us, to use Macaulay's expression, "a true picture of the life of our ancestors." This is one of the prime objects of all genuine history. The Anglo-Saxons were a vast confederation of tribes, who, principally during the fifth and sixth centuries of the Christian era, had invaded and conquered Britain. They came, for the most part, from Northern Germany, and from the Scandinavian peninsula. They constitute so large and important an element in English character and English history that the term Anglo-Saxon is often applied to English-speaking races, wherever they are found.

It is difficult to paint the home-life of England in these old Anglo-Saxon centuries. The reproach of the fifteenth century and our own, that no people are better fed or worse housed, was probably true then. The noble

lived in a hall, intended not for defense but for hospitality, with a chapel attached, and out-buildings for his followers. Hunting and hawking, in woods carefully preserved, occupied the days of peace. Asser relates with wonder that Alfred let his sons learn reading before they were taught hunting and such like "human arts"; and although the grim statesmen of that reign, who groaned in their old age over the alphabet which their master constrained them to study, were probably the last specimens of complete ignorance in the highest places, there is no reason to suppose that book-learning ever flourished much among the Anglo-Saxons. Songs and legends were their literature; the laws of their country their philosophy; attendance at mass and at the different gemotes made
2 up the whole duty of their civic lives. The worst consequence of this speculative inactivity, to a people naturally coarse and gross, was that they sank into evil from the mere want of employment; and the vices of the table prevailed in forms too disgusting to be described. That the poor lived plentifully in good years is probable; the land was rich, and the food simple, barley or oaten bread, beer, and pork, being the common fare; but England no longer exported corn, and famines were frequent and terrible. There were large herring-fisheries along the east and south coast; and Eaton, in Cheshire, paid a rent of a thousand salmon to its Norman earl. The vineyards which the Romans had planted survived Saxon and Dane; Gloucestershire was famous for them, and Smithfield was once ruddy with grapes. But gardens were of slow growth, and comparatively few fruits and vegetables had
3 been naturalized. The trade in wool, the only article which was certainly exported to the Continent, enhanced the value of sheep, but cattle and horses were probably more prized in themselves, and were certainly more costly

in proportion, perhaps because they were more difficult to rear. With large tracts of moor and morass, and with uniform forests of one or two varieties of tree, the country in Anglo-Saxon times was less beautiful than it has since become under cultivation; and the system of fallows, while it covered a large portion with patches, interposed a wide interval between different homesteads. Adders and other reptiles swarmed in the woods, wolves and thieves lurked in the covert, and the traveler went armed on his journey. Yet from some points the aspects of life 4
were more cheerful and picturesque than they are now. The portion of daily labor exacted from the workingman was as much as human toil could accomplish; but the working-days were fewer, less was done in the winter months, and saint-days and Sundays were mercifully interspersed in the seasons of fair weather. Games of every sort were the lawful amusements of idle hours and of festivals; we have lost infinitely more from the Saxon book of sports than we have added to it. It is melancholy to know that in the eighth century a laboring-man was disgraced among his fellows if he could not sing to the harp, and to consider that one of the noblest arts has died out in the class that most need to be refined. In 5
another respect, the love of dress, we have less to fear from a comparison; though whether our taste is improved may, perhaps, be questionable. The Saxons seem to have adopted the Roman tunic, which reached to the knees, and to have completed it by long sleeves for the arms. A cloak over it was added for out-of-doors. The Anglo-Saxon lady wore a hood with long pendants, and a loose dress reaching to the ground. Wool and flax, with silk for the lappets and the eyelet-holes, were the common materials, which the wearer herself would sometimes embroider. Bracelets and rings were favorite ornaments,

and both sexes delighted in bright colors. Unfortunately, they extended this to the use of pigments for the complexion, and rouge was as much a part of the furniture of a Saxon lady's toilet-table as the crisping-irons. The abuse of colored dresses even invaded the sanctuary and the cloister; Charlemagne was scandalized at the laxity of English discipline, and Alcuin and Aldhelm inveighed
6 with apostolic vehemence against the guilty fashion. But history tells us that it was not stemmed by the joint authority of two saints and an emperor; and the English monks, in the times of the Norman Conquest, were still sinners in gay dress, against the rigid rules of their order. Unluckily, our ancestors were fonder of dress than of cleanliness; the warm bath, indeed, was a luxury, but the cold bath was a penance of the Church; and the Danes are accused of having won the affections of English ladies by combing their hair, by bathing once a week, by frequent changes of clothing, and "such like frivolities." Yet, as an ivory comb and tweezers, or scissors, were among the treasures buried with St. Cuthbert, we may hope that Englishmen of rank were as frivolous in these matters as the Danes.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.—ITS INFLUENCE UPON ENGLISH HISTORY.

PEARSON'S "ENGLAND IN THE EARLY AND MIDDLE AGES."

The effects of the Norman Conquest have been discussed in the note on the battle of Hastings. Its consequences were most momentous, and they have in some form affected almost every phase of English historical development. An admirable summary will be found in Freeman's "Norman Conquest," volume v.

1 THE rival prejudices of Norman and English writers make it difficult to decide which of the two peoples was

the more civilized. Norman literature before the conquest is worthless; their law-courts have nothing to match the splendid series of Anglo-Saxon charters. But these are rather proofs that their civilization was modern than that it did not exist. For a century and a half English literature had been almost barren, while within thirty years the Italians Lanfranc and Anselm had founded a school in Normandy which was unrivaled in its own days, and which almost reconstructed philosophical thought in Europe. The English were renowned throughout Europe 2
for their perfection in the mechanical arts and embroidery; but they imported their artists from Germany; and they produced nothing in architecture to rival those magnificent castles and cathedrals which the Normans have scattered broadcast over the land. It seems certain that the Normans were more cleanly in their habits and more courtly in their manners; their vices were rather passionate than gross, and they had the virtues of gentlemen—large-handedness and the love of adventure. Timid devotion bound the Englishman to his Church, while a narrow insular spirit was separating him from the European center of religion. The Norman distinguished better between the dues of Cæsar and of God: he built churches, and attended mass; but he drew a line between the citizen and the priest which the latter was never allowed to overpass. He connected the country with Europe and Roman law, but he kept it free from foreign tyranny. The Italian legate or tax-gatherer might venture here 3
under a weak king, but the barons repeatedly drove him back or foiled him; and under an able sovereign—Henry II or Edward I—the see of Rome was limited to its natural functions of directing the European Church and adjusting the law of nations. To sum up all, England without the Normans would have been mechanical, not

artistic; brave, not chivalrous; a state governed by its priests instead of a state controlling its Church. It had lost the tradition of Roman culture, and during half a century of peace had remained barren of poets, legists, and thinkers. We owe to Normandy the builder, the knight, the schoolman, and the statesman.

THE LAST YEARS OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

PEARSON'S "ENGLAND IN THE EARLY AND MIDDLE AGES."

This estimate of William the Conqueror should be compared with the elaborate sketch of his character in Freeman's "Norman Conquest."

1 The last four years of William's life were darkened by the loss of his queen, and occupied by petty wars in Maine and rumors of Danish invasion. At last, in A. D. 1087, the old grudge against France broke out into war. The plunder of several Norman districts and a coarse jest by the French King enraged William beyond bounds; and, on surprising the town of Mantes, he gave it up to pillage and the flames. Churches and men were consumed; two recluses, who lived in niches of the city walls, were unable or unwilling to escape. William was riding round the town enjoying the havoc wrought there, when his horse started on some burning ashes; the King was bruised by the pommel of his saddle; fever supervened, and the injury proved fatal. With the true sentiments of a Christian gentleman of the eleventh century, William ordered his treasures to be divided among the churches, the poor, and his household. He could not

deprive Robert of Normandy, and he feared to dispose of England, which had been acquired by bloodshed; but he committed it to the hands of God, and instructed William how he might best secure it. To Henry, who had received his mother's inheritance, he bequeathed five thousand pounds, prophesying that he would one day transcend his brothers in greatness. He sustained his dying moments with the recollection that he had founded ten abbeys and twenty-three monasteries in Normandy alone. It was true he had governed roughly, and had much bloodshed and some treachery on his conscience; but the law of God had taught him to put down evil-doers, that they might not oppress the innocent. Never- 3
theless, as he hoped for mercy, he would now show mercy himself. Morcar, Roger de Breteuil, and all the prisoners except Eudes of Bayeux, should be set at liberty, under pledge to keep the peace. He at last agreed to release even Eudes. Hitherto he had been in great pain, though his mind was clear; but mortification now set in, and he died toward morning, commending himself to the Virgin (September 9, A. D. 1087). The respite from suffering had been mistaken by his physicians for amendment; but, when the mistake was discovered, the very shadow of royal state passed away from the dead King. The courtiers mounted horse to put their castles in defense; the servants stripped the house of everything—arms, furniture, and dress—and fled. William's body lay naked in the deserted palace till the Archbishop of Rouen ordered it to be taken to Caen, and a private gentleman, Herluin, defrayed the expenses. When the funeral mass 4
had been said, and the body was about to be lowered into the grave, Asselin Fitz-Arthur stepped forth and forbade the burial to proceed: "The land where ye stand was once covered by my father's house, which this man for

whom ye pray, while he was yet Duke of Normandy, took forcibly from my father, and, denying him all right, built this church there. I therefore challenge and publicly claim back this land, and forbid, in God's behalf, that the body of the spoiler be covered with my turf or buried in my inheritance." The bystanders testified to the truth of this statement, and the bishops and barons were compelled to buy off the claimant with sixty shillings for the place of sepulture, and a promise that the whole of his inheritance should be redeemed. Prince Henry has the credit of discharging this debt with a hundred pounds. By a strange chance, Gunilda, Harold's sister, who had lived a life of ascetic devotion in the convent of St. Ouen, died some days before the Conqueror, and was buried within a few feet of him.

William was the founder of a line of princes who have never, perhaps, been surpassed in the world's history for vigor of character and statesman-like ability. It seemed as if William's mother, the tanner's daughter of Falaise, had tempered the fervid energy of Robert the Devil's nature with the practical, broad sense of the Norman lower classes. Her son's *physique* was an index of his character: the forehead vaulted and high; the eye hawk-like; the body broad-chested and sinewy; the arm so strong that he could bend on horseback the bow which common men could not bend on foot. His training was in rebellions and wars, and he grew up self-reliant and implacable. Of the basest crime ascribed to him, the assassination of Conan, he is probably innocent, as Conan did not die till some months after the reasons for wishing him dead had ceased to operate. The severity shown to the conquered Northumbrians, which was a bloody political crime, admits of no excuse and no palliation. But the King's treatment of the great lords will be judged leni-

ently by all who remember what the barons of those times were: how Morcar and Waltheof had been false to their own country before they were false to William; how Roger de Breteuil and Eudes of Bayeux were only anxious to let loose the worst horrors of feudal anarchy on the country. William was pitiless and unscrupulous, 6
but not wantonly cruel. He evicted a tenantry to form a forest, and let his lands to the highest bidder; but he forbade the sale of slaves out of the land; declared the fugitive free if he remained unchallenged a year within a town; abolished punishment by death; and tried honestly to do justice to every man. Never had the King's peace been so good, never were murder, robbery, and violence so unsparingly punished, as under the Conqueror. His fame has suffered unfairly, because the strong government which he introduced was less popular, especially in the hands of foreigners, than the disorder to which the people had been accustomed. His taxation and high rentals, even his admirable census, were thought unkingly, and ascribed to avarice; yet every man allowed that William kept royal state, and generously rewarded those who served him. The people, could they have under- 7
stood his policy, might have admired the man who spent a little money to keep foes from our shores, while he yet never compromised England's honor in the field. The castles that grew up by town and strand made civil war difficult under a strong rule, and foreign invasion a danger only to the enemy. In an age of gross profligacy, William's private life was severely pure. He found the Norman clergy illiterate; and, before he died, that province was the center of European thought. He was a devout man for his times, and one who attended mass regularly, founded abbeys, and promoted good men when he could do it without loss to his own interests. But, with

Hildebrand for Pope and Lanfranc for Primate, William inaugurated the greatest change in our history, and commenced the substitution of criminal courts for a church inquisition. He put aside omens with a jest, and excused the sentence of a powerful bishop with a pregnant pleas-
8 antry. There were few to mourn for the iron soldier, whose tears at Edwin's death are the only womanly touch in his history. But those who remembered the driveling superstition of Edward's court, the crafty and unscrupulous nature of Harold, and the long records of Anglo-Saxon feebleness, might admit that the change to Norman rule, though carried out with much suffering, had been good; and those who lived to witness the orgies of the second William's court, the feudal disorders of Normandy under Robert, or the worse horrors of Stephen's reign in England, might well look back with regret to "the famous baron," who "was mild to the good men who loved God, and beyond all measure severe to the men who gainsaid his will." It was doubtless the presage of future evil, as well as grief for his old master, that almost broke the heart of Lanfranc when he heard of William's death.

SKETCH OF ALFRED THE GREAT.

PEARSON'S "ENGLAND IN THE EARLY AND MIDDLE AGES."

Alfred the Great is one of the finest historical characters on record. A distinguished scholar used to remark that, "with the exception of Washington, no character in history shines with brighter luster than Alfred the Great." His defense of his country against the desperate assaults of the Danes and his consolidation of political power are not so worthy of admiration as his devoted efforts to

promote sound learning and piety. Alfred is remarkable as probably the first Englishman to advocate the study of his mother-tongue.

ALFRED'S fame as a man has obscured his position in 1
history as a king; his grateful people in the after-time ascribing to him whatever they found of good or great in the institutions of their land. Probably nothing has been thus attributed without some real fact underlying the mythical narrative; but it is not always easy to disentangle one from the other. His code may be said to consist of three parts: The first is an abstract of Hebrew law, indicating the divine foundations of society, and blending the secular view of offenses as damage with the Christian view of them as sin. The conception of the state as an ideal commonwealth, which regarded the right living of man as its first object, is, therefore, due to Alfred; and he indicates a standard so high that he could not dream of enforcing it—the gradual extinction of slavery, the duty of hospitality, and the Christian law of love. In the second part are contained the general prin- 2
ciples of English law, put down a little confusedly, as the *witan* sanctioned or the scribe copied them out. The King is now for the first time treated as the inviolable head of the state, to plot against whom is death. Loyalty to the great lords is established upon the same footing. The frank-pledge system, by which every man was bound to give some guarantee for his good conduct, is spoken of for the first time as of universal obligation. The right of feud is limited, and the powers of the courts of justice are extended. An over-love of legality, the curse of these and of later times, is apparent in these regulations, and was partly, perhaps, due to the remembrance of late disorders. Last, Alfred subjoins a copy of the ancient laws of Wessex, no doubt to explain the customs of the

south of England. Unfortunately, we do not possess a similar transcript of the Mercian code, which was probably appended to the copy for that province.

3 The statement of popular histories, that Alfred divided England into shires and hundreds, has been generally rejected by modern scholars. The origin of those divisions was certainly independent of the central authority, and coeval with, if not anterior to, the Saxon settlement. . . . That Alfred introduced trial by jury is even more certainly false. The appointment of a distinct and popular magistracy, to determine questions of fact as distinguished from questions of law, belongs to the Anglo-Norman times, when Roman law was studied as a science, and was probably derived from a Latin original. It can not be traced further back than to the thirteenth century.

4 Of Alfred's political capacity there can be no doubt. Wielding only the resources of a third of the kingdom, he contended against the most powerful foe then known to the nations of Europe, exacted honorable peace, and literally enlarged his dominions by Mercia, which had been free rather than dependent under his brothers, and under him became dependent rather than free. By forcing his cities to repair their walls, he foiled the furious

5 ravages of Hastings. But, above all, to Alfred belongs the credit of having first seen that an island must be defended by sea. Had he merely established a national navy where none existed, it would be sufficient proof of his statesman-like sagacity. But he seems further to have discerned the modern theory, by which war is only a question of momentum and impact. The ships of the Danes were constructed primarily as transports to carry the greatest number of men, and as platforms from which they might fight. Alfred built a fleet on a new model of his own, by which the ships were narrower, and of

double the length, and impelled by sixty instead of twenty rowers; they were thus able to pursue, overtake, and run down the enemy. It was a revolution in naval warfare.

Alfred's zeal for learning is one of his most honorable 6
titles to remembrance. Incessant war had made every man a soldier. When the King looked round England, after the peace of Wedmor, he could find no man south of the Thames who understood the Latin in which he prayed; and few, indeed, were the learned men among the Mercians. He himself was probably unable to read or write until late in life, though he repeatedly put himself under masters, and perhaps got so far as to attach a certain sense to the words in the little book of prayers which he carried about him. He made it the first care of his years of peace to attract scholars from old Saxony, from Gaul, and from Ireland, to the court; and he founded schools at Shaftesbury and Athelney, with perhaps another at Oxford, as centers of liberal learning. Even scholars as well as teachers were imported from other countries when the love of learning proved deficient among the Saxons. But, above all, Alfred served in the great army 7
of learning himself, as a translator. His translations do not pretend to servile accuracy: sometimes he expands to explain a difficulty, or inserts a fuller account from his own knowledge, or from the report of travelers at his court; more often he epitomizes, as if he were giving the pith of a paragraph that had just been read out to him. The books he chose were the best fitted of all to form the library of an Englishman in the ninth century. They consist of "A History of the World on Christian Principles," by Orosius; "The History of the Anglo-Saxon Church," by Bede; "The Consolation of Philosophy," by Boëthius. The historical and ethical character of the King's mind is apparent in his choice of authors. A

translation of Gregory's "Pastoral Care" was executed by the King, in partnership with his bishops. Probably many elementary works were issued under the royal patronage, as we find at a later time several spurious works, such as "Moral Poems and Fables," recommended by Alfred's name. And it is characteristic of the new growth of letters in the country that the chronicles of contemporary events begin, about the end of this century, to be regularly kept in the Saxon tongue, though scattered and meager notices may have been consigned to writing in previous years.

8 Of Alfred's personal appearance we know nothing. His active life and fondness for field-sports are in strange contrast with the fact that he was perpetually visited by paroxysms of a fearful and mysterious disease, which attacked him on the day of his marriage (A. D. 869), and tormented him for thirty years (A. D. 901). But the features of his pious and studious life, even to his measurement of time by tapers, sheltered in horn-lanterns from the draught, have been recorded by one who lived with him. In days when charity had grown cold, and when religion no longer restrained the powerful, their King was the one man to whom the needy could apply for support, and the injured for redress. His shrewd sense was dreaded by evil-doers, and, while the sternness of his early years was tempered, as he grew older, by courtesy, his wish to conciliate never led him to swerve from the truth. His revenue was divided equally between the state and the Church. Of the secular moiety one third went to his civil list, one third to public works, and one third to the support of ambassadors and distinguished foreigners. The part destined to religion and education was assigned in equal proportions to the poor, to the support of church fabrics, to the two conventual schools at

Athelney and Shaftesbury, and to the other more secular school, perhaps at Oxford, which he had founded for the sons of nobles.

It is not without reason that we look back upon Al- 9
fred as the typical English king. Whether or not the name of England, as a commonwealth and not merely a province, was first introduced under him is a little uncertain and quite unimportant; our national history dates from the peace of Wednor. Its struggles and its victories had transferred the prestige of the national name to Wessex; it remained for the great statesman to reconstruct society, preserving its old institutions, and informing them with new ideas. Both in his greatnesses and in his imperfections Alfred represents his people; patient, resolute, inexorably attached to duty and truth, with a certain practical sagacity, but over-careless of logical consistency, and sacrificing thought to fact, the future to the moment. The state Church, which we owe to Alfred, confounding, 10
as it did, by its old theory, of which some vestiges still remain, the duties of Christian and citizen, is a strange legacy for a statesman to have bequeathed us. The English King, blinded by his moral abhorrence of sin, laid down resolutely the first principles of religion by the side of the secular and inconsistent laws of his people; he had given them the ideal of life, let them work it out as they could. A thousand years of clashing jurisdictions, civil law contending with criminal, divine theories of kingship contending with peoples' charters, laws of marriage as a sacrament with laws of marriage as a contract, attest how that unextinguished torch has been handed down through successive generations. Yet, with all its inconsistencies, that Saxon and mediæval theory of a people framing their life in accordance with God's law, and regarding eternal truth, not cheap government or success, as the final cause

of their existence, is among the grandest conceptions of history. It is Plato's republic, administered, not by philosophers, but by the vulgar; failing, not from inherent baseness, but because its ideal was higher than men could bear.

11 In one or two minor points we may trace a curious resemblance between the views of Alfred and those of later English society. His character was of that sterling conservative type which bases itself upon old facts, but accepts new facts as a reason for change. Recognizing slavery, he was yet careful in his will to provide for the liberty of his old servants. It is in his laws that we first find the principle of entail maintained, and in his will he declares his intention of following his grandfather's example, and leaving his lands on the spear-side. His laws confirmed the authority of the nobles as well as that of the King. That he opened the ranks to the ceorl who enriched himself, or to the merchant who had made three voyages, proves, indeed, that his love of order was not the narrow and senseless love of caste, but does not weaken the presumption that he was aristocratic in his sympathies. The watchwords of modern democracy would have sounded strangely in his ears. Some regard him as a Protestant before Luther. It is the fondest of speculations to discover such abstract tendencies in Alfred; his devotion, his admiration of Gregory, and the wish to revive monasticism, indicate a more Catholic tone of mind than was common in Saxon England at that time. It is possible that a more original thinker, such as Scotus Erigena was, might, if called upon to legislate, have anticipated the modes of thought that are common in our own days. But it is at least doubtful whether such high speculative talent could have been combined with the tact, the statesmanship, and the success of Alfred.

LIFE IN BRITAIN IN ROMAN TIMES.

PEARSON'S "ENGLAND IN THE EARLY AND MIDDLE AGES."

Life in Britain in Roman times throws much light upon the condition of the island during the time that it was subject to Roman rule. Professor Pearson thinks that the impression made by the Roman occupation was much deeper and more abiding than has been generally supposed, and he adduces many instructive facts in confirmation of his opinion. The Roman conquest of Britain was begun by Julius Cæsar 55 B. C., but was scarcely completed before 78 A. D.

THE life of Roman colonists in Britain was, of course, 1
much the same as that of Romanized citizens elsewhere. They brought into England the manufactures in which they anticipated fourteen hundred years of Germanic civilization—the tinted glass, the Samian potteries, and the sculptured bronze. They were skilled in the tricks of trade. The inscribed boxes of their quack medicines are still disinterred; spurious coin is found in quantities that induce us to regard it as a device of the imperial treasury; and locks, with contrivances in the wards which have been reinvented and patented in the last thirty years, attest alike the art of their thieves and of their smiths. Roman bricks and mortar have furnished inexhaustible materials for Saxon towns, Norman castles, and even for English farmhouses. The great number of the Roman villas whose remains can still be traced is a proof that the lords of the soil were in easy circumstances; while the fact that the structures were commonly of wood, raised upon a brick or stone foundation, is an argument against large fortunes. Probably no rich man would have chosen to spend his life so far from Rome, and under a British sky. Nor can the towns have been 2

magnificent, even in cases like Silchester, where the walls inclose an area three miles in circuit. The amphitheatres, still known to us, never equal the colossal dimensions of those of Verona or Treves, and only one instance is at present known in which the sides are not apparently of turf. The houses were probably thatched. And, except where the main streets ran, giving passage for horses and troops, the Roman towns were probably grouped in continuous masses of buildings, intersected by narrow alleys like modern Venice. In some sanitary details the civilization of several centuries had told upon the customs of the people. Large sewers, large aqueducts, and
3 extramural interment are common features. At first the bodies of the dead were burned, and their ashes preserved in mortuary urns. In the third and fourth centuries, the Christian belief in the resurrection of the body caused the old Roman practice of interment to be revived. But no kindly superstition was allowed to sanction burial in the crowded thoroughfares of the cities. The dead body, often covered up with lime, was carried out of the gates; and the great highways were lined with tombs, whose inscriptions appealed to the passer-by for sympathy.

4 But the traveler in Roman England, who wandered away from the main road or from the cities, would find himself among villages which had known little change since the days of Conobelin. Probably to the last, native chiefs, like Cogidubnus of Chichester, were allowed to retain the shadow of their old royalty, and enjoyed the loyal allegiance of their clans. Between the British gentry and the Roman officials and merchants there would be constant intercourse in the towns, and at last frequent intermarriages. It is just possible that in such a county as Kent, which lay in the line of traffic between Britain and Gaul, the old British tongue died out, and was re-

placed by a debased Latin, like that spoken in the towns, and in which inscriptions are found in the western counties. The barbarous Welsh tribes were probably least affected by Roman rule; yet the terms of civilization in Welsh are commonly from a Latin original. But, to ac- 5
count for the great admixture of British words in Anglo-Saxon and in English, we must assume that the natives mostly retained their ancient tongue. The argument is even stronger if we look at literature. The Roman legislation favored schoolmasters, whom the prefect was charged to care especially for, that they might not be burdened with civic offices beyond their ability; and we have an incidental notice of one Briton whose father was said to have been of this profession. It is certain that the Roman authors were read in England; and we still possess a "Juvencus" which was once the property of a young Pictish officer. Yet so rare and superficial was this culture that Britain produced no single poet or rhetorician to rival the Gaul Sidonius or the African Tertullian. Only the name of one obscure epigrammatist has been embalmed for us in the verses of a rival. And 6
when the conquerors disappeared a race of native poets sprang up, whose complicated system of rhymes and alliterations and antithetical couplets presents the most exact contrast conceivable to the stately hexameters of Virgil or the graceful trochaics of Catullus. The laws of Rome, it may be thought, would strike root more easily than the language. They, of course, prevailed in the towns and in the more settled parts of the island. But in the Welsh codes that we possess, whatever be their antiquity, there is no immediate trace of the Pandects; while the Keltic custom of borough-English, by which property devolves to the youngest son, has lasted down to historical times in our own country, and has seemingly

7 been transplanted from England to Brittany. To make a bridge or cast a bell was the great feat of a Welsh saint in the fifth century. The cromlechs, or sepulchral monuments of the Britons, are known, from the trinkets and coins found in them, to have been erected during the period of Roman dominion. More striking evidence could not be wished of the barbarism, or, if a milder term be preferred, of the stubborn nationality, of the tribes in the country districts. They saw around them the marvels of Roman architecture and sculpture—the arch, the statue, and the bass-relief—and they preferred to overshadow the grave with the largest stone they could find in the neighborhood. Three stones, so placed as to bridge a space, are the highest achievement of native sepulchral art.

8 To sum up all, then, the occupation of Britain by the Romans was like the French colonization of Algeria, with the differences of a long and a short tenure. The government was military and municipal; the conquerors unsympathetic and hard. But the peace which they enforced favored commerce, and the mines which they developed were prolific in salt, iron, tin, and lead. They burned coal where wood was scanty in the north, and in one instance carried a mine under water. Under Julian (A. D. 358), eight hundred vessels were employed in the corn-trade between the English coasts and the Roman colonies on the Rhine. Before Cæsar's time even the beech and the fir had been unknown in our forests; and the apple, the nut, and the raspberry were probably the chief of our native fruits. The better half of our common trees, from the cherry to the chestnut, are of Roman origin; the vine and the fig-tree were introduced, and maintained themselves; the pea, the radish, and other common vegetables were then added to the garden; and

it is even possible that to Rome we owe the rose, the lily, and the peony. The mule and pigeon followed the track of the legions. Yet a country life was not that to which 9
the colonist generally inclined. He was rather a dweller in towns, a trader, and a builder, and he scattered cities broadcast over the island. The splendor of Roman remains attracted attention in the twelfth century, when the grass was growing over them, and generations had already quarried in them for homes. Above all, those numerous cities had been centers of Roman polity and law. These influences can hardly be overrated, nor can it be doubted that many of them remained, and even gathered strength, where all seemed to be swept away. For good or for evil, England was henceforth a part of the European commonwealth of nations, sharing that commerce for want of which Ireland remained barbarous; sharing the alliances for disregarding which the Saxon dynasty perished; penetrated by ideas which have connected the people in every historical struggle, crusades, and French wars, with the sympathies and hopes of other men.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—CONTRAST BETWEEN THE MIDDLE AGES AND MODERN TIMES.

PEARSON'S "ENGLAND IN THE EARLY AND MIDDLE AGES."

This description of the Middle Ages, by Professor Pearson, is one of the finest attempts to reproduce that strangely interesting period to be found in the English language. The Middle Ages may be regarded as extending from about the middle of the eleventh century to the end of the fifteenth. The invention of printing (1440 A. D.), the fall

of Constantinople (1453 A. D.), and the consequent transfer of Greek literature and scholarship to Italy, the discovery of America by Columbus (1492 A. D.), the circumnavigation of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco da Gama (1497 A. D.)—are the great events that mark the gradual close of the Middle Ages, and the beginning of the modern historical era. Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Hallam's "History of the Middle Ages," Guizot's "History of Civilization in Europe" and Guizot's "History of Civilization in France," Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire," and Freeman's "Historical Essays," may be consulted with great advantage by the student.

1 A FEW incidental notices enable us to form an idea of social life among the middle and lower orders in the twelfth century. London was even then preëminent among English towns. The high houses that lined the long, narrow streets were partly the abode of nobles who came to attend the court, partly of merchants. There were thirteen conventual, and a hundred and twenty-six parish churches. A long suburb lined the side of the Thames from Temple Bar to Westminster, but it can not have stretched far to the north, for the men of London and Westminster played football in the fields that lay between. Country houses and gardens studded the country round the walls, and farther still were forests, in which
2 the citizens hunted and hawked. To a stranger, the only drawbacks on residence were the frequent fires and the curse of drunken riots; rich young men would scour the streets at night, molesting the citizens. But sharp justice sometimes overtook the offenders. The justiciary, Richard de Lucy, hanged a ringleader in these disorders, although he was the son of an eminent citizen, and offered a fine of five hundred marks for his life. A Jew, trying to inveigle a Christian, is represented as telling him that all the wickedness of the world was to be found in London: the gambling-house, the theatre, and the tavern;

troops of parasites, beggars, and sorcerers. There is a 3
brighter side to the picture. The citizens were famous for their hospitality. Intercourse with strangers refined their manners. The city matrons were modest, and the city schools frequented by diligent scholars. Above all, it was "Merry England" in those days; and in the metropolis, cock-fights, bear-baits and bull-baits, boat and horse races, games at ball, water tournaments, and skating, were among the amusements of holidays and the carnival.

It is probable that London was exceptionally rich. 4
Yet a traveler in the country, if he could not expect to find a restaurant like that on the banks of the Thames, which satisfied every want, and seemed to its chronicler to realize Plato's dreams, might at least count upon clean sheets, upon wine or ale, and substantial if homely fare. The varieties of fancy bread known in London can not have been common elsewhere; the men of Norfolk were derided for not knowing wheat when they saw it, and the worst loaf baked, "fourths," would barely sustain life. The police regulations of London, and the stories and proverbs in which millers figure, prove that adulteration was usual. The monks of Christ Church, Canterbury, could entertain a stranger with sixteen courses and several kinds of wine, as well as the beer, for which their city was famous; and the monks of St. Swithin's, at Winchester, complained to Henry II of an ascetic abbot who had restricted them from thirteen courses to ten. But the King himself was contented with three courses; and it is impossible to argue from rich foundations to the habits of life in the farm-house or the hovel. Butcher's 5
meat can not have been common, when markets were scarce; when meat was salted for winter in default of stall-feeding, and when cottagers looked chiefly to their own pigs and poultry for a supply. But the real evil

with respect to food lay in the constant fluctuations of price. The mean price of the quarter of wheat was about £3 during the twelfth century; in A. D. 1196 it rose to £42 15*s.*; and in the next year to nearly £60. What misery these fluctuations represent may be fairly guessed by those who have seen what the country endures
6 with a rise of one hundred per cent. Dysentery and "black deaths" swept off their thousands in the Middle Ages, or left them with weak constitutions to battle against scrofula and leprosy. These evils were increased by the people's mode of life. The frequent fires, and such words as "bower" and "lobby," show that wood was the common material of houses. The enactment of the council of Northampton that heretics' houses should be carried out of town and burned, is a picture in itself of the low booths in which peasants' families herded. A settle and pot were in all likelihood its only furniture. Among the rich, glass windows were coming into use, but chimneys were unknown; woven fabrics were too costly for common use; and the very palace of Becket was
7 strewn with rushes. The sheepskin was the dress of the poor as the catskin was of the rich; a night-shirt was a luxury and appurtenance of gentility, and even a king might habitually go ungloved. The river's edge was the natural place where the poor, wanting water and without fountains, would build. Poisoned by marsh exhalations, wasted by ague and skin-disease, huddled together in cabins, smoke-dried, gross eaters and uncleanly livers, the peasants were those on whom disease fell heaviest. That a nation thus circumstanced should have been able to per-
8 petuate itself seems wonderful. The reason, no doubt, lies partly in that strange reparative power of nature which meets a sudden drain by increased fertility, and partly in the fact that only the healthy and vigorous lived to become

parents. The puny, scrofulous child had little chance of growing up. Famine took the weak man, and the strong struggled through it. The imperfect science of the times did not help the sickly to lengthen out life, or transmit it through a series of wretched generations.

These facts point to the conclusion that the domestic 9
habits of our ancestors were more like our own than is commonly supposed, but that they were far below us in material comfort and the enjoyment of health. The introduction of cotton, the substitution of sugar for honey, even of lucifer matches for flint and steel, are additions to general well-being which no sensible man will undervalue. Still, they do not make up the sum of life. To a certain extent, the growth of comfort has thriven upon the decay of art. The ostentation of wealth, which once decorated a house with carved oriels or a stately porch, is now diverted to dress, furniture, and dinner parties. The public spirit which built a guildhall or a church is as unselfishly employed on soup kitchens and model lodging-houses. The scientific tendencies of our time have 10
substituted a vivid appreciation of material wants for mediæval idealism, and chemists, engineers, and astronomers have replaced the metaphysicians and artists of the Middle Ages. In a certain sense, no real progress can be one-sided. But a generation, or even a century, may attach itself so exclusively to facts as to lose its sense of a spiritual life. The very perfection of our mechanical arts absorbs the faculties and stunts the nature of those who work at them. A man who labors his ten hours a day at making the head of a pin is likely to be less educated, even though he can read or write, than the mediæval peasant, who was forced to ply several trades from the want of skilled craftsmen, who might serve as a soldier in Normandy or Ireland, who was bound to under-

stand something of the subtile laws under which he lived, and whom the influence of his church trained to a sense
11 of color, music, and architecture. The great principle, that in proportion as society is simple the individual will be many-sided, is truest of the higher classes. Such a bishop as Roger of Salisbury, who fought in the field, acted as justiciary, was architect and engineer, and administered a diocese, was assuredly the more capable man, if he was not the better churchman, for these qualifications. Pass to thought, and the same fact repeats itself. All knowledge in the Middle Ages was encyclopedic. It started from a few principles, it embraced comparatively few facts, and a single lifetime was sufficient to comprehend it. Scholars in special sciences have replaced the universal monarchs of learning. The belief that all knowledge is connected by certain first principles is still possible. But no man now can believe in his own power to codify all thought and harmonize the contradictions of facts. We are richer by solid experience, and only poorer by a dream; but it was a dream that gave beauty and dignity to the life of Roger Bacon.

12 It is in their finer perceptions of moral beauty and greatness that the apology of the Middle Ages must be found. They were times of rough men building up order and law by painful efforts rather than by harmonious insight, and often dragging the fabric out of shape by its buttresses. The excessive legislation of Church and State produced a harvest of rank and habitual crime which can only be paralleled in a few exceptional phases of modern history. The early proscription of pagan thought confined all but a few schoolmen and legists to the literature of their own times, so that Tacitus was supplanted by Bede, Alexander transformed into a knight-errant, and Virgil thought of as a magician. The great forms of

Greek art, the epic, the tragedy, and the idyll, were without influence on the trouveur or writer of gestes. Yet, 13
if their structure is often cumbrous and grotesque, the mediæval romances are none the less informed by a higher ideal of life than the Greek or Roman discerned. Achilles, dragging his enemy at his chariot-wheels, the capture of Troy by a perjury, the pitiless courage of Ulysses or Æneas disappear from Christian art, as the wholesale massacres of a Cæsar or the scenic butcheries of the amphitheatre were effaced from the practice of European society. The Greek Nemesis that avenged the exaltation of wealth or power was replaced by the orderly retribution of God's laws upon sin; Œdipus or Meleager by Arthur or Lancelot; and that conception of a feud between man and God which the passion of Prometheus displays disappeared for ever before the story of the Gospels. By its very want of subtlety, by its incapacity to 14
analyze, the mediæval mind was all the more trained to comprehend broad effects, and to distinguish good from bad. It had no moral twilights in which forms of good and evil blended into one; all was rigid and statuesque. If the grosser side of life found expression in coarse Fabliaux and a Decameron, even these were as far raised above Longus and Apuleius as above the sentimental school of later centuries, from Rousseau downward. The chivalrous conception of a gentleman, which embodied the active duty of resistance to evil in curious opposition to theological dogmas of passive submission, is now gradually disappearing from society. Yet those who regret it least will probably admit, not only that it was an advance on all inherited notions of culture and breeding, but that it did good service to the world at a time when law had no meshes for the strong.

Even our advance in science, real and great though it 15

be, is not absolute. Superstition and intolerance are as enduring as human weakness. Those who have watched the monstrous development of Mormonism, and know that the population of Utah is chiefly recruited from England, Wales, and America, may be pardoned if, for a moment, they envy the uncritical faith that never wandered out of its immature Christianity. Those who see the upper classes, the contemporaries of Mill and Faraday, believing by thousands in spirit-rapping and table-moving, may well turn reverently to the Acta Sanctorum. Often puerile, sometimes gross, sometimes even un-Christian, the legends of the mediæval saints are only illustrations of a rational faith in God's personal character and intervention; they do not contradict the philosophy of
16 their times. The laws of causation and gravitation had not then been developed by an illustrious line of thinkers. Yet, although a contrast like this may teach us to boast less confidently of progress, it is really in our favor. The master of ancient thinkers was as credulous in the region of the supernatural as his pupils. Among ourselves there is a constantly-widening circle of the enlightened, which restrains the half-educated world from relapsing into barbarism. The same argument applies to toleration. The spirit that branded Bishop Butler and Burke as concealed papists, that instigated the burning of Priestley's house, and deprived Shelley of his children, is not less deplorable in itself than the violence that massacred Jews or headed a crusade against the Albigenses. But the belief that persecution is the witness of earthly power to God's truth unhappily darkened the noblest minds of the Mid-
17 dle Ages. A few, chiefly among the clergy, protested against it, but the greatest kings of Europe, St. Louis and Edward I, thought it right to anticipate future judgment upon earth. Among ourselves there is still, no doubt, a

torpid mass of bigotry, but it is restrained from all but occasional outbursts by the righteous principles that long experience has worked into the public sense of Europe. The few active fanatics that still exist within the four seas number not a single statesman or man of learning in their ranks, and owe their power of annoyance to unscrupulous slander and immoral political partisanship. One by one the persecuting statutes, which intolerance developed from precedents in the last worst times of the Mediæval Church, are disappearing from the English statute book.

Until the Middle Ages are examined with a little of 18
that care which is freely lavished on Greek and Roman antiquity, it will be difficult for all but students to understand the singular fascination of centuries when the new life of a new world was dawning. There is a completeness about the classical epoch which no later period can reproduce. The politics of Athens and Rome were scarcely traversed by religious influences, and their statesmen never halt between two opinions. The strife of old and new was so imperceptible that the philosopher, who, more than any other, substituted a higher faith for the worn-out mythology, enjoined in his supreme agony a conventional sacrifice to an inferior god. The subtiler 19
sense of modern times that finds beauty and repose throughout Nature was, perhaps, wanting to the Greek, but his human appreciations were more complete; he saw only the charm of outline and luxuriance of growth, where the Christian started back from the traces of sin; and the marble was lifelike under the sculptor's hands, because tree and fountain and stream were instinct with a spiritual humanity. Moreover, time, who is a great artist, has taken away whatever was gross and perishable in the work of those sensuous generations, and left the better

part in the serene light of immortality. We see their temples without the smoke and revel of Cotyttian orgies, and think of their statues without inlaid ivory or gaudy
20 coloring. But we have not thus risen above the Middle Ages. Their laws are behind us and around; their faith suffers by comparison because we have partly changed it; and, while the classical enthusiasts who have offered garlands to Jupiter in modern times only serve to point an epigram, the man who looks back toward St. Louis or Dante is suspected of wishing to bind the world's chariot-wheels. The Middle Ages will be estimated more fairly as it becomes increasingly certain that they can never be restored. Contrasted with ancient society, they want the genuine scientific spirit that produced treatises like the Politics and elaborated an organic system of law; their literary art is commonly overpowered by its material; and in statuary and music they added nothing to the
21 world's wealth. But if they explored no new regions in abstract thought, they harmonized philosophy and faith with a success that has never yet been rivaled; they produced one poem—the Divina Commedia—which is as deep and various as the many-colored humanity it reflects; and they had an undergrowth of romance and religious legend which, for moral insight and play of fancy, may compare with any mythology. They carved dreams in stone, and lighted up the church walls or the missal with a lavish wealth of portraiture. Trammeled by the imperfect science they had inherited, they yet created chemistry, applied it to war with terrible results, and at last introduced the new order in which they passed away by an invention to multiply the learning they craved for. The science of banking and the laws of commerce are of
22 mediæval origin. Even greater has been the influence of these times upon society. The gladiator, the parasite,

and the slave have disappeared. The vulgar riot and debauchery, which scarcely disgraced an Alcibiades or a Cæsar, have been exchanged for the higher ideal of a Bayard or a Sydney. In one respect the conditions of early life favored an exceptional eminence in individuals. A William the Conqueror or Simon de Montfort could leave his mark more visibly upon society than a modern sovereign or statesman who rather adjusts rival forces than controls them. The advance of general intelligence has, in this instance, taken away a picturesque feature of history. And as we are the poorer by a little hero worship, we have also gained by experience a certain distrust in systems as an education for humanity. We no longer 23
conceive law as penetrating human life in every direction, or attempt to school the citizen in his daily work, or in morality and faith. No one thoroughly realizing the comprehensive links of mediæval police, or the full extent of regulations which bound the peasant to the soil, controlled the mechanic at his trade, and imposed recognized limits on speculation, can believe that such an order will ever again be possible till the course of the world be arrested. Yet the spectacle of childlike men working out their political Utopia, and building up painfully again as the baseless fabric fell down, is not without its teaching or its interest for our own days. We can look back on it as the old man reverts to the day-dreams and aspirations of youth, rather wondering at the buoyant energy that imagined or attempted, than contemptuous of the unsubstantial design that failed.

SKETCH OF LORD FALKLAND.

CLARENDON'S "HISTORY OF THE REBELLION."

Lord Falkland was one of the most accomplished Englishmen of Charles I's time, a scholar as well as a soldier. The character of the great civil war in which he lost his life has been elsewhere explained.

1 In this unhappy battle (of Newbury) was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland, a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that, if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity.

Turpe mori, post te, solo non posse dolore.

2 Before this parliament, his condition of life was so happy that it was hardly capable of improvement. Before he came to be twenty years of age he was master of a noble fortune, which descended to him by the gift of a grandfather, without passing through his father or mother, who were then both alive, and not well enough contented to find themselves passed by in the descent. His education for some years had been in Ireland, where his father was lord-deputy; so that, when he returned into England to the possession of his fortune, he was unentangled with any acquaintance or friends, which usually grow up by the custom of conversation, and, therefore, was to make a pure election of his company, which he chose by other rules than were prescribed to the young nobility of that time. And it can not be denied, though

he admitted some few to his friendship for the agreeableness of their natures, and their undoubted affection to him, that his familiarity and friendship for the most part was with men of the most eminent and sublime parts, and of untouched reputation in point of integrity, and such men had a title to his bosom.

He was a great cherisher of wit, and fancy, and good 3
parts in any man; and if he found them clouded with poverty or want, a most liberal and bountiful patron toward them, even above his fortune, of which, in those administrations, he was such a dispenser as if he had been trusted with it to such uses; and if there had been the least of vice in his expense, he might have been thought too prodigal. He was constant and pertinacious in whatsoever he resolved to do, and not to be wearied by any pains that were necessary to that end. And, therefore, having once resolved not to see London, which he loved above all places, till he had perfectly learned the Greek tongue, he went to his own house in the country and pursued it with that indefatigable industry that it will not be believed in how short a time he was master of it, and accurately read all the Greek historians.

In this time, his house being within little more than 4
ten miles of Oxford, he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that university, who found such an immenseness of wit, and such a solidity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy bound in by most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge, that he was not ignorant in anything, yet such an excessive humility, as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted and dwelt with him as in a college situated in a purer air; so that his house was a university in a less volume, whither they came not so much for repose as study, and to examine and refine those grosser

propositions which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation. . . .

5 He was superior to all those passions and affections which attend vulgar minds, and was guilty of no other ambition than of knowledge, and to be reputed a lover of all good men; and that made him too much a contemner of those arts which must be indulged in the transactions of human affairs. In the last Short Parliament he was a burgess in the House of Commons, and from the debates, which were there managed with all imaginable gravity and sobriety, he contracted such a reverence to parliaments that he thought it really impossible they could ever produce mischief or inconvenience to the kingdom, or that the kingdom could be tolerably happy in the intermission of them. . . .

6 The great opinion he had of the uprightness and integrity of those persons who appeared most active, especially of Mr. Hampden, kept him longer from suspecting any design against the peace of the kingdom; and though he differed from them commonly in conclusions, he believed long their purposes were honest. When he grew better informed what was law, and discerned in them a desire to control that law by a vote of one or both Houses, no man more opposed those attempts, and gave the adverse party more trouble by reason and argumentation; insomuch as he was by degrees looked upon as an advocate for the court, to which he contributed so little that he declined those addresses, and even those invitations which

7 he was obliged almost by civility to entertain. And he was so jealous of the least imagination that he should incline to preferment, that he affected even a moroseness to the court and to the courtiers, and left nothing undone which might prevent and divert the King's or Queen's favor toward him but the deserving it. For when the

King sent for him once or twice to speak with him, and to give him thanks for his excellent comportment in those councils, which his Majesty graciously termed "doing him service," his answers were more negligent and less satisfactory than might be expected; as if he cared only that his actions should be just, not that they should be acceptable; and that his Majesty should think that they proceeded only from the impulsion of conscience, without any sympathy in his affections.

He had a courage of the most clear and keen temper, 8
and so far from fear that he seemed not without some appetite of danger; and, therefore, upon any occasion of action, he always engaged his person in those troops which he thought, by the forwardness of the commanders, to be most like to be farthest engaged; and, in all such encounters, he had about him an extraordinary cheerfulness, without at all affecting the execution that usually attended them; in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it, where it was not by resistance made necessary; insomuch that, at Edgehill, when the enemy was routed, he was like to have incurred great peril by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom, it may be, others were more fierce for their having thrown them away; so that a man might think he came into the field chiefly out of curiosity, to see the face of danger, and charity, to prevent the shedding of blood.

Yet, in his natural inclination, he acknowledged he 9
was addicted to the profession of a soldier; and, shortly after he came to his fortune, before he was of age, he went into the Low Countries, with a resolution of procuring command, and to give himself up to it; from which he was diverted by the complete inactivity of that summer; so he returned to England, and shortly after

entered upon that vehement course of study we mentioned before, till the first alarm from the north; then again he made ready for the field, and, though he received some repulse in the command of a troop of horse, of which he had a promise, he went a volunteer with the Earl of Essex.

10 From the entrance into this unnatural war his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him which he had never been used to; yet, being one of those who believed that one battle would end all differences, and that there would be so great a victory on one side that the other would be compelled to submit to any conditions from the victor—which supposition and conclusion generally sunk into the minds of most men, and prevented the looking after many advantages that might then have been laid hold of—he resisted those indispositions.

11 But, after the King's return from Brentford, and the furious resolution of the two Houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those indispositions, which had before touched him, grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness, and he, who had been so exactly easy and affable to all men, that his face and countenance was always present and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness and less pleasantness of the visage a kind of rudeness or incivility, became on a sudden less communicable, and thence very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he had minded before always with more neatness and industry and expense than is usual to so great a soul, he was not now only incurious, but too negligent; and, in his reception of suitors, and the necessary or casual addresses to his place, so quick and sharp and severe that there wanted not some men—strangers to his nature and disposition—

who believed him proud and imperious; from which no mortal man was ever more free. . . .

When there was any overture or hope of peace, he 12
would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it; and, sitting among his friends, often after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word "Peace! peace!" and would passionately profess "that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart." This made some think, or pretend to think, "that he was so much enamored of peace that he would have been glad the King should have bought it at any price," which was a most unreasonable calumny. As if a man, that was himself the most punctual and precise in every circumstance that might reflect upon conscience or honor, could have wished the King to have committed a trespass against either! . . .

In the morning before the battle, as always upon 13
action, he was very cheerful, and put himself into the first rank of the Lord Byron's regiment, then advancing upon the enemy, who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers, from whence he was shot with a musket-ball, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning; till when, there was some hope he might have been a prisoner, though his nearest friends, who knew his temper, received small comfort from that imagination.

Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four- 14
and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much dispatched the true business of life that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the

world with more innocency. Whosoever leads such a life needs be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him.

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF EDWARD VI.

BURNET'S "HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION."

Burnet's sketch of Edward VI is both interesting and touching. Edward VI was the son of Henry VIII and Jane Seymour, the successor of Anne Boleyn in Henry's affections. History presents few brighter examples than the boy king, Edward VI.

1 In the beginning of January this year (1553) he was seized with a deep cough, and all medicines that were used did rather increase than lessen it. He was so ill when the Parliament met that he was not able to go to Westminster, but ordered their first meeting and the sermon to be at Whitehall. In the time of his sickness Bishop Ridley preached before him, and took occasion to run out much on works of charity, and the obligation that lay on men of high condition to be eminent in good works. This touched the King to the quick; so that, presently after the sermon, he sent for the Bishop. And, after he had commanded him to sit down by him, and be covered, he resumed most of the heads of the sermon, and said he looked upon himself as chiefly touched by it. He desired him, as he had already given him the exhortation in general, so to direct him to do his duty in that
2 particular. The Bishop, astonished at this tenderness in so young a prince, burst forth in tears, expressing how much he was overjoyed to see such inclinations in him; but told him he must take time to think on it, and craved leave to consult with the Lord-Mayor and court of alder-

men. So the King wrote by him to them to consult speedily how the poor should be relieved. They considered there were three sorts of poor: such as were so by natural infirmity or folly, as impotent persons, and madmen or idiots; such as were so by accident, as sick or maimed persons; and such as, by their idleness, did cast themselves into poverty. So the King ordered the Greyfriars' 3
Church, near Newgate, with the revenues belonging to it, to be a house for orphans; St. Bartholomew's, near Smithfield, to be an hospital; and gave his own house of Bridewell to be a place of correction and work for such as were willfully idle. He also confirmed and enlarged the grant for the hospital of St. Thomas, in Southwark, which he had erected and endowed in August last. And when he had set his hand to these foundations, which was not done before the 5th of June this year, he thanked God that had prolonged his life till he had finished that design. So he was the first founder of those houses, which, by many great additions since that time, have risen to be among the noblest in Europe.

He expressed, in the whole course of his sickness, 4
great submission to the will of God, and seemed glad at the approaches of death; only the consideration of religion and the church touched him much; and upon that account he said he was desirous of life. . . . His distemper rather increased than abated; so that the physicians had no hope of his recovery. Upon which a confident woman came, and undertook his cure, if he might be put into her hands. This was done, and the physicians were put from him, upon this pretense, that, they having no hopes of his recovery, in a desperate case, desperate remedies were to be applied. This was said to 5
be the Duke of Northumberland's advice in particular; and it increased the people's jealousy of him when they

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saw the King grow sensibly worse every day after he came under the woman's care; which becoming so plain, she was put from him, and the physicians were again sent for and took him into their charge. But if they had small hopes before, they had none at all now. Death thus hastening on him, the Duke of Northumberland, who had done but half his work, except he had got the King's sisters in his hands, got the council to write to them in the King's name, inviting them to come and keep him
6 company in his sickness. But as they were on the way, on the 6th of July, his spirits and body were so sunk that he found death approaching; and so he composed himself to die in a most devout manner. His whole exercise was in short prayers and ejaculations. The last that he was heard to use was in these words: "Lord God! deliver me out of this miserable and wretched life, and take me among thy chosen; howbeit, not my will, but thine be done; Lord, I commit my spirit to thee. O Lord! thou knowest how happy it were for me to be with thee; yet, for thy chosen's sake, send me life and health, that I may truly serve thee. O my Lord God! bless my people and save thine inheritance. O Lord God! save thy chosen people of England. O Lord God! defend this realm from heresy, and maintain thy true religion, that I and my people may praise thy holy name, for Jesus Christ, his sake." Seeing some about him, he seemed troubled that they were so near, and had heard him; but, with a pleasant countenance, he said he had been praying to God. And soon after, the pangs of death coming upon him, he said to Sir Henry Sidney, who was holding him in his arms: "I am faint; Lord, have mercy on me, and receive my spirit"; and so he breathed out his innocent soul.

7 Thus died King Edward VI, that incomparable young

prince. He was then in the sixteenth year of his age, and was counted the wonder of that time. He was not only learned in the tongues, and other liberal sciences, but knew well the state of his kingdom. He kept a book in which he wrote the characters that were given him of all the chief men of the nation, all the judges, lord-lieutenants, and justices of the peace over England; in it he had marked down their way of living, and their zeal for religion. He had studied the matter of the mint, with the exchange and value of money; so that he understood it well, as appears by his journal. He also understood fortification, and designed well. He knew all the harbors and ports, both of his own dominions and of France and Scotland; and how much water they had, and what was the way of coming into them. He had acquired 8 great knowledge of foreign affairs; so that he talked with the ambassadors about them in such a manner that they filled all the world with the highest opinion of him that was possible; which appears in most of the histories of that age. He had great quickness of apprehension; and, being mistrustful of his memory, used to take notes of almost everything he heard; he wrote these first in Greek characters, that those about him might not understand them; and afterward wrote them out in his journal. He had a copy brought him of everything that passed in council, which he put in a chest, and kept the key of that always himself.

In a word, the natural and acquired perfections of his 9 mind were wonderful; but his virtues and true piety were yet more extraordinary. . . . (He) was tender and compassionate in a high measure; so that he was much against taking away the lives of heretics; and, therefore, said to Cranmer, when he persuaded him to sign the warrant for the burning of Joan of Kent, that he was not will-

ing to do it, because he thought that was to send her quick to hell. He expressed great tenderness to the miseries of the poor in his sickness, as hath been already shown. He took particular care of the suits of all poor persons, and gave Dr. Cox special charge to see that their petitions were speedily answered, and used oft to consult with him how to get their matters set forward. He was an exact keeper of his word; and, therefore, as appears by his journal, was most careful to pay his debts, and to keep his credit, knowing that to be the chief nerve of government, since a prince that breaks his faith, and loses his credit, has thrown up that which he can never recover, and made himself liable to perpetual distrusts and extreme contempt.

He had, above all things, a great regard to religion. He took notes of such things as he heard in sermons, which more especially concerned himself; and made his measures of all men by their zeal in that matter. . . . All men who saw and observed these qualities in him looked on him as one raised by God for most extraordinary ends; and, when he died, concluded that the sins of England had been great that had provoked God to take from them a prince under whose government they were like to have seen such blessed times. He was so affable and sweet-natured that all had free access to him at all times, by which he came to be most universally beloved; and all the high things that could be devised were said by the people to express their esteem of him.

SKETCH OF CHARLES II.

BURNET'S "HISTORY OF MY OWN TIME."

Bishop Burnet gives us a lifelike picture of the "Merry Monarch," Charles II of England. The era of the English Restoration (1660–1685) was one of the most profligate and debased in English history. In courtly society patriotism was almost extinct, purity and fidelity had become a jest and a scoffing. From the extreme austerity of Puritanism, the more polished elements of society, upon the restoration of Charles II (1660), went to the extreme of debauchery and licentiousness. Never was the honor of England at so low an ebb. Under Cromwell her name was honored and respected throughout Europe; under Charles II she sunk to the level of a dependency of France. The age, however, was not without its great men. During the Restoration Milton produced his "Paradise Lost," and Sir Isaac Newton was in the vigor of his manhood. The student should consult Macaulay's "History of England," Masson's "Life and Times of Milton," and Pepys's "Diary."

THUS lived and died King Charles II. He was the 1
greatest instance in history of the various revolutions of which any one man seemed capable. He was bred, up to the first twelve years of his life, with the splendor that became the heir of so great a crown. After that, he passed through eighteen years of great inequalities—unhappy in the war, in the loss of his father, and of the crown of England. Scotland did not only receive him, though upon terms hard of digestion, but made an attempt upon England for him, though a feeble one. He lost the battle of Worcester with too much indifference. And then he showed more care of his person than became one who had so much at stake. He wandered about England for ten weeks after that, hiding from place to place. But, under all the apprehensions he had then upon him, 2
he showed a temper so careless, and so much turned to levity, that he was then diverting himself with little

household sports, in as unconcerned a manner as if he had made no loss, and had been in no danger at all. He got at last out of England. But he had been obliged to so many who had been faithful to him, and careful of him, that he seemed afterward to resolve to make an equal return to them all; and finding it not easy to reward them all as they deserved, he forgot them all alike. Most princes seem to have this pretty deep in them, and to think that they ought never to remember past services, but that their acceptance of them is a full reward. He, of all in our age, exerted this piece of prerogative in the amplest manner, for he never seemed to charge his memory or to trouble his thoughts with the sense of any of
3 the services that had been done him. While he was abroad at Paris, Cologne, or Brussels, he never seemed to lay anything to heart. He pursued all his diversions and irregular pleasures in a free career, and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown as the greatest philosopher could have been. Nor did he willingly hearken to any of those projects with which he often complained that his chancellor persecuted him. That in which he seemed most concerned was to find money for supporting his expenses. And it was often said that if Cromwell would have compounded the matter, and have given him a good round pension, that he might have been induced to resign his title to him. During his exile he delivered himself so entirely to his pleasures that he became incapable of application. He spent little of his time in read-
4 ing or study, and yet less in thinking. And in the state his affairs were then in, he accustomed himself to say to every person, and upon all occasions, that which he thought would please most; so that words or promises went very easily from him. And he had so ill an opinion of mankind that he thought the great art of living

and governing was to manage all things and all persons with a depth of craft and dissimulation. And in that few men in the world could put on the appearances of sincerity better than he could, under which so much artifice was usually hid; that, in conclusion, he could deceive none, for all were become mistrustful of him. He had great 5
vices, but scarce any virtues to correct them. He had in him some vices that were less hurtful, which corrected his more hurtful ones. He was, during the active part of life, given up to sloth and lewdness to such a degree that he hated business, and could not bear the engaging in anything that gave him much trouble, or put him under any constraint. And though he desired to become absolute, and to overturn both our religion and our laws, yet he would neither run the risk nor give himself the trouble which so great a design required. He had an appearance of gentleness in his outward deportment, but he seemed to have no tenderness in his nature, and in the end of his life he became cruel. He was apt to forgive 6
all crimes, even blood itself, yet he never forgave anything that was done against himself after his first and general act of indemnity, which was to be reckoned as done rather upon maxims of state than inclinations of mercy. He delivered himself up to a most enormous course of vice, without any sort of restraint, even from the consideration of the nearest relations. The most studied extravagances that way seemed, to the very last, to be much delighted in and pursued by him. He had the art of making all people grow fond of him at first, by a softness in his whole way of conversation, as he was certainly the best-bred man of the age. But when it appeared how little could be built on his promise, they were cured of the fondness that he was apt to raise in them. When he saw young men of quality, who had something more

than ordinary in them, he drew them about him, and set himself to corrupt them both in religion and morality, in which he proved so unhappily successful that he left England much changed at his death from what he had found
7 it at his restoration. He loved to talk over all the stories of his life to every new man that came about him. His stay in Scotland, and the share he had in the war of Paris, in carrying messages from the one side to the other, were his common topics. He went over these in a very graceful manner, but so often and so copiously that all those who had been long accustomed to them grew weary of them; and when he entered on those stories they usually withdrew; so that he often began them in a full audience, and before he had done there were not above four or five persons left about him, which drew a severe jest from Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. He said he wondered to see a man have so good a memory as to repeat the same story without losing the least circumstance, and yet not remember that he had told it to the same person the very day before. This made him fond of strangers, for they hearkened to all his often-repeated stories, and went away as in a rapture at such an uncommon condescension in a king.

8 His person and temper, his vices as well as his fortunes, resemble the character that we have given us of Tiberius so much that it were easy to draw the parallel between them. Tiberius's banishment, and his coming afterward to reign, makes the comparison in that respect come pretty near. His hating of business and his love of pleasures; his raising of favorites, and trusting them entirely; his pulling them down, and hating them excessively; his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness that I did not wonder much to observe

the resemblance of their faces and persons. At Rome I saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius, after he had lost his teeth. But, bating the alteration which that made, it was so like King Charles that Prince Borghese and Signior Dominico, to whom it belonged, did agree with me in thinking that it looked like a statue made for him.

Few things ever went near his heart. The Duke of 9
Gloucester's death seemed to touch him much. But those who knew him best thought it was because he had lost him by whom only he could have balanced the surviving brother, whom he hated, and yet embroiled all his affairs to preserve the succession to him.

His ill conduct in the first Dutch war, and those terrible calamities of the plague and fire of London, with that loss and reproach which he suffered by the insult at Chatham, made all people conclude there was a curse upon his government. His throwing the public hatred, at that time, upon Lord Clarendon was both unjust and ungrateful. And when his people had brought him out of all his difficulties upon his entering into the triple alliance, his selling that to France, and his entering on the second Dutch war with as little color as he had for the first; his beginning it with the attempt on the Dutch Smyrna fleet; the shutting up the exchequer; and his declaration for toleration—make such a chain of black actions, flowing from blacker designs, that it amazed those who had known all this to see with what impudent strains of flattery addresses were penned during his life, and yet more grossly after his death. His contributing 10
so much to the raising the greatness of France, chiefly at sea, was such an error that it could not flow from want of thought, or of true sense. Ruvigny told me he desired that all the methods the French took in the increase

and conduct of their naval force might be sent him; and he said he seemed to study them with concern and zeal. He showed what errors they committed, and how they ought to be corrected, as if he had been a viceroy to France, rather than a king that ought to have watched over and prevented the progress they made, as the greatest of all the mischiefs that could happen to him or to his people. They that judged the most favorably of this thought it was done out of revenge to the Dutch; that, with the assistance of so great a fleet as France could join to his own, he might be able to destroy them. But others put a worse construction on it, and thought that, seeing he could not quite master or deceive his subjects by his own strength and management, he was willing to help forward the greatness of the French at sea; that by their assistance he might more certainly subdue his own people; according to what was generally believed to have fallen from Lord Clifford, that if the King must be in a dependence, it was better to pay it to a great and generous king than to five hundred of his own insolent subjects.

11 No part of his character looked wickeder, as well as meaner, than that he, all the while that he was professing to be of the Church of England, expressing both zeal and affection to it, was yet secretly reconciled to the Roman Catholic Church, thus mocking God, and deceiving the world with so gross a prevarication. And his not having the honesty or courage to own it at the last; his not showing any sign of the least remorse for his ill-led life, or any tenderness either for his subjects in general, or for the Queen and his servants; and his recommending only his favorites and their children to his brother's care—would have been a strange conclusion to any other's life, but was well enough suited to all the other parts of his.

CHARACTER OF WILLIAM III, OF ENGLAND.

BURNET'S "HISTORY OF MY OWN TIMES."

Bishop Burnet, who enjoyed the confidence of William III, has given us a clear likeness of the great hero. If the student will read Macaulay's delineation of William, in his "History of England," he can not fail to see how largely it is indebted to Burnet's sketch. William III was the great champion of Protestantism in Europe during the latter part of the seventeenth century, as his illustrious ancestor, William the Silent, was during the latter part of the sixteenth. William III married Mary, the daughter of James II, of England, and upon the abdication of James in 1688, he was invited to the English throne. His reign is celebrated for the firm settlement of constitutional monarchy in England. The student should consult Macaulay's "History of England," Von Ranke's "History of England," principally in the seventeenth century, Freeman on the "English Constitution," Greene's "Short History of the English People."

THUS lived and died William III, King of Great 1
Britain, and Prince of Orange. He had a thin and weak body, was brown-haired, and of a clear and delicate constitution. He had a Roman eagle nose, bright and sparkling eyes, a large front, and a countenance composed to gravity and authority. All his senses were critical and exquisite. He was always asthmatical; and the dregs of the small-pox falling on his lungs, he had a constant deep cough. His behavior was solemn and serious, seldom cheerful, and but with a few. He spoke little and very slowly, and most commonly with a disgusting dryness, which was his character at all times, except in a day of battle; for then he was all fire, though without passion; he was then everywhere, and looked to everything. He had no great advantage from his educa- 2
tion. DeWitt's discourses were of great use to him; and he, being apprehensive of the observation of those who

were looking narrowly into everything he said or did, had brought himself under an habitual caution that he could never shake off; though in another scene it proved as hurtful as it was then necessary to his affairs. He spoke Dutch, French, English, and German equally well; and he understood the Latin, Spanish, and Italian, so that he was well fitted to command armies composed of several nations. He had a memory that amazed all about him, for it never failed him. He was an exact observer of men and things. His strength lay rather in a true discerning and a sound judgment than in imagination or invention. His designs were always great and good.
3 But it was thought he trusted too much to that, and that he did not descend enough to the humors of his people to make himself and his notions more acceptable to them. This, in a government that has so much of freedom in it as ours, was more necessary than he was inclined to believe. His reservedness grew on him, so that it disgusted most of those who served him; but he had observed the errors of too much talking, more than those of too cold a silence. He did not like contradiction, nor to have his actions censured; but he loved to employ and favor those who had the arts of complacence, yet he did not love flat-
4 terers. His genius lay chiefly to war, in which his courage was more admired than his conduct. Great errors were often committed by him; but his heroical courage set things right, as it inflamed those who were about him. He was too lavish of money on some occasions, both in his buildings and to his favorites, but too sparing in rewarding services, or in encouraging those who brought intelligence. He was apt to take ill impressions of people, and these stuck long with him; but he never carried them to indecent revenges. He gave too much way to his own humor, almost in everything, not excepting that

which related to his own health. He knew all foreign affairs well, and understood the state of every court in Europe very particularly. He instructed his own ministers himself, but he did not apply enough to affairs at home. He tried how he could govern us, by balancing the two parties one against another; but he came at last to be persuaded that the Tories were irreconcilable to him, and he was resolved to try and trust them no more. He believed the truth of the Christian religion very 5
firmly, and he expressed a horror at atheism and blasphemy; and though there was much of both in his court, yet it was always denied to him, and kept out of sight. He was most exemplarily decent and devout in the public exercises of the worship of God; only on week-days he came too seldom to them. He was an attentive hearer of sermons, and was constant in his private prayers, and in reading the Scriptures; and when he spoke of religious matters, which he did not often, it was with a becoming gravity. He was much possessed with the belief of absolute decrees. He said to me he adhered to these because he did not see how the belief of Providence could be maintained upon any other supposition. His indifference 6
as to the forms of church government, and his being zealous for toleration, together with his cold behavior toward the clergy, gave them generally very ill impressions of him. In his deportment toward all about him, he seemed to make little distinction between the good and the bad, and those who served well or those who served him ill. He loved the Dutch, and was much beloved among them; but the ill returns he met from the English nation, their jealousies of him, and their perverseness toward him, had too much soured his mind, and had in a great measure alienated him from them; which he did not take care enough to conceal, though he saw the ill

7 effects this had upon his business. He grew, in his last years, too remiss and careless as to all affairs, till the treacheries of France awakened him, and the dreadful conjunction of the monarchies gave so loud an alarm to all Europe; for a watching over that court, and a bestirring himself against their practices, was the prevailing passion of his whole life. Few men had the art of concealing and governing passion more than he had; yet few men had stronger passions, which were seldom felt by inferior servants, to whom he usually made such recompenses for any sudden or indecent vents he might give his anger, that they were glad at every time that it broke upon them. He was too easy to the faults of those about him, when they did not lie in his own way, or cross any of his designs; and he was so apt to think that his ministers might grow insolent if they should find that they had much credit with him, that he seemed to have made it a maxim to let them often feel how little power they had even in small matters. His favorites had a more entire power, but he accustomed them only to inform him of things, but to be sparing in offering advice, except when it was asked. It was not easy to account for the reasons of the favor that he showed, in the highest instances, to two persons beyond all others, the Earls of Portland and Albemarle, they being in all respects men not only of different, but of opposite characters. Secrecy and fidelity were the only qualities in
8 which it could be said that they did in any sort agree. I have now run through the chief branches of his character. I had occasion to know him well, having observed him very carefully in a course of sixteen years. I had a large measure of his favor, and a free access to him all the while, though not at all times to the same degree. The freedom that I used with him was not always ac-

ceptable; but he saw that I served him faithfully; so, after some intervals of coldness, he always returned to a good measure of confidence in me. I was, in many great instances, much obliged by him; but that was not my chief bias to him; I considered him as a person raised up by God to resist the power of France, and the progress of tyranny and persecution. The series of the five Princes of Orange that was now ended in him was the noblest succession of heroes that we find in any history. And the thirty years, from the year 1672 to his death, in which he acted so great a part, carry in them so many amazing steps of a glorious and distinguishing Providence that, in the words of David, he may be called "The man of God's right hand, whom he made strong for himself." After all the abatements that may be allowed for his errors and faults, he ought still to be reckoned among the greatest princes that our history, or, indeed, that any other can afford. He died in a critical 9
time for his own glory, since he had formed a great alliance, and had projected the whole scheme of the war; so that, if it succeeds, a great part of the honor of it will be ascribed to him; and, if otherwise, it will be said he was the soul of the alliance, that did both animate and knit it together, and that it was natural for that body to die and fall asunder, when he who gave it life was withdrawn. Upon his death, some moved for a magnificent funeral; but it seemed not decent to run into unnecessary expense when we were entering on a war that must be maintained at a vast charge. So a private funeral was resolved on. But, for the honor of his memory, a noble monument and an equestrian statue were ordered. Some years must show whether these things were really intended, or if they were only spoken of to excuse the privacy of his funeral, which was scarce decent, so far was it from being magnificent.

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

HUME'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

This extract from Hume's "History of England" should be compared with Froude's "Sketch of Elizabeth and her Reign," given in the "Reader."

1 Some incidents happened which revived her tenderness for Essex, and filled her with the deepest sorrow for the consent which she had unwarily given to his execution.

The Earl of Essex, after his return from the fortunate expedition against Cadiz, observing the increase of the queen's fond attachment toward him, took occasion to regret that the necessity of her service required him often to be absent from her person, and exposed him to all those ill offices which his enemies, more assiduous in their attendance, could employ against him. She was moved with this tender jealousy; and making him the present of a ring, desired him to keep that pledge of her affection, and assured him that into whatever disgrace he should fall, whatever prejudices she might be induced to entertain against him, yet, if he sent her that ring, she would immediately, upon sight of it, recall her former tenderness, would afford him a patient hearing, and
2 would lend a favorable ear to his apology. Essex, notwithstanding all his misfortunes, reserved this precious gift to the last extremity; but, after his trial and condemnation, he resolved to try the experiment, and he committed the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, whom he desired to deliver it to the queen. The countess was prevailed on by her husband, the mortal enemy of Essex, not to execute the commission; and Elizabeth, who still expected that her favorite would make this last

appeal to her tenderness, and who ascribed the neglect of it to his invincible obstinacy, was, after much delay and many internal combats, pushed by resentment and policy to sign the warrant for his execution. The Countess of Nottingham, falling into sickness and affected with the near approach of death, was seized with remorse for her conduct; and having obtained a visit from the queen, she craved her pardon, and revealed to her the fatal secret. The queen, astonished with this incident, burst into a furious passion; she shook the dying countess in her bed; and crying to her that God might pardon her, but she never could, she broke from her, and thenceforth resigned herself over to the deepest and most incurable melancholy. She rejected all consolation; she even re- 3
fused food and sustenance; and, throwing herself on the floor, she remained sullen and immovable, feeding her thoughts on her afflictions, and declaring life and existence an insufferable burden to her. Few words she uttered; and they were all expressive of some inward grief which she cared not to reveal: but sighs and groans were the chief vent which she gave to her despondency, and which, though they discovered her sorrows, were never able to ease or assuage them. Ten days and nights she lay upon the carpet, leaning on cushions which her maids brought her; and her physicians could not persuade her to allow herself to be put to bed, much less to make trial of any remedies which they prescribed to her. Her anx- 4
ious mind at last had so long preyed on her frail body that her end was visibly approaching; and the council being assembled, sent the keeper, admiral, and secretary, to know her will with regard to her successor. She answered with a faint voice that, as she had held a regal scepter, she desired no other than a royal successor. Cecil requesting her to explain herself more particularly, she

subjoined that she would have a king to succeed her; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman, the king of Scots? Being then advised by the Archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts upon God, she replied that she did so, nor did her mind in the least wander from him. Her voice soon after left her; her senses failed; she fell into a lethargic slumber, which continued some hours, and she expired gently, without further struggle or convulsion (March 24, 1603), in the seventieth year of her age and forty-fifth of her reign.

5 So dark a cloud overcast the evening of that day, which had shone out with a mighty luster in the eyes of all Europe. There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies and the adulation of friends than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration and the strong features of her character were able to overcome all prejudices; and, obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct.

6 Her vigor, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person that ever filled a throne: a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess: her heroism was exempt from temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship

from partiality, her active temper from turbulency and a vain ambition: she guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities, the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded 7
equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and, while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration—the true secret for managing religious factions—she preserved her people by her superior prudence from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighboring nations; and, though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigor to make deep impressions on their states; her own greatness meanwhile remained untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished 8
under her reign share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy, and with all their abilities, they were never able to acquire any undue ascendency over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress: the force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still su-

perior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

9 The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure or diminishing the luster of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable
10 weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

CHARACTER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

ROBERTSON'S "HISTORY OF SCOTLAND."

Robertson's character of Mary Stuart is drawn with his usual sobriety and gravity. Perhaps no woman that ever lived was so endowed with the gift of fascination, the faculty of taking men captive at her will. John Knox, the Scottish reformer, was one of the few men of her time who seems to have been impervious to her

charms. After the lapse of three centuries, her sway over the imagination has not abated, and no historical character of the sixteenth century is the subject of more controversy and investigation.

To all the charms of beauty and the utmost elegance 1
of external form, she added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspicious. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation, which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed 2
with the qualities which we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befell her; we must likewise add that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though 3
the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality, yet neither these nor Bothwell's artful address and important services can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this

unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character which it can not approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation more than to her dispositions, and to lament the unhappiness of the former rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter.

4 With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colors. Her eyes were a dark gray, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and color. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sang and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Toward the end of her life she began to grow fat, and her long confinement and the coldness of the houses in which she had been imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which deprived her of the use of her limbs. "No man," says Brantome, "ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow."

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

ROBERTSON'S "HISTORY OF AMERICA."

It is a singular fact in connection with the history of Columbus, that he died in ignorance of the magnitude of his own discoveries. He never touched the mainland of North America, and to the last was probably not aware that he had brought a new continent to light. Claims have been set up in favor of an earlier discovery of America by the Danes or Norsemen, who probably made some temporary settlements on the New England coast. The student will find some very entertaining reading in Anderson's "America not Discovered by Columbus," but its conclusions should be accepted with considerable reserve. They can scarcely be regarded, even if they be true, as detracting essentially from the glory and renown due to Columbus as the discoverer of America.

NEXT morning, being Friday, the third day of August, 1 in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in the presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion. But in a voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention . . .

Upon the 1st of October they were, according to the 2 admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries; but, lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot nor those of the other ships had skill sufficient to correct this error and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea; they

had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearances of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever.
3 These reflections occurred often to men who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression at first upon the ignorant and timid, and, extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity, in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to cer-
4 tain destruction. They contended that it was necessary to think of returning to Spain while their crazy vessels were still in a condition to keep the sea, but expressed their fears that the attempt would prove vain, as the wind, which had hitherto been so favorable to their course, must render it impossible to sail in the opposite direction. All agreed that Columbus should be compelled by force to adopt a measure on which their common safety depended. Some of the more audacious proposed, as the most expeditious and certain method for

getting rid at once of his remonstrances, to throw him into the sea, being persuaded that, upon their return to Spain, the death of an unsuccessful projector would excite little concern, and be inquired into with no curiosity.

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. 5
He had observed, with great uneasiness, the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavored to work upon their ambition or avarice by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions he 6
assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign if, by their dastardly behavior, they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence, were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching 7
land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making toward the southwest. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his

course from due west toward that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair ap-
8 peared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost. The officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent.
9 It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course toward Spain.

10 Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again toward their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable; nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so

short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding-line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land-birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the Pinta observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the Nigna took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and during night the wind became unequal and variable. From all these 11
symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the 11th of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing intently toward that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had so long been the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, stand- 12
ing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Guttierez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Guttierez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight the joyful sound of "*Land! Land!*" was heard from the Pinta, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty

and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country.

13 The crew of the Pinta instantly began the "Te Deum," as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feeling of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

14 As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed toward the island with their colors displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot on the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His

men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded 15
by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene 16
now before them. Every herb and shrub and tree was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper-color, their features singular rather than disagreeable, their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well

shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their bodies, were fantastically painted with glaring colors. They were shy at first through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them hawk-bells, glass beads, or other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only com-
17 modity of value which they could produce. Toward evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes, and, though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds, everything was conducted amicably and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from the regions that began to open to their views. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country.

CROMWELL'S EXPULSION OF THE PARLIAMENT IN 1653.

LINGARD'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

Dr. John Lingard's "History of England" still maintains an honorable place in our historical literature. Some of his conjectures have been recently confirmed by documentary evidence. We have here a description of the expulsion of the famous Long Parliament by Oliver Cromwell in 1653. This act of violence was one of the steps by which Cromwell attained absolute power. No historical character is more difficult to estimate satisfactorily than Oliver Cromwell.

One of the best analyses of his character is that of Von Ranke, given in the "Reader." Perhaps nothing but Puritanism could have produced such an anomaly. After his death in 1658, and the abdication of his son Richard Cromwell, the House of Stuart was restored to the throne in the person of King Charles II, son of King Charles I, who was beheaded in 1649. (See Greene's "Short History of the English People"; Carlyle's "Life and Letters of Cromwell.")

At length Cromwell fixed on his plan to procure the 1
dissolution of the Parliament, and to vest for a time the sovereign authority in a council of forty persons, with himself at their head. It was his wish to effect this quietly by the votes of the Parliament—his resolution to effect it by open force, if such votes were refused. Several meetings were held by the officers and members at the lodgings of the lord-general in Whitehall. St. John and a few others gave their assent; the rest, under the guidance of Whitelock and Widrington, declared that the dissolution would be dangerous, and the establishment of the proposed council unwarrantable. In the mean time 2
the House resumed the consideration of the new representative body; and several qualifications were voted, to all of which the officers raised objections, but chiefly to the "admission of members," a project to strengthen the government by the introduction of the Presbyterian interest. "Never," said Cromwell, "shall any of that judgment who have deserted the good cause be admitted to power." On the last meeting held on the 19th of April, all these points were long and warmly debated. Some of the officers declared that the Parliament must be dissolved "one way or other"; but the general checked their indiscretion and precipitancy, and the assembly broke up at midnight, with an understanding that the leading men on each side should resume the subject in the morning.

At an early hour the conference was recommenced, 3

and, after a short time, interrupted, in consequence of the receipt of a notice by the general that it was the intention of the House to comply with the desires of the army. This was a mistake; the opposite party had indeed resolved to pass a bill of dissolution; not, however, the bill proposed by the officers, but their own bill, containing all the obnoxious provisions, and to pass it that very morning, that it might obtain the force of law before their adversaries could have time to appeal to the power of the sword. While Harrison "most strictly and humbly" conjured them to pause before they took so important a step, Ingoldsby hastened to inform the lord-general at Whitehall. His resolution was immediately formed, and a company of musketeers received orders to accompany
4 him to the House. At this eventful moment, big with the most important consequences both to himself and his country, whatever were the workings of Cromwell's mind, he had the art to conceal them from the eyes of the beholders. Leaving the military in the lobby, he entered the House, and composedly seated himself on one of the outer benches. His dress was a plain suit of black cloth, with gray worsted stockings. For a while he seemed to listen with interest to the debate; but when the speaker was going to put the question, he whispered to Harrison, "This is the time; I must do it"; and rising, put off his hat to address the House. At first his language was decorous, and even laudatory. Gradually he became more warm and animated; at last he assumed all the vehemence of passion, and indulged in personal vituperation.
5 He charged the members with self-seeking and profaneness, with the frequent denial of justice, and numerous acts of oppression; with idolizing the lawyers, the constant advocates of tyranny; with neglecting the men who had bled for them in the field, that they might gain the

Presbyterians who had apostatized from the cause; and with doing all this in order to perpetuate their own power and to replenish their own purses. But their time was come; the Lord had disowned them; he had chosen more worthy instruments to perform his work. Here the orator was interrupted by Sir Peter Wentworth, who declared that he had never heard language so unparliamentary—language, too, the more offensive, because it was addressed to them by their own servant, whom they had too fondly cherished, and whom, by their unprecedented bounty, they had made what he was. At these words 6
Cromwell put on his hat, and, springing from his place, exclaimed, "Come, come, sir, I will put an end to your prating." For a few seconds, apparently in the most violent agitation, he paced forward and backward, and then, stamping on the floor, added: "You are no parliament; I say you are no parliament; bring them in, bring them in." Instantly the door opened, and Colonel Worsley entered, followed by more than twenty musketeers. "This," cried Sir Henry Vane, "is not honest; it is against morality and common honesty." "Sir Henry Vane," replied Cromwell; "O, Sir Henry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane! He might have prevented this. But he is a juggler, and has not common honesty himself!" From Vane he directed his discourse to Whitelock, on whom he poured a torrent of abuse; then pointing to Chaloner, "There," he cried, "sits a drunkard"; and afterward selecting different members in succession, described them as dishonest and corrupt livers, a shame and scandal to the profession of the gospel. Suddenly, 7
however, checking himself, he turned to the guard, and ordered them to clear the house. At these words Colonel Harrison took the speaker by the hand and led him from the chair; Algernon Sidney was next compelled to quit

his seat; and the other members, eighty in number, on the approach of the military, rose and moved toward the door. Cromwell now resumed his discourse. "It is you," he exclaimed, "that have forced me to do this. I have sought the Lord both day and night that he would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work."

8 Alderman Allan took advantage of these words to observe, that it was not yet too late to undo what had been done; but Cromwell instantly charged him with peculation, and gave him into custody. When all were gone, fixing his eye on the mace, "What," said he, "shall we do with this fool's bauble? Here, carry it away." Then, taking the act of dissolution from the clerk, he ordered the doors to be locked, and, accompanied by the military, returned to Whitehall.

9 That afternoon the members of the council assembled in their usual place of meeting. Bradshaw had just taken the chair, when the lord-general entered, and told them that, if they were there as private individuals, they were welcome; but if as the Council of State, they must know that the parliament was dissolved, and with it also the council. "Sir," replied Bradshaw, with the spirit of an ancient Roman, "we have heard what you did at the House this morning, and before many hours all England will know it. But, sir, you are mistaken to think that the parliament is dissolved. No power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves;

10 therefore, take you notice of that." After this protest they withdrew. Thus, by the parricidal hands of its own children, perished the Long Parliament, which, under a variety of forms, had, for more than twelve years, defended and invaded the liberties of the nation. It fell without a struggle or a groan, unpitied and unregretted. The members slunk away to their homes, where they sought

by submission to purchase the forbearance of their new master; and their partisans, if partisans they had, reserved themselves in silence for a day of retribution, which came not before Cromwell slept in his grave. The royalists congratulated each other on an event which they deemed a preparatory step to the restoration of the king; the army and navy, in numerous addresses, declared that they would live and die, stand and fall, with the lord-general; and in every part of the country the congregations of the saints magnified the arm of the Lord, which had broken the mighty, that in lieu of the sway of mortal men, the fifth monarchy, the reign of Christ might be established on earth.

It would, however, be unjust to the memory of those 11
who exercised the supreme power after the death of the king, not to acknowledge that there existed among them men capable of wielding with energy the destinies of a great empire. They governed only four years; yet, under their auspices, the conquests of Ireland and Scotland were achieved, and a navy was created, the rival of that of Holland and the terror of the rest of Europe. But there existed an essential error in their form of government. Deliberative assemblies are always slow in their proceedings; yet the pleasure of parliament, as the supreme power, was to be taken on every subject connected with the foreign relations or the internal administration of the country; and hence it happened that, among the immense variety of questions which came before it, those commanded immediate attention which were deemed of immediate necessity; while the others, though often of the highest importance to the national welfare, were first postponed, then neglected, and ultimately forgotten. To this habit of procrastination was perhaps owing the extinction of its authority. It disappointed

the hopes of the country, and supplied Cromwell with the most plausible arguments in defense of his conduct.

WHAT A GOOD HISTORY OUGHT TO BE.

CARLYLE'S "ESSAY ON BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON."

(*See note on the same subject, extract from Macaulay.*)

1 It is not speaking with exaggeration, but with strict measured sobriety, to say that this book of Boswell's will give us more real insight into the *history of England* during those days than twenty other books, falsely entitled "Histories," which take to themselves that special aim. What good is it to me though innumerable Smolletts and Belshams keep dinning in my ears that a man named George III was born and bred up, and a man named George II died; that Walpole, and the Pelhams, and Chatham, and Rockingham, and Shelburne, and Worth, with their Coalition or their Separation Ministries, all ousted one another; and vehemently scrambled for "the thing they called the rudder of government, but which was in reality the spigot of taxation"? That debates were held, and infinite jarring and jargoning took place; and road-bills, and inclosure-bills, and game-bills, and India-bills, and laws which no man can number, which happily few men needed to trouble their heads with beyond the passing moment, were enacted, and printed by the king's stationer? That he who sat in Chancery, and rayed-out speculation from the Woolsack, was now a man that squinted, now a man that did not
2 squint? To the hungry and thirsty mind all this avails next to nothing. These men and these things, we indeed

know, did swim, by strength or by specific levity, as apples on the top of the current; but is it by painfully noting the courses, eddyings, and bobbings hither and thither of such drift-articles that you will unfold to me the nature of the current itself; of that mighty-rolling, loud-roaring life-current, bottomless as the foundations of the universe, mysterious as its Author? The thing I want to see is not Redbook Lists, and Court Calendars, and Parliamentary Registers, but the LIFE OF MAN in England; what men did, thought, suffered, enjoyed; the form, especially the spirit, of their terrestrial existence, its outward environment, its inward principle; *how* and *what* it was; whence it proceeded, whither it was tending.

Mournful, in truth, is it to behold what the business 3
called "History," in these so enlightened and illuminated times, still continues to be. Can you gather from it, read till your eyes go out, any dimmest shadow of an answer to that great question: How men lived and had their being; were it but economically, as, what wages they got, and what they bought with these? Unhappily you can not. History will throw no light on any such matter. At the point where living memory fails, it is all darkness; Mr. Senior and Mr. Sadler must still debate this simplest of all elements in the condition of the past. Whether men were better off in their mere larders and pantries, or were worse off than now! History, as it stands all bound up in gilt volumes, is but a shade more instructive than the wooden volumes of a backgammon board. How my prime minister was appointed is of less moment to me than how my house-servant was hired. In these days, ten ordinary histories of kings and courtiers were well exchanged against the tenth part of one good history of booksellers.

For example, I would fain know the history of Scot- 4

land; who can tell it me? "Robertson," say innumerable voices; "Robertson against the world." I open Robertson; and find there, through long ages too confused for narrative, and fit only to be presented in the way of epitome and distilled essence, a cunning answer and hypothesis, not to this question. By whom, and by what means, when and how, was this fair, broad Scotland, with its arts and manufactures, temples, schools, institutions, poetry, spirit, national character, created and made arable, verdant, peculiar, great, here as I can see some fair section of it lying, kind and strong (like some Bacchus-tamed lion), from the Castle-hill of Edinburgh!—but to this other question: How did the King keep himself alive in those old days; and restrain so many butcher-barons and ravenous henchmen from utterly extirpating one another, so that killing went on in some sort of moderation? In the one little letter of Æneas Sylvius, from old Scotland, there is more of history than in all
5 this. At length, however, we come to a luminous age, interesting enough: to the age of the Reformation. All Scotland is awakened, Scotland is convulsed, fermenting, struggling to body itself forth anew. To the herdsman, among his cattle in remote woods; to the craftsman, in his rude, heath-thatched workshop, among his rude guild-brethren; to the great and to the little, a new light has arisen: in town and hamlet groups are gathered, with eloquent looks, and governed or ungovernable tongues. We ask, with breathless eagerness: How was it; how went it on? Let us understand it, let us see it, and know
6 it! In reply, is handed us a really graceful and most dainty little Scandalous Chronicle (as for some Journal of Fashion) of two persons: Mary Stuart, a beauty, but over light-headed; and Henry Darnley, a booby who had fine legs. How these first courted, billed, and cooed, ac-

cording to nature; then pouted, fretted, grew utterly enraged, and blew one another up with gunpowder: this, and not the history of Scotland, is what we good-naturedly read. Nay, by other hands, something like a horse-load of other books has been written to prove that it was the beauty who blew up the booby, and that it was not she. Who or what it was, the thing once for all *being* so effectually done, concerns us little. To know Scotland at that great epoch, were a valuable increase of knowledge: to know poor Darnley, and see him with burning candle, from center to skin, were no increase of knowledge at all. Thus is history written.

Hence, indeed, comes it that history, which should be "the essence of innumerable biographies," will tell us, question it as we like, less than one genuine biography may do, pleasantly and of its own accord! The time is approaching when history will be attempted on quite other principles; when the court, the senate, and the battle-field, receding more and more into the background, the temple, the workshop, and social hearth will advance more and more into the foreground; and history will not content itself with shaping some answer to that question: How were men *taxed* and *kept quiet* then? but will seek to answer this other infinitely wider and higher question: How and what *were men* then? Not our Government only, or the "*house* wherein our life was led," but the *life* itself we led there, will be inquired into. Of which latter it may be found that government, in any modern sense of the word, is, after all, but a secondary condition: in the mere sense of *taxation* and *keeping quiet*, a small, almost a pitiful one. Meanwhile let us welcome such Boswells, each in his degree, as bring us any genuine contribution, were it never so inadequate, so inconsiderable.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.—ESTIMATE OF HIS MILITARY GENIUS.—HIS RANK AS A STATESMAN.

LECKY'S "ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

This estimate of Marlborough can not fail to excite the interest of the student. Marlborough was the greatest of English generals. His most brilliant successes were achieved during the great war of the Spanish succession. Marlborough's genius was of a versatile order. He was a politician, a diplomatist, a courtier, and a soldier. His character has been variously estimated. Some have accused him of avarice and rapacity, while others have vindicated him from these charges. In regard to his intellectual greatness, all are agreed. (See Alison's "Life of Marlborough.")

1 BEYOND comparison the greatest of English generals, Marlborough had raised his country to a height of military glory such as it had never attained since the days of Poitiers and of Agincourt, and his victories appeared all the more dazzling after the ignominious reigns of the two last Stuarts, and after the many failures that checkered the enterprises of William. His military genius, though once bitterly decried by party malignity, will now be universally acknowledged, and it was sufficient to place him among the greatest captains who have ever lived. Hardly any other modern general combined to an equal degree the three great attributes of daring, caution, and sagacity, or conducted military enterprises of equal magnitude and duration without losing a single battle or
2 failing in a single siege. He was one of the very few commanders who appear to have shown equal skill in directing a campaign, in winning a battle, and in improving a victory. It can not, indeed, be said of him, as it may be said of Frederick the Great, that he was at the head of a small power, with almost all Europe in arms against it, and that nearly every victory he won was

snatched from an army enormously outnumbering his own. At Blenheim and Oudenarde the French exceeded by a few thousands the armies of the allies. At Ramillies the army of Marlborough was slightly superior. At Malplaquet the opposing forces were almost equal. Nor did the circumstances of Marlborough admit of a military career of the same brilliancy, variety, and magnitude of enterprise as that of Napoleon. But both Frederick and 3
Napoleon experienced crushing disasters, and both of them had some advantages which Marlborough did not possess. Frederick was the absolute ruler of a state which had for many years been governed exclusively on the military principle, in which the first and almost the sole object of the government had been to train and discipline the largest and most perfect army the nation could support. Napoleon was the absolute ruler of the foremost military power on the Continent at a time when the enthusiasm of a great revolution had given it an unparalleled energy, when the destruction of the old hierarchy of rank and the opening of all posts to talent had brought an extraordinary amount of ability to the forefront, and when the military administrations of surrounding nations were singularly decrepit and corrupt. Marlborough, on the other hand, commanded armies con- 4
sisting in a great degree of confederates and mercenaries of many different nationalities, and under many different rulers. He was thwarted at every step by political obstacles, and by the much graver obstacles arising from divided command and personal or national jealousies; he contended against the first military nation of the Continent, at a time when its military organization had attained the highest perfection, and when a long succession of brilliant wars had given it a school of officers of consummate skill.

5 But great as were his military gifts, they would have been insufficient had they not been allied with other qualities well fitted to win the admiration of men. Adam Smith has said, with scarcely an exaggeration, that "it is a characteristic almost peculiar to the great Duke of Marlborough, that ten years of such uninterrupted and such splendid successes as scarce any other general could boast of, never betrayed him into a single rash action, scarcely into a single rash word or expression." Nothing in his career is more admirable than the unwearied patience, the inimitable skill, the courtesy, the tact, the self-command with which he employed himself during many years in reconciling the incessant differences, overcoming the incessant opposition, and soothing the incessant jealousies of those with whom he was compelled to coöperate. His private correspondence abundantly shows how gross was the provocation he endured, how keenly he felt it,
6 how nobly he bore it. As a negotiator he ranks with the most skillful diplomatists of his age, and it was no doubt his great tact in managing men that induced his old rival Bolingbroke, in one of his latest writings, to describe him as not only the greatest general, but also "the greatest minister our country or any other has produced." Chesterfield, while absurdly depreciating his intellect, admitted that "his manner was irresistible," and he added that, of all men he had ever known, Marlborough "possessed the graces in the highest degree." Nor was his character without its softer side. Though he can not, I think, be acquitted of a desire to prolong war in the interests of his personal or political ambition, it is at least true that no general ever studied more, by admirable discipline and
7 by uniform humanity, to mitigate its horrors. Very few friendships among great political or military leaders have been as constant or as unclouded by any shade of jealousy

as the friendship between Marlborough and Godolphin, and between Marlborough and Eugene. His conjugal fidelity, in a time of great laxity, and under temptations and provocations of no common order, was beyond reproach. His attachment to the Church of England was at one time the great obstacle to his advancement. It appears never to have wavered through all the vicissitudes of his life; and no one who reads his most private letters with candor can fail to perceive that a certain vein of genuine piety ran through his nature, however inconsistent it may appear with some portions of his career.

Yet it may be questioned whether, even in the zenith 8
of his fame, he was really popular. He had grave vices, and they were precisely of that kind which is most fatal to public men. His extreme rapacity in acquiring and his extreme avarice in hoarding money contrasted forcibly with the lavish generosity of Ormond, and alone gave weight to the charges of peculation that were brought against him. It is true that this, like all his passions, was under control. Torcy soon found that it was useless to attempt to bribe him, and he declined, as we have seen, with little hesitation the enormously lucrative post of Governor of the Austrian Netherlands, when he found that the appointment aroused the strong and dangerous hostility of the Dutch. In these cases his keen and far- 9
seeing judgment perceived clearly his true interest, and he had sufficient resolution to follow it. Yet still, like many men who have risen from great poverty to great wealth, avarice was the passion of his life, and the rapacity both of himself and of his wife was insatiable. Besides immense grants for Blenheim, and marriage portions given by the queen to their daughters, they at one time received between them an annual income of public money of more than sixty-four thousand pounds.

10 Nor can he be acquitted of very gross and aggravated treachery to those he served. It is, indeed, not easy to form a fair estimate in this respect of the conduct of public men at the period of the Revolution. Historians rarely make sufficient allowance for the degree in which the judgments and dispositions even of the best men are colored by the moral tone of the age, society, or profession in which they live, or for the temptations of men of great genius and of natural ambition in times when no highly scrupulous man could possibly succeed in public life Marlborough struggled into greatness from a very humble position, in one of the most profligate periods of English politics, and he lived through a long period when the ultimate succession of the crown was very doubtful.
11 A very large proportion of the leading statesmen during this long season of suspense made such overtures to the deposed dynasty as would at least secure them from absolute ruin in the event of a change; and their conduct is surely susceptible of much palliation. The apparent interests and the apparent wishes of the nation hung so evenly and oscillated so frequently that strong convictions were rare, and even good men might often be in doubt. But the obligations of Churchill to James were of no common order, and his treachery was of no common dye. He had been raised by the special favor of his sovereign from the position of a page to the peerage, to great wealth, to high command in the army. He had been trusted by him with the most absolute trust. He not only abandoned him in the crisis of his fate, with circumstances of the most deliberate and aggravated treachery, but also employed his influence over the daughter of his benefactor to induce her to fly from her
12 father, and to array herself with his enemies. Such conduct, if it had, indeed, been dictated, as he alleged, solely

by a regard for the interests of Protestantism, would have been certainly, in the words of Hume, "a signal sacrifice to public virtue of every duty in private life"; and it "required ever after the most upright, disinterested, and public-spirited behavior to render it justifiable." How little the later career of Marlborough fulfilled this condition is well known. When we find that, having been loaded under the new government with titles, honors, and wealth, having been placed in the inner council, and intrusted with the most important state secrets, he was one of the first Englishmen to enter into negotiations with St. Germain's; that he purchased his pardon from James by betraying important military secrets to the enemies of his country, and that during a great part of his subsequent career, while holding office under the government, he was secretly negotiating with the Pretender, it is difficult not to place the worst construction upon his public life. It is probable, indeed, that 13
his negotiations with the Jacobites were never sincere, that he had no real desire for a restoration, and that his guiding motive was much less ambition than a desire to secure what he possessed; but these considerations only slightly palliate his conduct. At the period of his downfall, his later acts of treason were for the most part unknown, but his conduct toward James weighed heavily upon his reputation, and his intercourse with the Pretender, though not proved, was at least suspected by many. Neither Hanoverians nor Jacobites trusted him, neither Whigs nor Tories could regard him without reserve as their own.

And with this feeling of distrust there was mingled a 14
strong element of fear. In the latter years of Queen Anne the shadow of Cromwell fell darkly across the path of Marlborough. To those who prefer the violent meth-

ods of a reforming despotism to the slow process of parliamentary amelioration, to those who despise the wisdom of following public opinion and respecting the prejudices and the associations of a nation, there can be no better lesson than is furnished by the history of Cromwell. Of his high and commanding abilities it is not here necessary to speak, nor yet of the traits of magnanimity that may, no doubt, be found in his character. Everything that great genius and the most passionate sympathy could do to magnify these has in this century been done, and a long period of unqualified depreciation has been followed
15 by a reaction of extravagant eulogy. But the more the qualities of the man are exalted the more significant are the lessons of his life. Despising the national sentiment of loyalty, he and his party dethroned and beheaded the king. Despising the ecclesiastical sentiment, they destroyed the Church. Despising the deep reverence for the constitution, they subverted the Parliament. Despising the oldest and most cherished customs of the people, they sought to mold the whole social life of England in the die of an austere Puritanism. They seemed for a time to have succeeded, but the result soon appeared. Republican equality was followed by the period of most
16 obsequious, servile loyalty England has ever known. The age when every amusement was denounced as a crime was followed by the age when all virtue was treated as hypocrisy, and when the sense of shame seemed to have almost vanished from the land. The prostration of the Church was followed, with the full approbation of the bulk of the nation, by the bitter, prolonged persecution of Dissenters. The hated memory of the Commonwealth was for more than a century appealed to by every statesman who desired to prevent reform or discredit liberty, and the name of Cromwell gathered around it an intensity of hatred

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approached by no other in the history of England. This was the single sentiment common in all its vehemence to the Episcopalians of England, the Presbyterians of Scotland, and the Catholics of Ireland, and it had more than once considerable political effects. The profound horror 17
of military despotism, which is one of the strongest and most salutary of English sentiments, has been, perhaps, the most valuable legacy of the Commonwealth. In Marlborough, for the first time since the Restoration, men saw a possible Cromwell, and they looked forward with alarm to the death of the queen as a period peculiarly propitious to military usurpation. Bolingbroke never represented more happily the feelings of the people than in the well-known scene at the first representation of the "Cato" of Addison. Written by a great Whig writer, the play was intended to advocate Whig sentiments; but when the Whig audience had made the theatre ring with applause at every speech on the evil of despotism and arbitrary principles, the Tory leader availed himself of the pause between the acts to summon the chief actor, to present him with a purse of money, and to thank him publicly for having defended the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual military dictator.

REFLECTIONS UPON THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION OF 1688.

LECKY'S "ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

The English Revolution of 1688 was purely a constitutional revolution. It established religious toleration in England and in Scotland, it settled constitutional monarchy on a firm basis, and regulated the powers of the House of Commons, the popular or rep-

resentative branch of the government. The political tendencies of the times coincided with the critical tendencies then developing in English literature, which soon appeared so conspicuously in the age of Anne.

See "Freeman on the English Constitution," Von Ranke's "History of England, principally in the Seventeenth Century," Macaulay's "History of England," Macaulay's "Essays."

1 THE English Revolution belongs to a class of successful measures of which there are very few examples in history. In most cases where a permanent change has been effected in the government and in the modes of political thinking of a country, this has been mainly because the nation has become ripe for it through the action of general causes. A doctrine which had long been fervently held, and which was interwoven with the social fabric, is sapped by intellectual skepticism, loses its hold on the affections of the people, and becomes unrealized, obsolete, and incredible. An institution which was once useful and honored has become unsuited to the altered conditions of society. The functions it once discharged are no longer needed, or are discharged more efficiently in other ways, and, as modes of thought and life grow up that are not in harmony with it, the reverence that con-
2 secrates it slowly ebbs away. Social and economical causes change the relative importance of classes and professions till the old political arrangements no longer reflect with any fidelity the real disposition of power. Causes of this kind undermine institutions and prepare great changes, and it is only when they have fully done their work that the men arise who strike the final blow, and whose names are associated with the catastrophe. Whoever will study the history of the downfall of the Roman Republic; of the triumph of Christianity in the Roman Empire; of the dissolution of that empire; of the medi-

æval transition from slavery to serfdom; of the Reformation, or of the French Revolution, may easily convince himself that each of these great changes was the result of a long series of religious, social, political, economical, and intellectual causes, extending over many generations. So eminently is this the case, that some distinguished writers have maintained that the action of special circumstances and of individual genius, efforts, and peculiarities, counts for nothing in the great march of human affairs, and that every successful revolution must be attributed solely to the long train of intellectual influences that prepared and necessitated its triumph.

It is not difficult, however, to show that this, like 3
most very absolute historical generalizations, is an exaggeration, and several instances might be cited in which a slight change in the disposition of circumstances, or in the action of individuals, would have altered the whole course of history. There are, indeed, few streams of tendency, however powerful, that might not, at some early period of their career, have been arrested or deflected. Thus the whole religious and moral sentiment of the most advanced nations of the world has been mainly determined by the influence of that small nation which inhabited Palestine; but there have been periods when it was more than probable that the Jewish race would have been as completely absorbed or extirpated as were the ten tribes, and every trace of the Jewish writings blotted from the world. Not less distinctive, not 4
less unique in its kind, has been the place which the Greek, and especially the Athenian, intellect has occupied in history. It has been the great dynamic agency in European civilization. Directly or indirectly it has contributed, more than any other single influence, to stimulate its energies, to shape its intellectual type, to determine

its political ideals and canons of taste, to impart to it the qualities that distinguish it most widely from the Eastern world. But how much of this influence would have arisen or have survived if, as might easily have happened, the invasion of Xerxes had succeeded, and an
5 Asiatic despotism been planted in Greece? It is a mere question of strategy whether Hannibal, after Cannæ, might not have marched upon Rome and burned it to the ground, and had he done so, the long train of momentous consequences that flowed from the Roman Empire would never have taken place, and a nation widely different in its position, its character, and its pursuits, would have
6 presided over the developments of civilization. It is, no doubt, true that the degradation or disintegration of Oriental Christianity assisted the triumph of Mohammedanism; but if Mohammed had been killed in one of the first skirmishes of his career, there is no reason to believe that a great monotheistic and military religion would have been organized in Arabia, destined to sweep with resistless fanaticism over an immense part both of the Pagan and of the Christian world, and to establish itself for many centuries and in three continents as a serious rival
7 to Christianity. As Gibbon truly says, had Charles Martel been defeated at the battle of Poitiers, Mohammedanism would have almost certainly overspread the whole of Gallic and Teutonic Europe, and the victory of the Christians was only gained after several days of doubtful and indecisive struggle. The obscure blunder of some forgotten captain, who perhaps moved his troops to the right when he should have moved them to the left, may have turned the scale, and determined the future of Eu-
8 rope. Even the changes of the French Revolution, prepared as they undoubtedly were by a long train of irresistible causes, might have worn a wholly different com-

plexion had the Duke of Burgundy succeeded Lewis XIV, and directed, with the intelligence and the liberality that were generally expected from the pupil of Fénelon, the government of his country. Profound and searching changes in the institutions of France were inevitable, but had they been effected peacefully, legally, and gradually, had the shameless scenes of the Regency and of Lewis XV been avoided, that frenzy of democratic enthusiasm which has been the most distinctive product of the Revolution, and which has passed, almost like a new religion, into European life, might never have arisen, and the whole Napoleonic episode, with its innumerable consequences, would never have occurred.

WILLIAM PITT (EARL OF CHATHAM).—DESCRIPTION OF HIS ORATORY.

LECKY'S "ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

This elaborate description of the genius and eloquence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, represents Mr. Lecky's style at its best. Pitt was the greatest statesman that England produced during the eighteenth century, and one of the greatest of all time. A mind comprehensive, bold, vigorous in execution, and vast in resources, an eloquence fascinating and irresistible, rendered him, during much of his career, the idol of the English people. No man contributed so much to place upon an enduring basis the power of England in America. To him, more than to any other, is to be attributed the fact that America became an English instead of a French country. The brilliant campaign which led to the capture of Quebec by Wolfe (1759) was planned by the genius of Pitt. By the treaty of Paris (1763), England acquired control of the territory out of which the United States was principally formed. In Pitt's time, newspaper reporting had not grown to be an art, nor was the right of

reporting entirely conceded, so that many of the greatest efforts of parliamentary eloquence have descended to us in an imperfect, fragmentary state. What great statesman was the son of the Earl of Chatham? What American city preserves the name of Pitt? Why did it receive the name? What was Chatham's policy toward the American colonies during the American Revolution?

1 We may here, then, conveniently pause to examine in some detail the character and policy of this most remarkable man, who, in spite of many and glaring defects, was undoubtedly one of the noblest, as he was one of the greatest, who have ever appeared in English politics. There have, perhaps, been English statesmen who have produced on the whole greater and more enduring benefits to their country than the elder Pitt, and there have certainly been some whose careers have exhibited fewer errors and fewer defects; but there has been no other statesman whose fame has been so dazzling and so universal, or concerning whose genius and character there 2 has been so little dispute. As an orator, if the best test of eloquence be the influence it exercises on weighty matters upon a highly cultivated assembly, he must rank with the very greatest who have ever lived. His speeches appear, indeed, to have exhibited no pathos, and not much wit; he was not, like his son, skillful in elaborate statements; nor like Fox, an exhaustive debater; nor like Burke, a profound philosopher; nor like Canning, a great master of sparkling fancy and of playful sarcasm; but he far surpassed them all in the blasting fury of his invective, in the force, fire, and majesty of a declamation which thrilled and awed the most fastidious audience, in the burning and piercing power with which he could im- 3 print his views upon the minds of his hearers. Like most men of real and original genius, but unlike the great majority even of very eminent speakers, his elo-

quence did not consist solely or mainly in the skillful structure and the rhetorical collocation of his sentences. It abounded in noble thoughts nobly expressed, in almost rhythmical phrases of imaginative beauty which clung like poetry to the memory, in picturesque images and vivid epithets which illumined with a sudden gleam the subjects he treated. He lived at a time when there were 4
no regular parliamentary reporters; he never appears to have himself corrected a speech; the remains we possess are but disjointed fragments or palpably inaccurate recollections, and nearly a hundred years have elapsed since his death; but yet, in spite of all these disadvantages, there are few English orators who have left so many passages or sentences or turns of phraseology which are still remembered. His comparison of the coalition of Fox 5
and Newcastle to the junction of the Rhone and of the Saône, his denunciation of the employment of Indians in warfare, his defense of the Dissenters against the charge of secret ambition, his appeal to the historical memories recorded on the tapestry of the House of Lords, his contrast between the iron barons of the past and the silken barons of the present, his eulogy of Magna Charta, his expansion of the trite maxim that every Englishman's house is his castle, his descriptions of the Church of England as "a Calvinistic creed, a Popish liturgy, and an Arminian clergy," and of the press as "like the air, a chartered libertine," are all familiar, while hardly a sentence is remembered from the oratory of his son, of Fox, of Plunket, or of Brougham. He possessed every per- 6
sonal advantage that an orator could desire—a singularly graceful and imposing form, a voice of wonderful compass and melody, which he modulated with consummate skill; an eye of such piercing brightness and such commanding power that it gave an air of inspiration to his

speaking, and added a peculiar terror to his invective. The weight and dignity of a great character and a great intellect appeared in all he said, and a certain sustained loftiness of diction and of manner kept him continually on a higher level than his audience, and imposed respect upon the most petulant opposition.

7 In the histrionic part of oratory, in the power of conveying deep impressions by gesture, look, or tone, he appears, indeed, to have been unequaled among orators. Probably the greatest actor who ever lived was his contemporary, and the most critical and at the same time hostile observers declared that in grace and dignity of gesture Chatham was not inferior to Garrick. But notwithstanding the exquisitely finished acting displayed in their delivery, his speeches exhibited in the highest perfection that quality of spontaneity which so broadly distinguishes the best modern speaking from the prepared
8 harangues of antiquity. They were scarcely ever of the nature of formal orations, and they were little governed by rule, symmetry, or method. They usually took the tone of a singularly elevated, rapid, and easy conversation, following the course of the debate, passing with unforced transitions, and with the utmost variety of voice and manner, through all the modes of statement, argument, sarcasm, and invective; abounding in ingenious illustrations and in unlooked-for flashes, digressing readily to answer objections or to resent interruption, and rising in a moment under the influence of a strong passion or of a great theme into the grandest and most
9 majestic declamation. In his best days he used to speak for hours with a power that never flagged, but in his latter years his voice often sank, whole passages were scarcely audible to the listeners, and his eloquence shone with a fitful and occasional, though still a dazzling splen-

dor. "He was not," it was said, "like Townshend, for ever on the rack of exertion, but rather lightened upon his subject and reached the point by the flashings of his mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt but could not be followed." He rarely involved himself in intricate or abstract speculation, or in long trains of reasoning; but no one was a greater master of those brief, keen arguments which are most effective in debate. No one could expose a fallacy with a more trenchant and epigrammatic clearness, or could illuminate his case with a more intense vividness. He is said to have cared less for the right of reply than most great speakers, but two of his most powerful speeches—his detailed refutation of Grenville's argument in favor of American taxation in 1766, and his answer in 1777 to Lord Suffolk's apology for the employment of Indians in war—were replies.

It was said by an acute critic that both his son and 10
Charles Fox often delivered abler speeches, but that neither of them ever attained those moments of transcendent greatness which were frequent with the elder Pitt, and that he alone of the three had the power not only of delighting and astonishing, but also of overawing the House. He had a grandeur and a manner peculiarly his own, and it was the preëminent characteristic of his eloquence that it impressed every hearer with the conviction that there was something in the speaker immeasurably greater even than his words. He delighted in touching 11
the moral chords, in appealing to strong passions, in arguing questions on high grounds of principle rather than on grounds of detail. As Grattan said, "Great subjects, great empires, great characters, effulgent ideas, and classical illustrations, formed the material of his speeches." His imagination was so vivid that he was accustomed to say that most things returned to him with greater force

the second time than the first. His diction, though often rising to an admirable poetic beauty, was in general remarkably simple, and his speeches were so little prepared and so little restrained that he feared to speak when he had any important secret relating to the subject of debate on his mind. As he himself said, "When my mind is full of a subject, if once I get on my legs, it is sure to run over." In the words of Walpole, "Though no man knew so well how to say what he pleased, no man ever knew so
12 little what he was going to say." But yet, as is often the case, this facility of spontaneous and sudden eloquence was only acquired by long labor, and it was probably compatible with a careful preparation of particular passages in his speeches. Wilkes described him as having given all his mind "to the studying of words and rounding of sentences." He had perused Barrow's sermons as a model of style with such assiduity that he could repeat some of them by heart. He told a friend that he had read over Bailey's "English Dictionary" twice from beginning to end. He was one of the first to detect the great merit of the style of Junius as a model for oratory, and he recommended some early letters which that writer had published under the signature of "Domitian" to the careful study of his son. One who knew him well described him as so fastidious that he disliked even to look upon a bad print, lest it should impair the delicacy of his taste.

13 Yet, in truth, that taste was far from pure, and there was much in his speeches that was florid and meretricious, and not a little that would have appeared absurd bombast but for the amazing power of his delivery, and the almost magnetic fascination of his presence. The anecdotes preserved of the ascendency he acquired, and of the terror he inspired in the great councils of the realm, are so wonderful, and, indeed, so unparalleled, that they would be

incredible were they not most abundantly attested. "The terrible," said Charles Butler, "was his peculiar power; then the whole House sank before him." "His words," said Lord Lyttelton, "have sometimes frozen my young blood into stagnation, and sometimes made it pace in such a hurry through my veins that I could scarce support it." "No malefactor under the stripes of an executioner," said 14
Glover, "was ever more forlorn and helpless than Fox appeared under the lash of Pitt's eloquence, shrewd and able in parliament as Fox confessedly is." Fox himself, in one of his letters, describes a debate on a contested election, in which the member, who was accused of bribery, carried with him all the sympathies of the House, and kept it in a continual roar of laughter by a speech full of wit, humor, and buffoonery. "Mr. Pitt came down from the gallery and took it up in his highest tone of dignity. He was astonished when he heard what had been the occasion of their mirth. Was the dignity of the House of Commons on such sure foundations that they might venture themselves to shake it? Had it not, on the contrary, been diminishing for years, till now we are brought to the very brink of a precipice, when, if ever, a stand must be made. Then followed high com- 15
pliments to the Speaker, eloquent exhortations to Whigs of all conditions to defend their attacked and declining liberty, 'unless you will degenerate into a little assembly, serving no other purpose than to register the arbitrary edicts of one too powerful a subject.' Displeased as well as pleased, allow it to be the finest speech that was ever made; and it was observed that by his first two periods he brought the House to a silence and attention that you might have heard a pin drop." On two occasions a member who attempted to answer him was so disconcerted by his glance, or by a few fierce

words which he uttered, that he sat down confused and paralyzed with fear. Charles Butler asked a member who was present on one of these occasions, "if the House did not laugh at the ridiculous figure of the poor mem-
16 ber?" "No, sir," he replied, "we were all too much awed to laugh." No speaker ever took greater liberties with his audience. Thus, when George Grenville in one of his speeches was urging in defense of a tax the difficulty of discovering a substitute: "Tell me where it should be placed; I say, tell me where?" he was interrupted by Pitt humming aloud the refrain of a popular song, "Tell me, gentle shepherd, where?" "If, gentlemen," began Grenville, when Pitt rose, bowed, and walked contemptuously out of the House. "Sugar, Mr. Speaker," he once began, when a laugh arose. "Sugar," he repeated three times, turning fiercely round, "who will now dare to laugh at sugar?" and the members, like
17 timid school-boys, sank into silence. "On one occasion," wrote Grattan—who, when a young man, carefully followed his speeches—"on addressing Lord Mansfield, he said, 'Who are the evil advisers of his Majesty? is it you? is it you? is it you?' (pointing to the ministers until he came near Lord Mansfield). There were several lords round him, and Lord Chatham said, 'My lords, please to take your seats.' When they sat down, he pointed to Lord Mansfield and said, 'Is it you? Methinks Felix trembles.'" Grattan adds, with much
18 truth: "It required a great actor to do this. Done by any one else it would have been miserable. It was said he was too much of a mountebank, but if so it was a great mountebank. Perhaps he was not so good a debater as his son, but he was a much better orator, a greater scholar, and a far greater man." It is manifest that, while his eloquence would have placed him first, or

among the first of orators, in any age or in any country, his usual style of speaking was only adapted to a period when regular reporters were unknown. Parliamentary reporting has immeasurably extended the influence of parliamentary speaking, it has done much to moderate its tone, and to purify it from extravagance and bombast, but it is extremely injurious to its oratorical character. The histrionic part of eloquence has almost lost its power. A great speaker knows that it is necessary to emasculate 19
his statements by cautions, limitations, and qualifications wholly unnecessary for the audience he addresses, but very essential if his words are to be perpetuated, and to be canvassed by the great public beyond the walls. He knows that language, which would exercise a thrilling effect upon a heated assembly in the fierce excitement of a midnight debate, would appear insufferably turgid and exaggerated if submitted the next day to the cold criticism of unimpassioned readers, and the mere fact, that while addressing one audience he is thinking of another, gives an air of unreality to his speaking. In the time of Pitt, however, reporting was irregular, fitful, and inaccurate. The real aim of the great orator was to move the audience before him; but a vague report of the immense power of his speeches was communicated to the country; and detached passages or phrases, eminently fitted to stir the passions of the people, were circulated abroad. If we pass from the oratory of Pitt to his charac- 20
ter, we must speak with much more qualification. His faults were indeed many and very grave, but they were redeemed by some splendid qualities which dazzled his contemporaries, and have perhaps exercised a somewhat disproportionate influence upon the judgments of posterity. He was entirely free from all taint or suspicion of corruption. Entering public life at a time when the

standard of political honor was extremely low, having, it is said, at first a private fortune of not more than one hundred pounds a year, and being at the same time almost destitute of parliamentary connection, conscious of the possession of great administrative powers, and intensely desirous of office, he exhibited in all matters connected with money the most transparent and fastidious purity. He once spoke of "that sense of honor which makes ambition virtue," and he illustrated it admirably himself. He was entirely inaccessible to corrupt offers, and, unlike the great majority of his contemporaries, not content with declaiming when in opposition, he attested in the most emphatic manner his sincerity when in power.

21 On his appointment as Paymaster of the Forces, in 1746, he at once and for ever established his character by two striking instances of magnanimity. His predecessors had long been accustomed to invest in government securities the large floating balance which was left in their hands for the payment of the troops and to appropriate the interest, and also to receive as a perquisite of office one half per cent. of all subsidies voted by parliament to foreign princes. These two sources of emolument, being united to the regular salary of the office, made it in time of war extremely lucrative; and though they had never been legalized they were universally recognized, and had been received without question and without opposition by a long line of distinguished statesmen. Pitt, who was probably the poorest man who had ever filled the office, refused them as illegal, and when the King of Sardinia pressed upon him as a free gift a sum equivalent to the usual deduction from his subsidy, he at once declined to accept it.

22 Such a course speedily made him the idol of the nation, which had long chafed bitterly under the corruption

of its representatives. Pitt had, indeed, every quality that was required for a great popular leader. His splendid eloquence, his disinterestedness, his position outside the charmed circle of aristocratic connections, the popular cast and tendency of his politics, filled the people with admiration, and their enthusiasm was by no means diminished by the pride with which, relying on their favor, he encountered every aristocratic cabal, or by the insatiable ambition which was the most conspicuous element of his character. His pride was indeed of that kind which is the guardian of many virtues, and his ambition was indissolubly linked with the greatness of his country. Beyond all other statesmen of the eighteenth century he understood and sympathized with the feelings of the English people, and recognized the great unrepresented forces of the nation, and amid all the variations of his career his love of freedom never faltered, and a burning, passionate patriotism remained the guiding principle of his life.

INTELLECTUAL AND LITERARY CHARACTERISTICS OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

LECKY'S "ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

The study of the intellectual, and especially the literary, characteristics of the eighteenth century has received a new impulse of late years. The Introduction to Matthew Arnold's edition of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," is valuable as an exposition of its literary side. Morley's "English Writers" and Morley's "First Sketch of English Literature" are full of information. We have already spoken of the age of Queen Anne and its literary characteristics—the culture of style, and the systematic endeavor to lay down can-

ons of criticism. It is hoped that the student will read the "Spectator" and the "Tatler." They are valuable both as historical and literary studies.

1 I SHALL conclude this volume with a brief sketch of the leading intellectual and social changes of the period we have been examining which have not fallen within the scope of the preceding narrative. In the higher forms of intellect, if we omit the best works of Pope and Swift, who belong chiefly to the reign of Anne, the reigns of George I and George II were, on the whole, not prolific, but the influence of the press was great and growing, though periodical writing was far less brilliant than in the preceding period. Among other writers, Fielding, Lyttelton, and Chesterfield occasionally contributed to it. The "Craftsman" especially, though now utterly neglected, is said to have once attained a circulation of ten thousand, was believed to have eclipsed the "Spectator," and undoubtedly
2 contributed largely to the downfall of Walpole. Though set up by Bolingbroke and Pulteney, it was edited by an obscure and disreputable writer named Amhurst, who devoted nearly twenty years to the service of the faction, but who was utterly neglected by them in the compromise of 1742. He died of a broken heart, and owed his grave to the charity of a bookseller. We have already seen the large sum which Walpole, though in general wholly indifferent to literary merit, bestowed upon the government press, and its writers were also occasionally rewarded by government patronage. Thus Trenchard, the author of "Cato's Letters," obtained the post of "commissioner of wine-licenses" from Walpole; and Concannon, another ministerial writer, was made Attorney-General of Jamaica by Newcastle. In 1724 there were three daily and five weekly papers printed in London, as well as ten which appeared three times a week. The number

steadily increased, and a provincial press gradually grew up. The first trace of newspapers outside London is in 3
the time of the Commonwealth, when the contending armies carried with them printing presses for the purpose of issuing reports of their proceedings; but the first regular provincial papers appear to have been created in the last decade of the seventeenth century, and by the middle of the eighteenth century almost every important provincial town had its local organ. Political caricatures, which were probably Italian in their origin, came into fashion in England during the South Sea panic. Caricatures on cards, which were for a time exceedingly popular, were invented by George Townshend, in 1756. As the century advanced, the political importance of the press became very apparent. "Newspapers," said a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" of 1731, "are of late so multiplied as to render it impossible, unless a man makes it his business, to consult them all. Upon calculating the num- 4
ber of newspapers, it is found that (besides divers written accounts) no less than two hundred half-sheets per month are thrown from the press, only in London, and about as many printed elsewhere in the three kingdoms; . . . so that they are become the chief channels of amusement and intelligence." "The people of Great Britain," said Mr. Danvers in 1738, "are governed by a power that never was heard of as a supreme authority in any age or country before. . . . It is the government of the press. The stuff which our weekly newspapers are filled with is received with greater reverence than Acts of Parliament, and the sentiments of one of these scribblers have more weight with the multitude than the opinion of the best politician in the kingdom." "No species of literary 5
men," wrote Dr. Johnson in 1758, "has lately been so much multiplied as the writers of news. Not many years

ago the nation was content with one Gazette, but now we have, not only in the metropolis, papers of every morning and every evening, but almost every large town has its weekly historian." One of the consequences of the complete subjection of literary men to the booksellers was the creation of magazines, which afforded a more certain and rapid remuneration than books, and gave many writers a scanty and precarious subsistence. The "Gentleman's Magazine" appeared in 1731. It was speedily followed by its rival, the "London Magazine"; and in 1750 there were eight periodicals of this kind. In the middle of the eighteenth century, also, literary reviews began in England. In 1752 there were three—the "Literary," the
6 "Critical," and the "Monthly." Under George II an additional tax of one half-penny had been imposed on newspapers, and an additional duty of a shilling on advertisements; but the demand for this form of literature was so great that these impositions do not appear to have seriously checked it. The essay writers had made it their great object as much as possible to popularize and diffuse knowledge, and to bring down every question to a level with the capacities of the idlest reader; and without any great change in education, any display of extraordinary genius, or any real enthusiasm for knowledge, the circle of intelligence was slowly enlarged. The progress was probably even greater among women than among men. Swift, in one of his latest letters, noticed the great improvement which had taken place during his lifetime in the education and in the writing of ladies; and it is to this period that some of the best female correspondence in our literature belongs.

APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER OF MOHAMMED.

GIBBON'S "DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE."

The career and the character of Mohammed are among the phenomena of history. So singular a blending of enthusiasm and fanaticism has rarely been exhibited in the character of a single individual. There are some points of resemblance, strange as the comparison may seem, between Mohammed and Joan of Arc. Mohammed's conquests were wonderfully rapid, and included an immense area. Large parts of Asia are subject to the Mohammedan faith, and even in Europe the Turks still preserve their empire and their creed.

According to the tradition of his companions, Mo- 1
hammed was distinguished by the beauty of his person—an outward gift which is seldom despised, except by those to whom it has been refused. Before he spoke, the orator engaged on his side the affections of a public or private audience. They applauded his commanding presence, his majestic aspect, his piercing eye, his gracious smile, his flowing beard, his countenance that painted every sensation of the soul, and his gestures that enforced each expression of the tongue. In the familiar offices of life he scrupulously adhered to the grave and ceremonious politeness of his country: his respectful attention to the rich and powerful was dignified by his condescension and affability to the poorest citizens of Mecca; the frankness of his manner concealed the artifice of his views, and the habits of courtesy were imputed to personal friendship or universal benevolence. His memory was capacious 2
and retentive, his wit easy and social, his imagination sublime, his judgment clear, rapid, and decisive. He possessed the courage both of thought and action; and, although his designs might gradually expand with his success, the first idea which he entertained of his divine

mission bears the stamp of an original and superior genius. The son of Abdallah was educated in the bosom of the noblest race, in the use of the purest dialect of Arabia; and the fluency of his speech was corrected and enhanced by the practice of discreet and seasonable silence. With these powers of eloquence, Mohammed was an illiterate barbarian; his youth had never been instructed in the arts of reading and writing; the common ignorance exempted him from shame or reproach, but he was reduced to a narrow circle of existence, and deprived of those faithful mirrors which reflect to our mind
3 the minds of sages and heroes. Yet the book of nature and of man was open to his view, and some fancy has been indulged in the political and philosophical observations which are ascribed to the Arabian traveler. He compares the nations and religions of the earth; discovers the weakness of the Persian and Roman monarchies; beholds with pity and indignation the degeneracy of the times, and resolves to unite, under one God and one king, the invincible spirit and primitive virtues of the Arabs. Our more accurate inquiry will suggest that, instead of visiting the courts, the camps, the temples of the East, the two journeys of Mohammed into Syria were confined to the fairs of Bostra and Damascus; that he was only thirteen years of age when he accompanied the caravan of his uncle, and that his duty compelled him to return as soon as he had disposed of the merchandise of Cadi-
4 jah. In these hasty and superficial excursions, the eye of genius might discern some objects invisible to his grosser companions; some seeds of knowledge might be cast upon a fruitful soil, but his ignorance of the Syriac language must have checked his curiosity, and I can not perceive in the life or writings of Mohammed that his prospect was far extended beyond the limits of the Ara-

bian world. From every region of that solitary world the pilgrims of Mecca were annually assembled, by the calls of devotion and commerce: in the free concourse of multitudes, a simple citizen, in his native tongue, might study the political state and character of the tribes, the theory and practice of the Jews and Christians. Some useful strangers might be tempted or forced to implore the rites of hospitality; and the enemies of Mohammed have named the Jew, the Persian, and the Syrian monk, whom they accuse of lending their secret aid to the composition of the Koran. Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius; and the uniformity of a work denotes the hand of a single artist. From his earliest youth Mohammed was addicted to religious contemplation: each year, during the month of Ramadan, he withdrew from the world and from the arms of Cadijah; in the cave of Hera, three miles from Mecca, he consulted the spirit of fraud or enthusiasm, whose abode is not in the heavens but in the mind of the prophet. The faith which, under the name of Islam, he preached to his family and nation, is compounded of an eternal truth and a necessary fiction—that there is only one God, and that Mohammed is the apostle of God.

CONQUEST OF JERUSALEM BY THE CRUSADERS, 1099 A. D.

GIBBON'S "DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE."

The Crusades were undertaken by the nations of Europe, for the purpose of getting possession of Jerusalem, the sacred city, and affording Christian pilgrims access to the places consecrated by the life and sufferings of our Lord. Hundreds of thousands of lives

were lost in the Crusades, and although Jerusalem was captured from the Saracens, the followers of Mohammed, it was not permanently held by the Christians. The Crusades, though failing to accomplish their principal object, exerted a decided influence in rousing the European intellect. They brought Europe into contact with the Eastern world, and produced an effect similar to that produced by foreign travel on the minds of those who have never been beyond the range of their own neighborhood. The student should consult Michaud's "History of the Crusades," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Guizot's "History of Civilization."

1 JERUSALEM has derived some reputation from the number and importance of her memorable sieges. It was not till after a long and obstinate contest that Babylon and Rome could prevail against the obstinacy of the people, the craggy ground that might supersede the necessity of fortifications, and the walls and towers that would have fortified the most accessible plain. These obstacles were diminished in the age of the crusades. The bulwarks had been completely destroyed and imperfectly restored; the Jews, their nation and worship, were for ever banished; but nature is less changeable than man, and the site of Jerusalem, though somewhat softened and somewhat removed, was still strong against the assaults of an
2 enemy. By the experience of a recent siege, and a three years' possession, the Saracens of Egypt had been taught to discern, and in some degree to remedy, the defects of a place which religion as well as honor forbade them to resign. Aladin of Iftikhar, the caliph's lieutenant, was intrusted with the defense; his policy strove to restrain the native Christians by the dread of their own ruin and that of the holy sepulcher; to animate the Moslems by the assurance of temporal and eternal rewards. His garrison is said to have consisted of forty thousand Turks and Arabians; and if he could muster twenty thousand of the inhabitants, it must be confessed that the besieged were

more numerous than the besieging army. Had the di- 3
minished strength and numbers of the Latins allowed
them to grasp the whole circumference of four thousand
yards—about two English miles and a half—to what use-
ful purpose should they have descended into the valley
of Ben Himmon and torrent of Cedron, or approached
the precipices of the south and east, from whence they
had nothing either to hope or fear? Their siege was
more reasonably directed against the northern and western
sides of the city. Godfrey of Bouillon erected his stand-
ard on the first swell of Mount Calvary; to the left, as
far as St. Stephen's gate, the line of attack was continued
by Tancred and the two Roberts; and Count Raymond
established his quarters from the citadel to the foot of
Mount Sion, which was no longer included within the
precincts of the city. On the fifth day, the crusaders 4
made a general assault, in the fanatic hope of battering
down the walls without engines, and of scaling them
without ladders. By the dint of brutal force, they burst
the first barrier, but they were driven back with shame
and slaughter to the camp; the influence of vision and
prophecy was deadened by the too frequent abuse of
those pious stratagems, and time and labor were found to
be the only means of victory. The time of the siege
was indeed fulfilled in forty days, but they were forty
days of calamity and anguish. A repetition of the old 5
complaint of famine may be imputed in some degree
to the voracious or disorderly appetite of the Franks, but
the stony soil of Jerusalem is almost destitute of water;
the scanty springs and hasty torrents were dry in the
summer season; nor was the thirst of the besiegers re-
lieved, as in the city, by the artificial supply of cisterns
and aqueducts. The circumjacent country is equally
destitute of trees for the uses of shade or building, but

some large beams were discovered in a cave by the crusaders; a wood near Sichem, the enchanted grove of Tasso, was cut down; the necessary timber was transported to the camp by the vigor and dexterity of Tancred; and the engines were framed by some Genoese artists, who had fortunately landed in the harbor of Jaffa.
6 Two movable turrets were constructed at the expense and in the stations of the Duke of Lorraine and the Count of Toulouse, and rolled forward with devout labor, not to the most accessible, but to the most neglected parts of the fortification. Raymond's tower was reduced to ashes by the fire of the besieged, but his colleague was more vigilant and successful; the enemies were driven by his archers from the ramparts; the drawbridge was let down; and on a Friday, at three in the afternoon, the day and hour of the Passion, Godfrey of Bouillon stood victorious on the walls of Jerusalem. His example was followed on every side by the emulation of valor; and about four hundred and sixty years after the conquest of Omar, the
7 holy city was rescued from the Mohammedan yoke. In the pillage of public and private wealth, the adventurers had agreed to respect the exclusive property of the first occupant; and the spoils of the great mosque—seventy lamps and massy vases of gold and silver—rewarded the diligence and displayed the generosity of Tancred. A bloody sacrifice was offered by his mistaken votaries to the God of the Christians: resistance might provoke, but neither age nor sex could mollify, their implacable rage; they indulged themselves three days in a promiscuous massacre, and the infection of the dead bodies produced an epidemical disease. After seventy thousand Moslems had been put to the sword, and the harmless Jews had been burned in their synagogue, they could still reserve a multitude of captives whom interest or lassitude per-

suaded them to spare. Of these savage heroes of the 8
cross, Tancred alone betrayed some sentiments of compassion; yet we may praise the more selfish lenity of Raymond, who granted a capitulation and safe-conduct to the garrison of the citadel. The holy sepulcher was now free; and the bloody victors prepared to accomplish their vow. Bareheaded and barefoot, with contrite hearts, and in a humble posture, they ascended the hill of Calvary, amidst the loud anthems of the clergy; kissed the stone which had covered the Saviour of the world, and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence the monument of their redemption.

OLIVER CROMWELL.—HIS LAST DAYS.—ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER.

VON RANKE'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND." PRINCIPALLY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

We have elsewhere commented upon the difficulty of estimating the character of Oliver Cromwell properly. This description of Von Ranke's is marked by fine discrimination, and clearness of judgment in apprehending and exhibiting the salient points in the character of this remarkable man. Von Ranke commends himself to every earnest student of history by his wonderful grasp of the subject, his caution, his original research, and the amazing labor bestowed upon his work. The variety of his historical compositions is astonishing, and though now past eighty, he still labors with unabated energy and diligence.

NOTHING is more misleading than to search for the 1
psychological causes connected with the death of great men, and to attribute to them a decisive influence. One of Cromwell's confidential attendants ventures to assert that the attempt to carry on an unparliamentary govern-

ment had exhausted his vital powers. And certain it is that the failure of his plans soured and disturbed him. In his own family circle, from which he used never to be absent at breakfast and dinner, for he was an excellent father, he was latterly never seen for weeks together. The discovery of constantly renewed attempts upon his life filled him with disquiet. It is said that he took opium, which could not fail to increase his agitation. To this was added the illness and death of his favorite daughter, Lady Claypole, whose last ravings were of the religious and political controversies which harassed her father—the right of the king, the blood that had been shed, the revenge to come. The Independent ministers
2 again found access to him. When his growing indisposition was succeeded by fever, and assumed a dangerous character, they still assured him that he would yet live, for God had need of him. Meantime he grew worse and worse. We all know how the mental feelings and the bodily organs react upon each other. Cromwell suffered from excessive fullness of the vessels of the brain and an internal corruption of the bile. They attempted to check the disease by a panacea, which gave him some relief, and brought him back from Hampton Court to Westminster, to the palace of the old kings at Whitehall. There he died immediately, on the 3d of September, the anniversary of his victories of Dunbar and Worcester, which had
3 gained him this lodging. The people declared that he was snatched away amid the tumult of a fearful storm, a proof that he was in league with Satanic powers. Others saw in it the sympathy of nature with the death of the first man in the world. But gales and storms follow their own laws—in reality, the storm had raged the night before. It was not till the afternoon that Cromwell died. But this belief was not confined to the common people.

The next generation execrated Cromwell as a monster of wickedness, while posterity has pronounced him one of the greatest of the human race.

To him was granted the marvelous distinction of 4
breaking through the charmed circle which among the European nations hems in the private man. Invested with sovereign authority, and needing no higher sanction —for he was not compelled, like Richelieu, to convince his king by argument, or to pry into cabinet intrigues— he forced his way into the history of the world. The king who reckoned a hundred ancestors in Scotland, and held the throne of England by that hereditary right, on which most other states rested, was overthrown mainly by the armed force which he created, and was then succeeded by him.

Yet Cromwell had the self-restraint to refuse the crown itself; that which he was, the general of the victorious army, invested with the highest civil authority, that he resolved to remain.

For when once Parliament had stripped the monarchy 5
of the military authority, the army displayed a tendency to submit no longer even to Parliament. The civil authority became dependent upon the military. Cromwell took it in hand and resolved to uphold it against all opposition. Above all, he was forced to suppress those institutions which were most nearly allied with the old order of things. The aristocracy or the episcopacy could not be suffered to exist any more than the monarchy itself. Political and religious opposition to all these elements were for Cromwell the end of his existence. In this he 6
discerned the welfare of the country, the advancement of religion and morality, but also his own justification, if in promoting his own cause he went so far as to resist those opponents who sprang from the very

heart of his party. He deemed it essential to bring all the active forces in the country into obedience to his will. Thus it was that he established a power which has no parallel and no appropriate name. It is true that the noble sentiments which flowed from his lips were also the levers of his power, and he did not allow them to interfere with it; but no less true is it that the supreme authority in itself was not his aim. It was to aid him in realizing those ideas of religious liberty, and of civil order and national independence, which filled his whole soul. These ideas he regarded not as merely satisfactory to himself, but as actually and objectively
7 necessary. Cromwell's was in fact a nature of deep impulses, restless originality, and wide comprehensiveness, at once slow and impatient, trustworthy and faithless, destructive and conservative, ever pressing on to the untrodden way in front; before it all obstacles must give way or be crushed.

If we ask what of Cromwell's work survived him, we shall not find the answer in particular institutions of the state and the constitution. We are never certain whether he contemplated the continuance of the power which he possessed himself: neither his House of Lords nor his Commons was destined to endure; nor yet the army of which he was the founder, nor the separatist movements with which he started. Time has swept all this away. Yet he exercised, nevertheless, an influence rich in important results.

8 We have seen how the germs of the great struggle are to be found in the historical and natural conditions of the three countries of Britain, and we have traced the part played by the republican system in subjecting to England the two other members of the British commonwealth. But it was Cromwell's victories which made this

possible. His rise was associated from the first with a genuinely English theory, opposed equally to the encroachments of the Scots and to Irish independence. He won a place for it by force of arms, and then first, irregularly enough it is true, admitted the Irish and Scottish representatives into the English Parliament. We can 9
scarcely believe that a parliamentary government of the three kingdoms was possible at the time. The course of events tended rather toward a military monarchy. It is Cromwell's chief merit to have ruled the British kingdoms for a succession of years on a uniform principle, and to have united their forces in common efforts. It is true that this was not the final award of history: things were yet to arrange themselves in a very different fashion. But it was necessary perhaps that the main outlines should be shaped by the absolute authority of a single will, in order that in the future a free life might develop within them.

But for the general history of Europe nothing is of 10
more importance than the fact that Cromwell directed the energies of England against the Spanish monarchy. It was the idea which was most peculiarly his own; the Commonwealth would hardly have done it. We are not considering the political value of this policy, against which there is much to be said; it is only with its results that we are concerned. These consisted in the fact that the European system which had grown up out of the dynastic influence of the Burgundo-Austrian house, and had since been dominant for nearly two centuries, was driven out of the field and forced to open a new path for itself. To the English people itself, and especially to their navy, an important part was thus at once allotted. Cromwell did not create the English navy. On the con- 11
trary, the views of its chiefs were hostile to him; but he

gave it its strongest impulse. We have seen how vigorously it rose to power in all parts of the world. The coasts of Europe toward the Atlantic and Mediterranean especially felt the weight of the English arms. The idea was more than once suggested of effecting settlements on the Italian and even on the German coasts. Such a settlement was actually gained in the Netherlands, and was to be gradually enlarged. It was said that Cromwell carried the key of the continent at his girdle. Holland was compelled, however reluctantly, to follow the impulse given her by England. Portugal yielded in order to preserve her own existence. England could calmly await any future complications which might arise on the continent.

12 So far as home government was concerned, Cromwell possessed two qualities very opposite in themselves, yet supplementing each other, a certain pliancy in matters of principle, and great firmness in the exercise of authority. Had he allowed the tendencies of the separatists and the democratic zeal of the army, in conjunction with which he rose to power, to run their course unchecked, everything must have been plunged in chaotic confusion, and the existence of the new state would have been impossible. Utterly opposite as he was to King Charles in disposition and character, and in the general bent of his mind, yet Cromwell exercised a very similar influence upon the English constitution. The king upheld the idea of the English Church: in defense of this he died. Cromwell was the champion of civil law and personal property. He broke with his party when it attacked these fundamental principles of society and of the state.

13 It was of the most lasting importance for England that he did this without fettering himself with the idea of the kingly power, and relying simply on the necessity of the

case. But it was beyond his power thus to consolidate a tolerably durable political constitution. His was at best but a *de facto* authority, depending for its existence on the force of arms and his own personal character. Such as it was, it was felt to be an oppressive burden, at home no less by those who longed for a return to the old legitimate forms than by his own party, whom he excluded from all share in public authority; abroad by those who feared him, and by those who were his allies. In Amsterdam this feeling was grotesquely enough expressed. When the news was received of Cromwell's death, there was a momentary cessation of business. People were seen to dance in the streets, crying "The devil is dead!" And so in London the mob were heard to utter curses when Richard Cromwell, Oliver's son, was proclaimed Protector.

THE EMPEROR CHARLES V PERFORMS THE FUNERAL SERVICE FOR HIMSELF.

STIRLING'S "CLOISTER LIFE OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V."

Three or four years before his death, Charles V, Emperor of Germany, abdicated his throne, and retired to the seclusion of a monastery at Yuste, in Spain. In his retirement he still manifested the most active interest in the great events of contemporary history. The funeral service, described by Stirling, is an interesting episode in the Emperor's checkered life. Charles V was the father of Philip II of Spain, and nephew of Catharine of Aragon, first wife of Henry VIII of England. He died in 1558, the same year in which Elizabeth became queen of England.

About this time (August, 1558), according to the his- 1
torian of St. Jerome, his thoughts seemed to turn more than usual to religion and its rites. Whenever during

his stay at Yuste any of his friends, of the degree of princes or knights of the fleece, had died, he had ever been punctual in doing honor to their memory, by causing their obsequies to be performed by the friars; and these lugubrious services may be said to have formed the festivals of the gloomy life of the cloister. The daily masses said for his own soul were always accompanied by others for the souls of his father, mother, and wife. But now he ordered further solemnities of the funeral kind to be performed in behalf of these relations, each on a different day, and attended them himself, preceded by a page bearing a taper, and joining in the chant, in a very devout and audible manner, out of a tattered prayer-book.

2 These rites ended, he asked his confessor whether he might not now perform his own funeral, and so do for himself what would soon have to be done for him by others. Regla replied that his majesty, please God, might live many years, and that when his time came these services would be gratefully rendered, without his taking any thought about the matter. "But," persisted Charles, "would it not be good for my soul?" The monk said that certainly it would; pious works done during life being far more efficacious than when postponed till after death. Preparations were therefore at once set on foot; a catafalque, which had served before on similar occasions, was erected; and on the following day, the 30th of August, as the monkish historian relates, this celebrated service was actually performed.

3 The high altar, the catafalque, and the whole church shone with a blaze of wax-lights; the friars were all in their places, at the altars, and in the choir, and the household of the Emperor attended in deep mourning. "The pious monarch himself was there, attired in sable weeds, and bearing a taper, to see himself interred and to cele-

brate his own obsequies." While the solemn mass for the dead was sung, he came forward and gave his taper into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker. High above, over the kneeling throne and the gorgeous vestments, the flowers, the curling incense, and the glittering altar, the same idea shone forth in that splendid canvas whereon Titian had pictured Charles kneeling on the threshold of the heavenly mansions prepared for the blessed. The funeral rites ended, the Emperor dined in 4
his western alcove. He ate little, but he remained for a great part of the afternoon sitting in the open air, and basking in the sun, which, as it descended to the horizon, beat strongly upon the white walls. Feeling a violent pain in his head, he returned to his chamber and lay down. Mathisio, whom he had sent in the morning to Xarandrilla to attend the Count of Oropesa in his illness, found him when he returned still suffering considerably, and attributed the pain to his having remained too long in the hot sunshine. Next morning he was somewhat better, and was able to get up and go to mass, but still felt oppressed, and complained much of thirst. He told his confessor, however, that the service of the day before had done him good. The sunshine again tempted him into his open gallery. As he sat there, he sent for a 5
portrait of the Empress, and hung for some time, lost in thought, over the gentle face, which, with its blue eyes, auburn hair, and pensive beauty, somewhat resembled the noble countenance of that other Isabella, the great Queen of Castile. He next called for a picture of "Our Lord Praying in the Garden," and then for a sketch of the "Last Judgment," by Titian. Having looked his last upon the image of the wife of his youth, it seemed as if he were now bidding farewell, in the contemplation of

these other favorite pictures, to the noble art which he had loved with a love which cares and years and sickness could not quench, and that will ever be remembered
6 with his better fame. Thus occupied, he remained so long abstracted and motionless that Mathisio, who was on the watch, thought it right to awaken him from his reverie. On being spoken to, he turned round and complained that he was ill. The doctor felt his pulse, and pronounced him in a fever. Again the afternoon sun was shining over the great walnut-tree full into the gallery. From this pleasant spot, filled with the fragrance of the garden and the murmur of the fountain, and bright with glimpses of the golden Vera, they carried him to the gloomy chamber of his sleepless nights, and laid him on the bed from which he was to rise no more.

VIEW OF MEXICO FROM THE SUMMIT OF AHUALCO.

PRESCOTT'S "SPANISH CONQUEST OF MEXICO."

These scenes from Mexican history are taken from Prescott's "Spanish Conquest of Mexico." The conquests of Spain in the western hemisphere were very extensive, and were principally made during the sixteenth century, the great era of Spanish glory. The exploits of her commanders in the Western World, while not devoid of cruelty, were full of adventure and romantic daring. These remarks apply especially to Cortez, the Spanish conqueror of Mexico, whose career was marked by thrilling scenes and "moving incidents." Spain has now lost nearly all her possessions in the western hemisphere. The student should remember that the Spanish settlement of Florida was made before the English settlements of Roanoke Island and Jamestown.

1 THEIR progress was now comparatively easy, and they marched forward with a buoyant step, as they felt they

were treading the soil of Montezuma. They had not advanced far when, turning an angle of the Sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the valley of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, as more commonly called by the natives, which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. In the highly rarefied 2
atmosphere of these upper regions, even remote objects have a brilliancy of coloring and a distinctness of outline which seem to annihilate distance. Stretching far away at their feet were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar, and beyond, yellow fields of maize, and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens; for flowers, in such demand for their religious festivals, were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac. In the center of the 3
great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present, their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets; and in the midst—like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls—the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters—the far-famed "Venice of the Aztecs." High over all rose the royal hill of Chapultepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance, beyond the 4
blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck, the rival capital of Tezcuco; and still farther on, the dark belt of porphyry, girdling the valley around, like a rich setting which Nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels. Such was

the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the conquerors. And even now, when so sad a change has come over the scene; when the stately forests have been laid low, and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many places abandoned to sterility; when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets on their borders have moldered into ruins; even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which Nature has traced on its features, that no traveler, however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture. What, then, must have been the emotions of the Spaniards, when, after working their toilsome way into the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle parted before their eyes, and they beheld these fair scenes in all their pristine magnificence and beauty! It was like the spectacle which greeted the eyes of Moses from the summit of Pisgah, and in the warm glow of their feelings they cried out, "It is the promised land!"

SPAIN IN THE AGE OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

PRESCOTT'S "HISTORY OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA."

It was during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella that the foundations of Spanish greatness were laid. The Moors were completely prostrated, the Spanish power was consolidated, and Spain began that career of greatness which lasted until the latter part of the sixteenth century. The good Queen Isabella was the friend and patron of Columbus. How was Charles V, Emperor of Germany, related to Ferdinand and Isabella?

THE extraordinary circumstances of the country tended naturally to nourish the lofty, romantic qualities, and the

somewhat exaggerated tone of sentiment, which always pervaded the national character. The age of chivalry had not faded away in Spain, as in most other lands. It was fostered, in time of peace, by the tourneys, jousts, and other warlike pageants which graced the court of Isabella. It gleamed out, as we have seen, in the Italian campaigns under Gonsalvo de Cordova, and shone forth in all its splendors in the war of Granada. "This was a right gentle war," says Navagiero, in a passage too pertinent to be omitted, "in which, as fire-arms were comparatively little used, each knight had the opportunity of showing his personal prowess; and rare was it that a day passed without some feat of arms and valorous exploit. The nobility and chivalry of the land all thronged there 2 to gather renown. Queen Isabella, who attended with her whole court, breathed courage into every heart. There was scarce a cavalier who was not enamored of some one or other of her ladies, the witness of his achievements, and who, as she presented him his weapons, or some token of her favor, admonished him to bear himself like a true knight, and show the strength of his passion by his valiant deeds. What knight so craven, then," exclaims the chivalrous Venetian, "that he would not have been more than a match for the stoutest adversary; or who would not sooner have lost his life a thousand times than return dishonored by the lady of his love. In truth," he concludes, "this conquest may be said to have been achieved by love rather than by arms."

The Spaniard was a knight-errant, in its literal sense, 3 roving over seas on which no bark had ever ventured, among islands and continents where no civilized man had ever trodden, and which fancy peopled with all the marvels and drear enchantments of romance; courting danger in every form, combating everywhere, and every-

where victorious. The very odds presented by the defenseless natives among whom he was cast—"a thousand of whom," to quote the words of Columbus, "were not equal to three Spaniards"—was in itself typical of his profession; and the brilliant destinies to which the meanest adventurer was often called, now carving out with his good sword some "El Dorado" more splendid than fancy had dreamed of, and now overturning some old barbaric dynasty, were full as extraordinary as the wildest chimeras which Ariosto ever sang, or Cervantes satirized.

4 His countrymen who remained at home, feeding greedily on the reports of his adventures, lived almost equally in an atmosphere of romance. A spirit of chivalrous enthusiasm penetrated the very depths of the nation, swelling the humblest individual with lofty aspirations, and a proud consciousness of the dignity of his nature. "The princely disposition of the Spaniards," says a foreigner of the time, "delighteth me much, as well as the gentle nurture and noble conversation, not merely of those of high degree, but of the citizen, peasant, and common laborer." What wonder that such sentiments should be found incompatible with sober, methodical habits of business, or that the nation indulging them should be seduced from the humble paths of domestic industry to a brilliant and bolder career of adventure! Such consequences became too apparent in the following reign.

. . . . . .

5 The glories of the age of Charles V must find their true source in the measures of his illustrious predecessors. It was in their court that Boscan, Garcilasso, Mendoza, and the other master spirits were trained, who molded Castilian literature into the new and more classical forms of later times. It was under Gonsalvo de

Cordova that Leyva, Pescara, and those great captains with their invincible legions were formed, who enabled Charles V to dictate laws to Europe for half a century. And it was Columbus who not only led the way, but animated the Spanish navigator with the spirit of discovery. Scarcely was Ferdinand's reign brought to a close before Magellan completed what that monarch had projected — the circumnavigation of the southern continent; the victorious banners of Cortes had already penetrated into the golden realms of Montezuma, and Pizarro, a very few years later, following up the lead of Balboa, embarked on the enterprise which ended in the downfall of the splendid dynasty of the Incas.

Thus it is that the seed sown under a good system 6
continues to yield fruit in a bad one. The season of the most brilliant results, however, is not always that of the greatest national prosperity. The splendors of foreign conquest in the boasted reign of Charles V were dearly purchased by the decline of industry at home, and the loss of liberty. The patriot will see little to cheer him in this "golden age" of the national history, whose outward show of glory will seem to his penetrating eye only the hectic brilliancy of decay. He will turn to an earlier period, when the nation, emerging from the sloth and license of a barbarous age, seemed to renew its ancient energies, and to prepare like a giant to run its course; and, glancing over the long interval since elapsed, during the first half of which the nation wasted itself on schemes of mad ambition, and in the latter has sunk into a state of paralytic torpor, he will fix his eye on the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella as the most glorious epoch in the annals of his country.

SPAIN IN THE AGE OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.—(Continued.)

PRESCOTT'S "HISTORY OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA."

1 The most important of the distant acquisitions of Spain were those secured to her by the genius of Columbus and the enlightened patronage of Isabella. Imagination had ample range in the boundless perspective of these unknown regions; but the results actually realized from the discoveries, during the Queen's life, were comparatively insignificant. In a mere financial view, they had been a considerable charge on the crown. This was, indeed, partly owing to the humanity of Isabella, who interfered, as we have seen, to prevent the compulsory exaction of Indian labor. This was subsequently, and immediately after her death, indeed, carried to such an extent that nearly half a million of ounces of gold were yearly drawn from the mines of Hispaniola alone. The pearl fisheries, and the culture of the sugar cane, introduced from the Canaries, yielded large returns under the same inhuman system.

2 Ferdinand, who enjoyed, by the Queen's testament, half the amount of the Indian revenues, was now fully awakened to their importance. It would be unjust, however, to suppose his views limited to immediate pecuniary profits; for the measures he pursued were, in many respects, well contrived to promote the nobler ends of discovery and colonization. He invited the persons most eminent for nautical science and enterprise, as Pinzon, Solis, Vespucci, to his court, where they constituted a sort of board of navigation, constructing charts, and tracing out new routes for projected voyages. The conduct of this department was intrusted to the last-men-

tioned navigator, who had the glory, the greatest which accident and caprice ever granted to man, of giving his name to the new hemisphere.

Fleets were now fitted out on a more extended scale, 3
which might vie, indeed, with the splendid equipments of the Portuguese, whose brilliant successes in the East excited the envy of their Castilian rivals. The King occasionally took a share in the voyage, independently of the interest which of right belonged to the crown.

The government, however, realized less from these expensive enterprises than individuals, many of whom, enriched by their official stations, or by accidentally falling in with some hoard of treasure among the savages, returned home to excite the envy and cupidity of their countrymen. But the spirit of adventure was too high 4
among the Castilians to require such incentive, especially when excluded from its usual field in Africa and Europe. A striking proof of the facility with which the romantic cavaliers of that day could be directed to this new career of danger on the ocean was given at the time of the last meditated expedition into Italy under the Great Captain. A squadron of fifteen vessels, bound for the New World, was then riding in the Guadalquivir. Its complement was limited to one thousand two hundred men; but, on Ferdinand's countermanding Gonsalvo's enterprise, more than three thousand volunteers, many of them of noble family, equipped with unusual magnificence for the Italian service, hastened to Seville, and pressed to be admitted into the Indian armada. Seville itself was in a manner depopulated by the general fever of emigration, so that it actually seemed, says a contemporary, to be tenanted only by women.

In this universal excitement the progress of discovery 5
was pushed forward with a success inferior, indeed, to

what might have been effected in the present state of nautical skill and science, but extraordinary for the times. The winding depths of the Gulf of Mexico were penetrated, as well as the borders of the rich but rugged isthmus which connects the American continents. In 1512 Florida was discovered by a romantic old knight, Ponce de Leon, who, instead of the magical fountain of health, found his grave there. Solis, another navigator, who had charge of an expedition, projected by Ferdinand, to reach the South Sea by the circumnavigation of the continent, ran down the coast as far as the great Rio de la Plata, where he also was cut off by the savages. In 1513 Vasco Nuñez de Balboa penetrated, with a handful of men, across the narrow part of the Isthmus of Darien, and from the summit of the Cordilleras, the first of Europeans, was greeted with the long-promised vision of the southern ocean.

6 The intelligence of this event excited a sensation in Spain inferior only to that caused by the discovery of America. The great object which had so long occupied the imagination of the nautical men of Europe, and formed the purpose of Columbus's last voyage, the discovery of a communication with these far western waters, was accomplished. The famous spice islands, from which the Portuguese had drawn such countless sums of wealth, were scattered over this sea; and the Castilians, after a journey of a few leagues, might launch their barks on its quiet bosom, and reach, and perhaps claim, the coveted possessions of their rivals, as falling west of the papal line of demarkation. Such were the dreams, and such the actual progress of discovery, at the close of Ferdinand's reign.

7 Our admiration of the dauntless heroism displayed by the early Spanish navigators, in their extraordinary

career, is much qualified by a consideration of the cruelties with which it was tarnished; too great to be either palliated or passed over in silence by the historian. As long as Isabella lived, the Indians found an efficient friend and protector; but "her death," says the venerable Las Casas, "was the signal for their destruction." Immediately on that event, the system of *repartimientos*—originally authorized, as we have seen, by Columbus, who seems to have had no doubt, from the first, of the crown's absolute right of property over the natives—was carried to its full extent in the colonies. Every Spaniard, however humble, had his proportion of slaves; and men, many of them not only incapable of estimating the awful responsibility of the situation, but without the least touch of humanity in their natures, were individually intrusted with the unlimited disposal of the lives and destinies of their fellow-creatures. They abused this trust in the grossest manner; tasking the unfortunate Indian far beyond his strength, inflicting the most refined punishments on the indolent, and hunting down those who resisted or escaped, like so many beasts of chase, with ferocious blood-hounds. Every step of the white man's progress 8
in the New World may be said to have been on the corpse of a native. Faith is staggered by the recital of the number of victims immolated in these fair regions, within a very few years after the discovery; and the heart sickens at the loathsome details of barbarities, recorded by one who, if his sympathies have led him sometimes to overcolor, can never be suspected of willfully misstating facts of which he was an eye-witness. A selfish indifference to the rights of the original occupants of the soil is a sin which lies at the door of most of the primitive European settlers of the New World. But it is light in comparison with the fearful amount of crimes to be

charged on the early Spanish colonists—crimes that have, perhaps, in this world, brought down the retribution of Heaven, which has seen fit to turn this fountain of inexhaustible wealth and prosperity to the nation into the waters of bitterness.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—HIS GENIUS, HIS CHARACTER.

MOMMSEN'S "HISTORY OF ROME."

Mommsen's portraiture of Julius Cæsar should be compared with Froude's sketch, given in the "Reader." Julius Cæsar, the foremost man of all the ancient world, was endowed with the rarest versatility of talent. He was general, politician, scholar, author, mathematician, and orator. Scarcely any man has left so deep and abiding an impress upon all subsequent history. The Roman Empire may be considered to have begun from his accession to supreme power, and around the Roman Empire nearly all ancient history, after its establishment, and much of mediæval history, revolves. Charlemagne and Otto are regarded as the lineal successors to the throne of the Cæsars. See Bryce's "Essay on the Holy Roman Empire," and Freeman's "Historical Essays." What historical character seems to have exercised the greatest fascination over the mind of Shakespeare, judging from the numerous allusions in his plays?

1 THE new monarch of Rome, the first ruler of the whole domain of Romano-Hellenic civilization, Gaius Julius Cæsar, was in his fifty-sixth year (born 12 July, 652?) when the battle of Thapsus, the last link in a long chain of momentous victories, placed the decision of the future of the world in his hands. Few men have had their elasticity so thoroughly put to the proof as Cæsar—the sole creative genius produced by Rome, and the last produced by the ancient world, which, accordingly, moved on in the track that he marked out for it until its

sun had set. Sprung from one of the oldest noble families of Latium, which traced back its lineage to the heroes of the "Iliad" and the kings of Rome, and, in fact, to the Venus—Aphrodite, common to both nations—he spent the years of his boyhood and early manhood as the genteel youth of that epoch were wont to spend them. He had tasted the sweetness as well as the bitterness of 2
the cup of fashionable life; had recited and declaimed, had practiced literature and made verses in his idle hours, had prosecuted love intrigues of every sort, and got himself initiated into all the mysteries of shaving, curls, and ruffles pertaining to the toilet-wisdom of the day, as well as into the far more mysterious art of always borrowing and never paying. But the flexible steel of that nature was proof against even these dissipated and flighty courses; Cæsar retained both his bodily vigor and his elasticity of mind and heart unimpaired. In fencing and in riding he was a match for any of his soldiers, and, at Alexandria, his swimming saved his life. The incredible rapidity of his journeys, which, usually, for the sake of gaining time, were performed at night—a thorough contrast to the procession-like slowness with which Pompeius moved from one place to another—was the astonishment of his contemporaries, and not the least among the causes of his success. The mind was like the body. His re- 3
markable power of intuition revealed itself in the precision and practicability of all his arrangements, even where he gave orders without having seen with his own eyes. His memory was matchless, and it was easy for him to carry on several occupations simultaneously with equal self-possession. Although a gentleman, a man of genius, and a monarch, he had still a heart. So long as he lived, he cherished the purest veneration for his worthy mother, Aurelia (his father having died early); to his

wives, and, above all, to his daughter Julia, he devoted an honorable affection, which was not without reflex influence, even on political affairs. With the ablest and most excellent men of his time, of high and of humble rank, he maintained noble relations of mutual fidelity, with each after his kind. As he himself never abandoned any of his partisans, after the pusillanimous and unfeeling manner of Pompeius, but adhered to his friends—and that not merely from calculation—through good and bad times, without wavering, several of these, such as Aulus Hirtius and Gaius Matius, gave, even after his death, noble testimonies of their attachment to him.

4 If, in a nature so harmoniously organized, there is any one trait to be singled out as characteristic, it is this—that he stood aloof from all ideology and everything fanciful. As a matter of course, Cæsar was a man of passion, for without passion there is no genius; but his passion was never stronger than he could control. He had had his season of youth, and song, love, and wine had taken joyous possession of his mind; but with him they did not penetrate to the inmost core of his nature. Literature occupied him long and earnestly; but, while Alexander could not sleep for thinking of the Homeric Achilles, Cæsar, in his sleepless hours, mused on the inflections of the Latin nouns and verbs. He made verses, as everybody then did, but they were weak; on the other hand, he was interested in subjects of astronomy and natural
5 science. While wine was, and continued to be, with Alexander the destroyer of care, the temperate Roman, after the revels of his youth were over, avoided it entirely. Around him, as around all those whom the full luster of woman's love has dazzled in youth, fainter gleams of it continued imperishably to linger; even in later years he had his love adventures and successes with women, and

he retained a certain foppishness in his outward appearance, or, to speak more correctly, a pleasing consciousness of his own manly beauty. He carefully covered the baldness, which he keenly felt, with the laurel chaplet that he wore in public in his later years, and he would, doubtless, have surrendered some of his victories if he could thereby have brought back his youthful locks.

Cæsar was thoroughly a realist and a man of sense; 6
and whatever he undertook and achieved was pervaded and guided by the cool sobriety which constitutes the most marked peculiarity of his genius. To this he owed the power of living energetically in the present, undisturbed either by recollection or by expectation; to this he owed the capacity of acting at any moment with collected vigor, and applying his whole genius even to the smallest and most incidental enterprise; to this he owed the many-sided power with which he grasped and mastered whatever understanding can comprehend and will can compel; to this he owed the self-possessed ease with which he arranged his periods as well as projected his campaigns; to this he owed the "marvelous serenity" which remained steadily with him through good and evil days; to this he owed the complete independence which admitted of no control by favorite or by mistress, or even by friend. It resulted, moreover, from this clearness of 7
judgment that Cæsar never formed to himself illusions regarding the power of fate and the ability of man; in his case the friendly veil was lifted up which conceals from man the inadequacy of his working. However prudently he planned and contemplated all possibilities, the feeling was never absent from his heart that, in all things, fortune, that is to say, accident, must bestow success; and with this may be connected the circumstance that he so often played a desperate game with destiny,

and, in particular, again and again hazarded his person with daring indifference. As, indeed, occasionally men of predominant sagacity betake themselves to a pure game of hazard, so there was in Cæsar's rationalism a point at which it came in some measure into contact with mysticism.

8 Gifts such as these could not fail to produce a statesman. From early youth, accordingly, Cæsar was a statesman in the deepest sense of the term, and his aim was the highest which man is allowed to propose to himself—the political, military, intellectual, and moral regeneration of his own deeply-decayed nation, and of the still more deeply-decayed Hellenic nation intimately akin to his own. The hard school of thirty years' experience changed his views as to the means by which this aim was to be reached; his aim itself remained the same in the times of his hopeless humiliation and of his unlimited plenitude of power, in the times when, as demagogue and conspirator, he stole toward it by paths of darkness, and in those when, as joint possessor of the supreme power and then as monarch, he worked at his task in the full light of day
9 before the eyes of the world. All the measures of a permanent kind that proceeded from him at the most various times assume their appropriate places in the great building plan. We can not, therefore, properly speak of isolated achievements of Cæsar; he did nothing isolated. With justice men commend Cæsar the orator for his masculine eloquence, which, scorning all the arts of the advocate, like a clear flame at once enlightened and warmed. With justice, men admire in Cæsar the author, the inimitable simplicity of the composition, the unique purity and beauty of the language. With justice, the greatest masters of war of all times have praised Cæsar the general, who, in a singular degree disregarding routine and

tradition, knew always how to find out the mode of warfare by which in the given case the enemy was conquered, and which was consequently in the given case the right one; who, with the certainty of divination, found the proper means for every end; who, after defeat, stood ready for battle like William of Orange, and ended the campaign invariably with victory; who managed that element of warfare, the treatment of which serves to distinguish military genius from the mere ordinary ability of an officer—the rapid movement of masses—with unsurpassed perfection, and found the guarantee of victory, not in the massiveness of his forces, but in the celerity of their movements; not in long preparation, but in rapid and bold action, even with inadequate means. But all 10
these were with Cæsar mere secondary matters; he was no doubt a great orator, author, and general, but he became each of these merely because he was a consummate statesman. The soldier more especially played in him altogether an accessory part, and it is one of the principal peculiarities by which he is distinguished from Alexander, Hannibal, and Napoleon, that he began his political activity not as an officer, but as a demagogue. According to his original plan, he had purposed to reach his object, like Pericles and Gaius Gracchus, without force of arms, and throughout eighteen years he had, as leader of the popular party, moved exclusively amid political plans and intrigues—until, reluctantly convinced of the necessity for a military support, he, when already forty years of age, headed an army. It was natural that he should 11
even afterward remain still more statesman than general —just like Cromwell, who also transformed himself from a leader of opposition into a military chief and democratic king, and who in general, little as the Puritan hero seems to resemble the dissolute Roman, is yet, in his

development as well as in the objects which he aimed at and the results which he achieved, of all statesmen, perhaps, the most akin to Cæsar. Even in his mode of warfare this improvised generalship may still be recognized; the enterprises of Napoleon against Egypt and against England do not more clearly exhibit the artillery lieutenant who had risen by service to command, than the similar enterprises of Cæsar exhibit the demagogue metamorphosed into a general. A regularly-trained officer would hardly have been prepared, through political considerations of a not altogether stringent nature, to set aside the best-founded military scruples in the way in which Cæsar did on several occasions, most strikingly in the case of his landing in Epirus. Several of his acts are, therefore, censurable in a military point of view; but what the general
12 loses, the statesman gains. The task of the statesman is universal in its nature, like Cæsar's genius; if he undertook things the most varied and most remote one from another, they had all, without exception, a bearing on the one great object to which with infinite fidelity and consistency he devoted himself; and of the manifold aspects and directions of his great activity he never preferred one to another. Although a master of the art of war, he yet, from statesmanly considerations, did his utmost to avert the civil strife, and, when it nevertheless began, to keep his laurels from the stain of blood. Although the founder of a military monarchy, he yet, with an energy unexampled in history, allowed no hierachy of marshals or government of prætorians to come into existence. If he had a preference for any one form of services rendered to the state, it was for the sciences and arts of peace rather than for those of war.

13 The most remarkable peculiarity of his action as a statesman was its perfect harmony. In reality, all the

conditions for this most difficult of all human functions were united in Cæsar. A thorough realist, he never allowed the images of the past or venerable tradition to disturb him; with him nothing was of value in politics but the living present and the law of reason, just as in grammar he set aside historical and antiquarian research and recognized nothing but, on the one hand, the living *usus loquendi*, and on the other hand the rule of symmetry. A born ruler, he governed the minds of men as the wind drives the clouds, and compelled the most heterogeneous natures to place themselves at his service—the smooth citizen and the rough subaltern, the noble matrons of Rome and the fair princesses of Egypt and Mauretania, the brilliant cavalry officer and the calculating banker. His talent for organization was marvelous; 14
no statesman has ever compelled alliances, no general has ever collected an army out of unyielding and refractory elements with such decision, and kept them together with such firmness, as Cæsar displayed in constraining and upholding his coalitions and his legions; never did regent judge his instruments and assign each to the place appropriate for him with so acute an eye.

He was monarch; but he never played the king. Even when absolute lord of Rome, he retained the deportment of the party leader; perfectly pliant and smooth, easy and charming in conversation, complacent toward every one, it seemed as if he wished to be nothing but the first among his peers. Cæsar entirely avoided 15
the blunder of so many men otherwise on an equality with him, who have carried into politics the tone of military command; however much occasion his disagreeable relations with the senate gave for it, he never resorted to outrages such as that of the eighteenth Brumaire. Cæsar was monarch; but he was never seized with

the giddiness of the tyrant. He is, perhaps, the only one among the mighty men of the earth who, in great matters and little, never acted according to inclination or caprice, but always, without exception, according to his duty as ruler, and who, when he looked back on his life, found, doubtless, erroneous calculations to deplore, but no false step of passion to regret. There is nothing in the history of Cæsar's life which, even on a small scale, can be compared with those poetico-sensual ebullitions—such as the murder of Kleitos or the burning of Persepolis—which the history of his great predecessor in the East
16 records. He is, in fine, perhaps, the only one of those mighty men who has preserved to the end of his career the statesman's tact of discriminating between the possible and the impossible, and has not broken down in the task which for nobly-gifted natures is the most difficult of all—the task of recognizing, when on the pinnacle of success, its natural limits. What was possible he performed, and never left the possible good undone for the sake of the impossible better, never disdained at least to mitigate by palliatives evils that were incurable. But where he recognized that fate had spoken, he always obeyed. Alexander on the Hyphasis, Napoleon at Moscow, turned back because they were compelled to do so, and were indignant at destiny for bestowing even on its favorites merely limited successes; Cæsar turned back voluntarily on the Thames and on the Rhine; and at the Danube and the Euphrates thought not of unbounded plans of world-conquest, but merely of carrying into effect a well-considered regulation of the frontiers.

17 Such was this unique man, whom it seems so easy and yet is so infinitely difficult to describe. His whole nature is transparent clearness; and tradition preserves more copious and more vivid information regarding him than

regarding any of his peers in the ancient world. Of such a personage our conceptions may well vary in point of shallowness or depth, but they can not be, strictly speaking, different; to every not utterly perverted inquirer the grand figure has exhibited the same essential features, and yet no one has succeeded in reproducing it to the life. The secret lies in its perfection. In his character as a man as well as in his place in history, Cæsar occupies a position where the great contrasts of existence meet and balance each other. Of the mightiest creative 18
power, and yet at the same time of the most penetrating judgment; no longer a youth, and not yet an old man; of the highest energy of will and the highest capacity of execution; filled with republican ideals, and at the same time born to be a king; a Roman in the deepest essence of his nature, and yet called to reconcile and combine in himself as well as in the outer world the Roman and the Hellenic types of culture—Cæsar was the entire and perfect man. Accordingly, we miss in him, more than in 19
any other historical personage, what are called characteristic features, which are in reality nothing else than deviations from the natural course of human development. What in Cæsar passes for such at the first superficial glance is, when more closely observed, seen to be the peculiarity not of the individual, but of the epoch of culture or of the nation; his youthful adventures, for instance, were common to him with all his more gifted contemporaries of like position, his unpoetical but strongly logical temperament was the temperament of Romans in general. It formed part, also, of Cæsar's full humanity that he was in the highest degree influenced by the conditions of time and place; for there is no abstract humanity—the living man can not but occupy a place in a given nationality and in a definite line of culture. Cæsar 20

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was a perfect man just because he, more than any other, placed himself amid the currents of his time, and because he, more than any other, possessed the essential peculiarity of the Roman nation—practical aptitude as a citizen—in perfection; for his Hellenism, in fact, was only the Hellenism which had been long intimately blended with the Italian nationality. But in this very circumstance lies the difficulty, we may perhaps say the impossibility, of depicting Cæsar to the life. As the artist can paint everything save only consummate beauty, so the historian, when once in a thousand years he encounters the perfect, can only be silent regarding it. For normality admits, doubtless, of being expressed, but it gives us only the negative notion of the absence of defect; the secret of nature, whereby in her most finished manifestations normality and individuality are combined, is beyond expression. Nothing is left for us but to deem those fortunate who beheld this perfection, and to gain some faint conception of it from the reflected luster which rests imperishably on the works that were the creation of this
21 great nature. These, also, it is true, bear the stamp of the time. The Roman hero himself stood by the side of his youthful Greek predecessor not merely as an equal, but as a superior; but the world had meanwhile become old, and its youthful luster had faded. The action of Cæsar was no longer, like that of Alexander, a joyous marching onward toward a goal indefinitely remote; he built on, and out of, ruins, and was content to establish himself as tolerably and as securely as possible within the ample but yet definite bounds once assigned to him. With reason, therefore, the delicate poetic tact of the nations has not troubled itself about the unpoetical Roman, and has invested the son of Philip alone with all the golden luster of poetry, with all the rainbow hues of

legend. But with equal reason the political life of nations has, during thousands of years, again and again reverted to the lines which Cæsar drew; and the fact that the peoples to whom the world belongs still at the present day designate the highest of their monarchs by his name, conveys a warning deeply significant, and, unhappily, fraught with shame.

CAUSES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

MIGNET'S "HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION."

This extract from Mignet, one of the best contemporary French historians, is an enumeration of the causes that prepared the way for the French Revolution. The results of this Revolution were most important, and have largely affected the character of all subsequent European history. The government of France, for a long period before the Revolution, was an example, the most perfect that has been exhibited in modern times, of oppression reduced to a science, and administered with mechanical exactness. The excesses of the Revolution, the Reign of Terror, the murder of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, the career of Robespierre, are among the most fearful outbursts of depravity that the world has ever seen. The Revolution was instrumental in bringing into prominence Napoleon Bonaparte, who first rises to fame by his skillful conduct of the artillery at the siege of Toulon. In due time the despotism of the Bourbons was successed by the empire of Napoleon. Mignet, Thiers, and Carlyle may all be read with advantage upon the history of the French Revolution.

I AM about to take a rapid review of the history of 1
the French Revolution, which began the era of new societies in Europe, as the English Revolution had begun the era of new governments. This Revolution not only modified the political power, but it entirely changed the

internal existence of the nation. The forms of the society of the Middle Ages still remained. The land was divided into hostile provinces, the population into rival classes. The nobility had lost all their powers, but still retained all their distinctions; the people had no rights, royalty no limits; France was in an utter confusion of arbitrary administration, of class legislation and special
2 privileges to special bodies. For these abuses the Revolution substituted a system more conformable with justice, and better suited to our times. It substituted law in the place of arbitrary will, equality in that of privilege; delivered men from the distinctions of classes, the land from the barriers of provinces, trade from the shackles of corporations and fellowships, agriculture from feudal subjection and the oppression of titles, property from the impediment of entails, and brought everything to the condition of one state, one system of law, one people.

3 In order to effect such mighty reformation as this, the Revolution had many obstacles to overcome, involving transient excesses with durable benefits. The privileged sought to prevent it; Europe to subject it; and thus forced into a struggle, it could not set bounds to its efforts, or moderate its victory. Resistance from within brought about the sovereignty of the multitude, and aggression from without, military domination. Yet the end was attained, in spite of anarchy and in spite of despotism; the old society was destroyed during the Revolution, and the new one became established under the empire.

4 When a reform has become necessary, and the moment for accomplishing it has arrived, nothing can prevent it; everything furthers it. Happy were it for men could they then come to an understanding; would the rich resign their superfluity, and the poor content themselves

with achieving what they really needed, revolutions would then be quietly effected, and the historian would have no excesses, no calamities to record; he would merely have to display the transition of humanity to a wiser, freer, and happier condition. But the annals of nations have 5
not as yet presented any instance of such prudent sacrifices; those who should have made them have refused to do so; those who required them have forcibly compelled them; and good has been brought about, like evil, by the medium and with all the violence of usurpation. As yet there has been no sovereign but force.

In reviewing the history of the important period ex- 6
tending from the opening of the states-general to 1814, I propose to explain the various crises of the Revolution, while I describe their progress. It will thus be seen through whose fault, after commencing under such happy auspices, it so fearfully degenerated; in what way it changed France into a republic, and how upon the ruins of the republic it raised the empire. These various phases were almost inevitable, so irresistible was the power of the events which produced them. It would, perhaps, be rash to affirm that, by no possibility, could the face of things have been otherwise; but it is certain that the Revolution, taking its rise from such causes, and employing and arousing such passions, naturally took that course, and ended in that result. Before we enter upon 7
its history, let us see what led to the convocation of the states-general, which themselves brought on all that followed. In retracing the preliminary causes of the Revolution, I hope to show that it was as impossible to avoid as to guide it.

From its establishment the French monarchy had had no settled form, no fixed and recognized public right. Under the first races the crown was elective, the nation

sovereign, and the king a mere military chief, depending on the common voice for all decisions to be made, and all the enterprises to be undertaken. The nation elected its chief, exercised the legislative power in the *Champs de Mars* under the presidentship of the king, and the judicial power in the courts under the direction of one
8 of his officers. Under the feudal *régime*, this royal democracy gave way to a royal aristocracy. Absolute power ascended higher, the nobles stripped the people of it, as the prince afterward despoiled the nobles. At this period the monarch had become hereditary; not as king, but as individually possessor of a fief; the legislative authority over their vast territories belonged to the seigneurs, or in the baron's parliaments; and the judicial authority to the vassals in the manorial courts. In a word, power had become more and more concentrated, and, as it had passed from the many to the few, it came
9 at last from the few to be invested in one alone. During centuries of continuous efforts, the kings of France were battering down the feudal edifice, and at length they established themselves on its ruins, having, step by step, usurped the fiefs, subdued the vassals, suppressed the parliaments of barons, annulled or subjected the manorial courts, assumed the legislative power, and effected that judicial authority should be exercised, in their name and on their behalf, in parliaments of legists.

10 The states-general, which they convoked on pressing occasions, for the purpose of obtaining subsidies, and which were composed of the three orders of the nation—the clergy, the nobility, and the third estate or commons—had no regular existence. Originated while the royal prerogative was in progress, they were at first controlled, and finally suppressed by it. The strongest and most determined opposition the kings had to encounter in their

projects of aggrandizement proceeded much less from these assemblies, which they authorized or annulled at pleasure, than from the nobles vindicating against them, first their sovereignty, and then their political importance. From Philip Augustus to Louis XI, the object of all their efforts was to preserve their own power; from Louis XI to Louis XIV, to become the ministers of that of royalty. The Froude was the last campaign of the aristocracy. Under Louis XIV, absolute monarchy definitively established itself, and dominated without dispute.

The government of France, from Louis XIV to the 11
Revolution, was still more arbitrary than despotic; for the monarchs had much more power than they exercised. The barriers that opposed the encroachments of this immense authority were exceedingly feeble. The crown disposed of persons by *lettres de cachet*, of property by confiscation, of the public revenue by imposts. Certain bodies, it is true, possessed means of defense, which were termed privileges, but these privileges were rarely respected. The parliament had that of ratifying or of refusing an impost, but the king could compel its assent, by a *lit de justice*, and punish its members by exile. The nobility were exempt from taxation; the clergy were entitled to the privilege of taxing themselves, in the form of free gifts; some provinces enjoyed the right of compounding the taxes, and others made the assessment themselves. Such were the trifling liberties of France, and even these all turned to the benefit of the privileged classes, and to the detriment of the people.

And this France, so enslaved, was, moreover, miserably 12
organized; the excesses of power were still less endurable than their unjust distribution. The nation, divided into three orders, which subdivided themselves into several classes, was a prey to all the attacks of despotism and all

the evils of inequality. The nobility were subdivided: into courtiers, living on the favors of the prince—that is to say, on the labor of the people, and whose aim was governorships of provinces, or elevated ranks in the army; ennobled parvenus, who conducted the interior administration, and whose object was to obtain comptrollerships, and to make the most of their place while they held it, by jobbing of every description; legists, who administered justice, and were alone competent to perform its functions; and landed proprietors, who oppressed the country by the exercise of those feudal rights which still survived.

13 The clergy were divided into two classes: the one destined for the bishopries and abbeys, and their rich revenues; the other for the apostolic function and its poverty. The third estate, ground down by the court, humiliated by the nobility, was itself divided into corporations, which, in their turn, exercised upon each other the evil and the contempt they received from the higher classes. It possessed scarcely a third part of the land, and this was burthened with the feudal rents due to the lords of the manor, tithes to the clergy, and taxes to the king. In compensation for all these sacrifices, it enjoyed no political right, had no share in the administration, and was admitted to no public employment.

14 Louis XIV wore out the mainspring of absolute monarchy by too protracted tension and too violent use. Fond of sway, rendered irritable by the vexations of his youth, he quelled all resistance, forbade every kind of opposition—that of the aristocracy which manifested itself in revolt—that of the parliaments displayed by remonstrance—that of the Protestants, whose form was a liberty of conscience which the Church deemed heretical, and royalty factious. Louis XIV subdued the nobles by summoning them to his court, where favors and pleasures

were the compensation for their dependence. Parliament, till then the instrument of the crown, attempted to become its counterbalance, and the prince haughtily imposed upon it a silence and submission of sixty years' du- 15
ration. At length the revocation of the edict of Nantes completed this work of despotism. An arbitrary government not only will not endure resistance, but it demands that its subjects shall approve and imitate it. After having subjected the actions of men, it persecutes conscience; needing to be ever in motion, it seeks victims when they do not fall in its way. The immense power of Louis XIV was exercised, internally, against the heretics; externally, against all Europe. Oppression found ambitious men to counsel it, dragoons to serve, and success to encourage it; the wounds of France were hidden by laurels, her groans were drowned in songs of victory. But at 16
last the men of genius died, the victories ceased, industry emigrated, money disappeared, and the fact became evident that the very successes of despotism exhaust its resources, and consume its future ere that future has arrived. The death of Louis XIV was the signal for a reaction; there was a sudden transition from intolerance to incredulity, from the spirit of obedience to that of discussion. Under the regency, the third estate acquired in importance, by their increasing wealth and intelligence, all that the nobility lost in consideration, and the clergy in influence. Under Louis XV, the court prosecuted ruinous wars attended with little glory, and engaged in a silent struggle with opinion, in an open one with the parliament. Anarchy crept into its bosom, the government fell into the hands of royal mistresses, power was completely on the decline, and the opposition daily made fresh progress.

NAPOLEON'S FIRST OVERTHROW. — REFLECTIONS UPON HIS GENIUS, AND THE INFLUENCE OF HIS CAREER UPON EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION.

MIGNET'S "HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION."

This extract from Mignet's "History of the French Revolution" is in great measure an account of Napoleon's campaigns just before his first overthrow in 1814. After his disastrous Russian campaign, nearly all the powers of Europe combined against him, and France was invaded in every direction. Notwithstanding the desperate situation in which he was placed, Napoleon's genius never shone with brighter luster, and he appears greater in misfortune than at the climax of success. Mignet closes his admirable history with some reflections upon the character of Napoleon and the influence of his career upon the progress of European civilization. We are, perhaps, too prone to regard Napoleon as a military commander alone, and it is pleasant to reflect that his reign, though marked by supreme selfishness, was not entirely unproductive of salutary results.

1 THE empire was invaded in all directions. The Austrians entered Italy; the English, having made themselves masters of the Peninsula during the last two years, had passed the Bidassoa under General Wellington, and appeared on the Pyrenees. Three armies pressed on France to the east and north. The great allied army, amounting to a hundred and fifty thousand men, under Schwartzenberg, advanced by Switzerland; the army of Silesia, of a hundred and thirty thousand, under Blucher, by Frankfort; and that of the north, of a hundred thousand men, under Bernadotte, had seized on Holland and entered Belgium. The enemies, in their turn, neglected the fortified places, and, taking a lesson from the conqueror,
2 advanced on the capital. When Napoleon left Paris, the two armies of Schwartzenberg and Blucher were on the point of effecting a junction in Champaigne. Deprived

of the support of the people, who were only lookers on, Napoleon was left alone against the whole world with a handful of veterans and his genius, which had lost nothing of its daring and vigor. At this moment he stands out nobly, no longer an oppressor; no longer a conqueror; defending, inch by inch, with new victories, the soil of his country, and, at the same time, his empire and renown.

He marched into Champaigne against the two great 3
hostile armies. General Maison was charged to intercept Bernadotte in Belgium; Augereau, the Austrians, at Lyons; Soult, the English, on the Spanish frontier. Prince Eugene was to defend Italy; and the empire, though penetrated to the very center, still stretched its vast arms into the depths of Germany by its garrisons beyond the Rhine. Napoleon did not despair of driving these swarms of foes from the territory of France by means of a powerful military reaction, and again planting his standards in the countries of the enemy. He 4
placed himself skillfully between Blucher, who was descending the Marne, and Schwartzenberg, who descended the Seine; he hastened from one of these armies to the other, and defeated them alternately; Blucher was overpowered at Champ-Aubert, Montdarim, Chateau-Thierry, and Vauchamps; and when his army was destroyed, Napoleon returned to the Seine, defeated the Austrians at Montereau, and drove them before him. His combinations were so strong, his activity so great, his measures so sure, that he seemed on the point of entirely disorganizing these two formidable armies, and with them annihilating the coalition.

But, if he conquered wherever he came, the foe tri- 5
umphed wherever he was not. The English had entered Bourdeaux, where a party had declared for the Bourbon

family; the Austrians occupied Lyons; the Belgian army had joined the remnant of that of Blucher, which reappeared on Napoleon's rear. Defection now entered his own family, and Murat had just followed, in Italy, the example of Bernadotte, by joining the coalition. The grand officers of the empire still served him, but languidly, and he only found ardor and fidelity in his sub-
6 altern generals and indefatigable soldiers. Napoleon had again marched on Blucher, who had escaped from him thrice: on the left of the Marne, by a sudden frost which hardened the muddy ways among which the Prussians had involved themselves, and were in danger of perishing; on the Aisne, through the defection of Soissons, which opened a passage to them at a moment when they had no other way of escape; at Craoune, by fault of the Duke of Ragusa, who prevented a decisive battle by suffering himself to be surprised by night. After so many fatalities, which frustrated the surest plans, Napoleon, ill sustained by his generals, surrounded by the coalition, conceived the bold design of transporting himself to Saint Dezier, and closing on the enemy the egress
7 from France. This daring march, so full of genius, startled for a moment the confederate generals, from whom it cut off all retreat; but, excited by secret encouragements, without being anxious for their rear, they advanced on Paris.

This great city, the only capital of Europe which had not been the theatre of war, suddenly saw all the troops of Europe enter its plains, and was on the point of undergoing the common humiliation. It was left to itself. The Empress, appointed regent a few months before, had just left it to repair to Blois. Napoleon was at a distance. There was not that despair and that movement of liberty which drive a people to resistance; war was no longer

made on nations, but on governments, and the Emperor had centered all the public interest in himself, and placed all his means of defense in mechanical troops. The exhaustion was great; a feeling of pride—of very just pride—alone made the approach of the stranger painful, and oppressed every Frenchman's heart at seeing his native land trodden by armies so long vanquished. But 8
this sentiment was not sufficiently strong to raise the masses of the population against the enemy; and the measures of the royalist party, at the head of which the Prince of Benevento placed himself, called the allied troops to the capital. An action took place, however, on the 30th of March, under the walls of Paris; but on the 31st the gates were opened to the confederate forces, who entered in pursuance of a capitulation. The senate consummated the great imperial defection by forsaking its old master; it was influenced by M. de Talleyrand, who for some time had been out of favor with Napoleon. This voluntary actor in every crisis of power had just declared against him. With no attachment to party, of a profound political indifference, he foresaw from a distance with wonderful sagacity the fall of a government; withdrew from it opportunely; and, when the precise moment for assailing it had arrived, joined in the attack with all his talents, his influence, his name, and his authority, which he had taken care to preserve. In favor of the Revolution, under the constituent assembly; of the directory, on the 18th Fructidor; for the consulate, on the 18th Brumaire; for the empire, in 1804, he was for the restoration of the royal family in 1814; he seemed grand master of the ceremonies for the party in power, and, for the last thirty years, it was he who had dismissed and installed the successive governments. The senate, 9
influenced by him, appointed a provisional government,

and declared Napoleon deposed from his throne, the hereditary rights of his family abolished, the people and army freed from their oath of fidelity. It proclaimed him *tyrant*, whose despotism it had facilitated by its adulation. Meantime, Napoleon, urged by those about him to succor the capital, had abandoned his march on Saint Dezier, and hastened to Paris at the head of fifty thousand men, in the hope of preventing the entry of the enemy. On his arrival (1st of April) he heard of the capitulation of the preceding day, and fell back on Fontainebleau, where he learned the defection of the senate, and his deposition. Then, finding that all gave way around him in his ill-fortune—the people, the senate, generals, and courtiers—he decided on abdicating in favor of his son. He sent the Duke of Vicenza, the Prince de la Moskowa, and the Duke of Tarento as plenipotentiaries to the confederates; on their way they were to take with them the Duke of Ragusa, who covered Fontainebleau with a corps.

Napoleon, with his fifty thousand men, and strong military position, could yet oblige the coalition to admit the claim of his son. But the Duke of Ragusa forsook his post, treated with the enemy, and left Fontainebleau exposed. Napoleon was then obliged to submit to the conditions of the allied powers; their pretensions increased with their power. At Prague they ceded to him the empire, with the Alps and the Rhine for limits; after the invasion of France, they offered him at Chatillon the possessions of the old monarchy only; later, they refused to treat with him except in favor of his son; but now, determined on destroying all that remained of the Revolution with respect to Europe, its conquest and dynasty, they compelled Napoleon to abdicate absolutely. On the 11th of April, 1814, he renounced for himself

and children the thrones of France and Italy, and received in exchange for his vast sovereignty, the limits of which had extended from Cadiz to the Baltic Sea, the little Island of Elba. On the 20th, after an affecting farewell to his old soldiers, he departed for his new principality.

Thus fell this man, who alone, for fourteen years, had 11
filled the world. His enterprising and organizing genius, his power of life and will, his love of glory, and the immense disposable force which the Revolution placed in his hands, have made him the most gigantic being of modern times. That which would have rendered the destiny of another extraordinary, scarcely counts in his. Rising from an obscure to the highest rank, from a simple artillery officer becoming the chief of the greatest of nations, he dared to conceive the idea of universal monarchy, and for a moment realized it. After having obtained the empire by his victories, he wished to subdue Europe by means of France, and reduce England by means of Europe, and he established the military system against the continent; the blockade against Great Britain. This design succeeded for some years; from Lisbon to Moscow he subjected people and potentates to his word of command as general, and to the vast sequestration which he prescribed. But in this way he failed in dis- 12
charging his restorative mission of the 18th Brumaire. By exercising, on his own account, the power he had received, by attacking the liberty of the people by despotic institutions, the independence of states by war, he excited against himself the opinions and interests of the human race; he provoked universal hostility. The nation forsook him, and, after having been long victorious, after having planted his standard on every capital, after having during ten years augmented his power, and gained a

kingdom with every battle, a single reverse combined the world against him, proving by his fall how impossible in our days is despotism.

13 Yet Napoleon, amid all the disastrous results of his system, gave a prodigious impulse to the continent; his armies carried with them the ideas and customs of the more advanced civilization of France. European societies were shaken on their old foundations; nations were mingled by frequent intercourse; bridges thrown across boundary rivers; high roads made over the Alps, Apennines, and Pyrenees, brought territories nearer to each other; and Napoleon effected for the material condition of states what the Revolution had done for the minds of men. The blockade completed the impulse of conquest; it improved continental industry, enabling it to take the place of that of England, and replace colonial commerce

14 by the produce of manufactures. Thus Napoleon, by agitating nations, contributed to their civilization. His despotism rendered him counter-revolutionary with respect to France; but his spirit of conquest made him a regenerator with respect to Europe, of which many nations, in torpor till he came, will live henceforth with the life he gave them. But in this Napoleon obeyed the dictates of his nature. The child of war—war was his tendency, his pleasure; domination his object—he wanted to master the world, and circumstances placed it in his hand, in order that he might make use of it.

15 Napoleon has presented in France what Cromwell presented for a moment in England; the government of the army, which always establishes itself when a revolution is contended against; it then gradually changes, and from being civil, as it was at first, becomes military. In Great Britain, internal war not being complicated with foreign war, on account of the geographical situation of

the country, which isolated it from other states as soon as the enemies of reform were vanquished, the army passed from the field of battle to the government. Its intervention being premature, Cromwell, its general, found parties still in the fury of their passions, in all the fanaticism of their opinions, and he directed against them alone his military administration. The French Revolution, taking 16
place on the continent, saw the nations disposed for liberty, and sovereigns leagued from a fear of the liberation of their people. It had not only internal enemies, but also foreign enemies to contend with; and while its armies were repelling Europe, parties were overthrowing each other in the assemblies. The military intervention came later; Napoleon, finding factions defeated and opinions almost forsaken, obtained obedience easily from the nation, and turned the military government against Europe.

This difference of position materially influenced the conduct and character of these two extraordinary men. Napoleon, disposing of immense force and of uncontested power, gave himself up in security to the vast designs and the part of a conqueror, while Cromwell, deprived of the assent which popular exhaustion accords, incessantly attacked by factions, was reduced to neutralize them one by the other; and to the last, the military dictator of parties. The one employed his genius in undertaking; the other in resisting. Accordingly, the former had the 17
frankness and decision of power; the other, the craft and hypocrisy of opposed ambition. This situation would destroy their sway. All dictatorships are transient; and, however strong or great, it is impossible for any one long to subject parties or long to retain kingdoms. It is this that, sooner or later, would have led to the fall of Cromwell (had he lived longer) by internal conspiracies; and

that brought on the downfall of Napoleon, by the raising
18 of Europe. Such is the fate of all powers which, arising from liberty, do not continue to abide with her. In 1814 the empire had just been destroyed; the revolutionary parties had ceased to exist since the 18th Brumaire. All the governments of this political period had been exhausted. The senate recalled the old royal family. Already unpopular on account of its past servility, it ruined itself in public opinion by publishing a constitution, tolerably liberal, but which placed on the same footing the pensions of the senators and the guarantees of the nation. The Count d'Artois, who had been the first to leave France, was the first to return, in the character of lieu-
19 tenant-general of the kingdom. He signed, on the 23d of April, the convention of Paris, which reduced the French territory to its limits of the 1st of January, 1792, and by which Belgium, Savoy, Nice, and Geneva, and immense military stores, ceased to belong to us. Louis XVIII landed at Calais on the 24th of April, and entered Paris with solemnity on the 3d of May, 1814, after having, on the 2d, made the Declaration de Saint Omer, which fixed the principles of the representative government, and which was followed on the 2d of June by the promulgation of the charter.

20 At this epoch a new series of events begins. The year 1814 was the term of the great movement of the preceding five-and-twenty years. The Revolution had been political, as directed against the absolute power of the court and the privileged classes, and military because Europe had attacked it. The reaction which arose at that time only destroyed the empire, and brought about the coalition in Europe, and the representative system in France; such was to be its first period. Later, it opposed the Revolution, and produced the holy alliance against

the people and the government of a party against the charter. This retrograde movement necessarily had its course and limits. France can only be ruled in a durable manner by satisfying the twofold need which made it undertake the Revolution. It requires real political liberty in the government; and in society, the material prosperity produced by the continually progressing development of civilization.

THE BURIAL-PLACE OF MONMOUTH.

MACAULAY'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

This brilliant and pathetic description is from the first volume of Macaulay's "England." The Duke of Monmouth was probably the son of Charles II, who seems to have regarded him with as much affection as he was capable of bestowing upon any human being. Upon the accession of James II to the English throne in 1685, Monmouth, then in exile in the Netherlands, was prevailed upon to conduct a rebellion against the government, with a view to dethroning James II and obtaining the crown for himself. The details of that disastrous attempt, the capture of Monmouth, his interview with the king, his execution on Tower Hill, are all narrated with that graphic minuteness of which Macaulay is so great a master. The specific purpose of this extract is to direct the attention of the student to the historical interest, so manifold and so inexhaustible, that concentrates around the famous Tower of London. Historic buildings, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower, have an individuality, a strongly defined character that invest them with an irresistible charm to the student of history. As far back as the Roman occupation of London there was a fortification on the site of the Tower. The present structure dates its beginning from the reign of William the Conqueror, who erected the White Tower A. D. 1078 to overawe the Londoners and deter them from insurrection. The "little cemetery," to which Macaulay re-

fers, is the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, erected by Edward I on the site of an ancient church, rebuilt by Edward III, altered by Henry VIII, and "restored" about seven years ago (1877). It is at the northwest corner of the Tower. There is, indeed, "no sadder spot" in all the earth. Standing before the chancel, under which rest so many illustrious victims of Tudor and Stuart tyranny, the grim reality of history rises up with an almost overpowering clearness and force. In connection with the subject of historic buildings, I would suggest to the student the eminent propriety and advantage of acquainting himself with the different epochs of architectural growth, and the distinctive characteristics of each epoch. The growth of art is an essential element in the historic development of nations, and there is no study intrinsically more fascinating, to say nothing of its practical utility. Let the student consult upon the subject of art Sir James Ferguson's "History of Architecture," Freeman's "Norman Conquest," vol. v, chapter on "The Influence of the Conquest upon Art in England," Freeman's "Lectures on Architecture," "Encyclopædia Britannica," ninth edition, article on "Art," Milman's "Latin Christianity." On historic buildings, especially those in London, Baedeker's "London and its Environs," Loftie's "History of London," Freeman's "Norman Conquest," vols. ii and iii, Dean Stanley's "Memorials of Westminster Abbey," revised edition.

1 In the mean time, many handkerchiefs had been dipped in the duke's blood, for by a large part of the multitude he was regarded as a martyr who had died for the Protestant religion. The head and body were placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid privately under the communion-table of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower. Within four years the pavement of that chancel was again disturbed, and hard by the remains of
2 Monmouth were laid the remains of Jeffreys. In truth, there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and imperishable renown—not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that

is most endearing in social and domestic charities, but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through suc- 3
cessive ages, by the rude hands of jailers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guilford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset and Protector of the Realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too, is another 4
Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valor, grace, genius, royal favor, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard—Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there, 5
among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers—Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled.

ENGLAND IN 1685.

MACAULAY'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

The transformations wrought by material progress are here forcibly illustrated by Macaulay. In Mr. J. Halliwell Phillipps's "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare," there is an excellent description of Stratford-on-Avon, as it was in the days of Shakespeare, as contrasted with the Stratford-on-Avon of our own time, to which so many thousands annually make their pious pilgrimage. In Brewer's "Studies in English History and English Literature," article on "Ancient London," will be found some instructive and suggestive remarks on this subject.

1 COULD the England of 1685 be, by some magical process, set before our eyes, we should not know one landscape in a hundred or one building in ten thousand. The country gentleman would not recognize his own fields. The inhabitant of the town would not recognize his own street. Everything has been changed but the great features of nature, and a few massive and durable works
2 of human art. We might find out Snowdon and Windmere, the Cheddar Cliffs and Beachy Head. We might find out here and there a Norman minster, or a castle which witnessed the Wars of the Roses; but, with such rare exceptions, everything would be strange to us.
3 Many thousands of square miles, which are now rich corn-land and meadow, intersected by green hedge-rows, and dotted with villages and pleasant country seats, would appear as moors overgrown with furze, or fens abandoned
4 to wild ducks. We should see straggling huts built of wood and covered with thatch where we now see manufacturing towns and seaports renowned to the farthest ends of the world. The capital itself would shrink to dimensions not much exceeding those of its present sub-
5 urb on the south of the Thames. Not less strange to us

would be the garb and manners of the people, the furniture and the equipages, the interior of the shops and dwellings. Such a change in the state of a nation seems to be at least as well entitled to the notice of an historian as any change of the dynasty or of the ministry.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN ENGLAND DURING THE LATTER PART OF THE XVII CENTURY.

MACAULAY'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

We have here a picture of the low state of female culture prevalent in England, even in fashionable circles, during the latter part of the seventeenth century. With this intellectual degeneracy of the sex, it is refreshing to contrast the glowing descriptions of Lady Jane Grey and Queen Elizabeth, their devotion to classical culture, which have come down to us from the preceding century, even admitting these descriptions to be somewhat overdrawn and embellished.

As to the lady of the manor and her daughters, their 1
literary stores generally consisted of a prayer-book and a receipt-book. But, in truth, they lost little by living in rural seclusion, for even in the highest ranks, and in those situations which afforded the greatest facilities for mental improvement, the English women of that generation were decidedly worse educated than they have been at any other time since the revival of learning. At an 2
earlier period they had studied the masterpieces of ancient genius. In the present day they seldom bestow much attention on the dead languages; but they are familiar with the tongue of Pascal and Molière, with the tongue of Dante and Tasso, with the tongue of Goethe

and Schiller; nor is there any purer or more graceful English than that which accomplished women now speak
3 and write. But, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, the culture of the female mind seems to have been almost entirely neglected. If a damsel had the least smattering of literature, she was regarded as a prodigy. Ladies highly born, highly bred, and naturally quick-witted, were unable to write a line in their mother-tongue without solecisms and faults of spelling, such as a charity girl would now be ashamed to commit. The
4 explanation may easily be found. Extravagant licentiousness, the natural effect of extravagant austerity, was now the mode, and licentiousness had produced its ordinary effect—the moral and intellectual degradation of women. . . . In such circumstances, the standard of female attainments was necessarily low, and it was more dangerous to be above that standard than to be beneath
5 it. Extreme ignorance and frivolity were thought less unbecoming in a lady than the slightest tincture of pedantry. Of the too celebrated women whose faces we still admire on the walls of Hampton Court, few, indeed, were in the habit of reading anything more valuable than acrostics, lampoons, and translations of the "Clelia" and the "Grand Cyrus."

ENGLAND AFTER THE NORMAN CONQUEST.—THE GREAT CHARTER.—RISE OF THE ENGLISH NATION.

MACAULAY'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

The period intervening between the Norman Conquest, A. D. 1066, and the recovery of the English people from its depressing effects, is here exhibited concisely, and yet with wonderful clear-

ness and accuracy. It has been forty years since this portion of Macaulay's history was composed, but with all the additions to our knowledge of the early English periods, which critical research has been able to make in our own time, the substantial accuracy of Macaulay's narrative stands unimpaired. The era extending from the Conquest to the middle of the fourteenth century is rich in historic interest, and that of the most varied character—political, ecclesiastical, architectural, literary, linguistic. For the history of this era, the following works should be carefully studied: Freeman's "Norman Conquest," Pearson's "England in the Early and Middle Ages," Freeman's "Historical Essays," Freeman's "Life and Reign of William Rufus," Stubbs's "Constitutional History of England," Palgrave's "History of Normandy and England," Oliphant's "Early and Middle English," Lounsbury's "English Language," Earle's "Philology of the English Tongue," "Encyclopædia Britannica," ninth edition, vol. viii, article on the "English Language," Morley's "First Sketch of English Literature," Ten Brink's "Early English Literature," Arnold's "English Literature," Green's "History of the English People." The development of the language and the literature is, in the strictest sense, a part of the history of the people—though unfortunately this essential truth is ofttimes disregarded in actual instruction. The era embraced in Macaulay's review, here cited, is the great formative period in the history of the English speech. The loss of Normandy, the Magna Charta, mark important points in the development of the language, as well as in the political growth of the nation. Freeman's "Norman Conquest," vol. v, chap. xxv, should be critically studied in this connection. Chaucer, Wickliffe, Langland, Robert of Brunne, Orm, Layamon, are as truly historic characters as the Black Prince, John of Gaunt, Simon de Montfort, Stephen Langton, Thomas à Becket, or William the Conqueror. Literature and history elucidate and illustrate each other. No man living in the nineteenth century can form a vivid or accurate impression of the inner life of England in the fourteenth century, until he has "given his days and nights" to the "Canterbury Tales" and "The Vision of Piers the Plowman."

DURING the century and a half which followed the Norman Conquest (A. D. 1066), there is, to speak strictly, no English history. The French kings of England rose,

indeed, to an eminence which was the wonder and dread of all neighboring nations. They conquered Ireland. They received the homage of Scotland. By their valor, by their policy, by their fortunate matrimonial alliances, they became far more powerful on the continent than their liege lords, the kings of France. Asia, as well as Europe, was dazzled by their power and glory. Arabian chroniclers recorded with unwilling admiration the fall of Acre, the defense of Joppa, and the victorious march to Ascalon; and Arabian mothers long awed their infants to silence with the name of the lion-hearted Plantagenet.

2 At one time it seemed that the line of Hugh Capet was about to end as the Merovingian and Carlovingian lines had ended, and that a single great monarchy would spread from the Orkneys to the Pyrenees. So strong an association is established in most minds between the greatness of a sovereign and the greatness of a nation which he rules, that almost every historian of England has expatiated with a sentiment of exultation on the power and splendor of her foreign masters, and has lamented the decline of that power and splendor as a calamity to our country. This is, in truth, as absurd as it would be in a Haytian negro of our time to dwell with national pride on the greatness of Louis XIV, and to speak of Blenheim and Ramillies with patriotic regret and shame.

3 The conqueror and his descendants to the fourth generation were not Englishmen; most of them were born in France; their ordinary speech was French; almost every high office in their gift was filled by a Frenchman; every acquisition which they made on the continent estranged them more and more from the population of our island. One of the ablest among them, indeed, attempted to win the hearts of his English subjects by espousing an English princess; but, by many of his barons, this marriage

was regarded as a marriage between a white planter and a quadroon girl would now be regarded in Virginia. In history he is known by the honorable surname of Beauclerc; but, in his own time, his own countrymen called him by a Saxon nickname, in contemptuous allusion to his Saxon connection. Had the Plantagenets, as at one 4
time seemed likely, succeeded in uniting all France under their government, it is probable that England would never have had an independent existence. Her princes, her lords, her prelates, would have been men differing in race and language from the artisans and the tillers of the earth. The revenues of her great proprietors would have been spent in festivities and diversions on the banks of the Seine. The noble language of Milton and Burke would have remained a rustic dialect, without a literature, a fixed grammar, or a fixed orthography, and would have been contemptuously abandoned to the use of boors. No man of English extraction would have risen to eminence, except by becoming in speech and habits a Frenchman. England owes her escape from such calamities to an event 5
which her historians have generally represented as disastrous. Her interest was so directly opposed to the interest of her rulers that she had no hope but in their errors and misfortunes. The talents and even the virtues of her six first French kings were a curse to her. The follies and vices of the seventh were her salvation. Had John inherited the great qualities of his father, of Henry Beauclerc, or of the Conqueror, nay, had he even possessed the martial courage of Stephen or of Richard, and had the King of France at the same time been as incapable as all the other successors of Hugh Capet had been, the house of Plantagenet must have risen to unrivaled ascendency in Europe. But just at this conjuncture, 6
France, for the first time since the death of Charle-

magne, was governed by a prince of great firmness and ability. On the other hand, England, which, since the battle of Hastings, had been ruled generally by wise statesmen, always by brave soldiers, fell under the dominion of a trifler and a coward. From that moment her prospects brightened. John was driven from Normandy. The Norman nobles were compelled to make their election between the island and the continent. Shut up by the sea with the people whom they had hitherto oppressed and despised, they gradually came to regard England as their country, and the English as their coun-
7 trymen. The two races, so long hostile, soon found that they had common interests and common enemies. Both were alike aggrieved by the tyranny of a bad king. Both were alike indignant at the favor shown by the court to the natives of Poitou and Aquitaine. The great-grandsons of those who had fought under William and the great-grandsons of those who had fought under Harold began to draw near to each other in friendship, and the first pledge of their reconciliation was the Great Charter, won by their united exertions, and framed for their common benefit.

ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY.—HISTORIC FUNCTIONS OF ANCIENT NATIONS.

BREWER'S "STUDIES IN ENGLISH HISTORY AND ENGLISH LITERATURE."

Mr. Brewer here sets forth the historic function of each of the leading nations of antiquity, its part in the economy of history, the great *idea* that it was to develop: the Hebrew, the idea of *monotheism*, the oneness of God, to whom the Hebrew nation stood in

a peculiar relation by virtue of a special covenant, having been segregated from all other races as the chosen people of God, unto whom were committed his oracles; the Assyrian and the Persian, the idea of absolute power, centered in the sovereign; the Greek, the æsthetic idea, literature, art developed to the highest measure of its potentialities, as well as the idea of representative government, pure democracy, a government of law and order; the Roman, the idea of reverence for lawful authority, subordination, organization, municipality. The following works may be consulted with great advantage: Rawlinson's "Five Ancient Monarchies," Ewald's "History of Israel," Stanley's "Lectures on the Jewish Church," Grote's "History of Greece," Niebuhr's "Roman History," Mommsen's "History of Rome," Arnold's "History of Rome," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire." Guizot's "History of Civilization in Europe" has some fine remarks upon the distracting complexity of modern history as compared with the simplicity, the predominance of a few leading elements, that characterized the civilization of ancient times.

1 HISTORY is divided into two great portions, ancient and modern. Ancient history has no other difficulties than those which are presented by its remoteness from present times, and our consequent inability of adequately representing to ourselves the thoughts and feelings of people living in a state so very different from our own. Christianity, new races, a new world, great inventions, have been molding for many centuries all our notions, pursuits, manners, speculations. It is hard for us to divest ourselves of these influences and to go back to a simpler and less complex period, when one division only of the globe, one race, or one nation, only challenges consideration.

2 But ancient history has this advantage over modern, that it does not distract us with a multiplicity of details, or bring at the same time a number of different nations and actors on the stage, each of whom is demanding and distracting our attention, each of whom has some-

thing to say which must not be disregarded. On the contrary, ancient history goes on in one simple and uniform tenor, either presenting to our view one country, one people, one literature, exclusively and successively, or, if it brings forward other nations at the same time, it is only in reference and in subordination to a single
3 people which is predominant at the time. In the history of the Hebrews we hear of Egypt, in the history of Greece of the Persians, but, instead of confusing our views, these occasional glimpses assist in bringing out more clearly the condition of the chosen nations with whom they are brought into connection. Thus ancient history has a unity in it denied apparently to modern history. It requires no arbitrary division of our own invention, we have but to follow the law thus clearly
4 marked out, and consider each epoch successively. So ancient history falls into a series of easy and natural divisions. First the Hebrew, then the Greek, and then the Roman; and each of these people, though engaged in numerous wars, exposed to various temptations, and exemplifying a vast diversity of actions in their career, have in them a unity of character, are penetrated by one strong and predominant principle of action, which serves as a light—a clear and steady one—to interpret the most obscure passages in their history.

5 Take the Hebrew, for instance, with which we are all familiar. Here we have one people, with whom is connected the earliest records of the world; there is but one book in which their history is contained, and in it we are made to feel how strong is that unity of the Jewish people, and upon what truth that unity is based. Now what is that book? We call it the Bible—that is, the book of all nations, as it is; but we call it also a Revelation, the Word of God. And so it is. But you will

also remember that it is the book which contains the national annals of the Jews, that is, of "God's people." But it is not less God's Word, not less His revelation of himself to them, as the Jews, as the nation. Whatever 6
else this Jewish history may contain, it contains these facts—these which lie at the foundation of their national life. First, that God was revealing Himself to them more clearly than He did to any other people; that that revelation brought them nearer to Him than any other people; that it made Him the Ruler of the nation, and them His people, in a sense such as no others enjoyed; and that on the recognition of this truth, that they were His people—nation and rulers, prophets and workmen—their happiness and their welfare as a nation depended. They might forget that truth, and they did, over and 7
over again. The people might think that they had a right to take their own way without consulting His will. The prophet might prophesy in his own name, and turn his gifts to his own interest and aggrandizement; the king might rule as of his own authority, forgetting whose minister he was. But they were made to feel the consequences of these transgressions, not only in themselves but in the sufferings and distractions which they entailed upon their nation. This, then, is the principle of the 8
Jewish life, whatever else may be—individual and national—that the people are in covenant with God. He is their ruler, they are his servants. I have not time to extend this to all its various ramifications; nor yet to show you how it must never be forgotten in interpreting the history of this people. Let me show you in passing how it throws light on the history of those nations with whom this people are brought into connection, and with whom they have been of late not wisely confounded. Two of these are the Assyrian and Egyptian, for whom, as

you know, modern history has done so much, and of whom such wonderful records are preserved in the Brit-
9 ish Museum. You have seen these records. What are they? Winged bulls and lions, memorials of conquest, types of the power of the Great King. Nebuchadnezzar brings their meaning home to us: the man whose pride was exalted, who set himself up above the stars of heaven. In him are united the temporal and spiritual authority, a danger into which the East is constantly falling. The Egyptian, on the other hand, is ruled by his priests; he deals in magic, and uses the mysterious powers of nature to secure his authority over the people. In one, the ruler, in the other, the priest, are forgetting the Jewish principle that they are God's ministers, and that their gifts are to be exercised for Him. Each found his representative in the Jewish nation; and each, we know too well, led that people into their own peculiar temptation. We
10 pass to the next people of the old world—these are the Greeks. They are in many respects the very opposites of the Jews: the Jew permitted no representations to be made of the unseen God—the Greek delighted in them. Everywhere he multiplied these representations, everywhere he tried to reduce to sight spiritual things by shadowing them forth in the likeness of men. Nay, the more Greek he was the more he essayed to do this. If he thought of wisdom, it was under the emblem of Minerva; if of strength, Hercules; if of abstract beauty, Venus; if of empire, Jupiter; if of light and inspiration,
11 Apollo. Of the mysteries of nature in which the Egyptian delighted he thought nothing, or only so far as they related to mysteries in himself. Man and the powers of man, man as the master over matter and the ruler of the world, were the objects of the deepest thought and speculation to the Greek. Whatever fell within the limits

of this inquiry he pursued with increasing avidity: his government, his institutions, his philosophy, his poetry, had this for their object. Every problem which could concern the soul or the body, or their connection, or their faculties, or their habits, or the exercise of their several powers, never came amiss to him. No wonder that the 12
Greek magnified the courage, the strength, the wisdom of man; that he claimed for him a distinction from brute matter around him—a life of his own and a personality —as the Jew was witnessing to the nations that God was not to be confounded with the invisible powers of Nature. Though different, both were asserting a necessary truth; and the evils and idolatry of both arose not from the truths which they held, but from the falsehoods which they mixed with those truths. To the 13
Greek we still go for instruction in all that belongs to the dignity, the powers, the beauty of man, for examples of brave deeds, for heroical recitals, for noble struggles against tyranny in all forms, whether of brute force, or ignorance, or pain, or, as he called it, destiny. The great enemy to the Greek is the Persian, as the Egyptian was to the Jew; and yet as there was a most extraordinary attraction of the Egyptian to the Jew, so was there of the Greek to the Persian. The Greek was naturally tempted to adopt Persian manners and customs, the Persian would offer every kind of temptation to induce the Greek to settle in his country. There were, also, opposite as they 14
might appear to each other, points of resemblance between them which render this mutual attraction and repulsion the more remarkable. The Persians were an heroic people like the Greeks. They thought much of their ancient heroes, Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes. Like the Greeks, they hated a sacerdotal caste, who used their influence to blind and mislead the people. Like the

Greeks also, the sun was the chief object of their national
15 worship. But to the Persian, his god, though a power infinitely removed from himself, and the light of the world, was a light and no more. He had none of the attributes of a god in the sense of the Greeks; he had no personality. He was not, it is true, made with hands, and he dwelt not in temples; but neither did he draw near to his worshiper, nor did his worshiper feel that he could draw near tc him. There was no feeling that he could sympathize with humanity; that he could or
16 would make a covenant with his people. Thus not only the evil powers of the world and the instruments of darkness were to the Persian more definite, comprehensible, and formidable; but his extreme reverence for his king as the sole representative of all authority, as the ruler, the sole dispenser of justice and judgment, converted the Persian into the mere tool of despotism. He is the willing instrument of conquest, the enemy of national independence, the champion of a universal mon-
17 archy, of which the Great King is the head. To him the Greek, striving for individual independence, never forgetting his native land, never blending with the people among whom he settles, is as much a mystery as his own reverence for kingly authority and his feeling that he has no existence independent of his king is to the Greek. . . .
18 We have now reached the history of another people more powerful than any we have yet seen—I refer to the Romans. They too are a religious people, they have their auguries, their priesthood, and, like the Hebrews, a belief in the invisible God, who has been the founder and is the father of their nation. They too are strongly impressed with a sense of their own power, and of the value which it possesses in bringing the nations of the earth into order and regularity. They too, like the Greek, set a high

value on the freedom of man; and like the Persian, they feel that there is some paramount and paternal authority, superior to all the rest, on the acknowledgment of which the strength and unity of their nation depend. The his- 19
tory of the Roman people tells us of the virtues of fathers and mothers, the obedience of sons, the chastity of daughters. The founder of their nation is the dutiful Æneas who saves his father from the flames of Troy. Is he in doubt what to do, he flies for advice to his father; after death it is his father's spirit that guides, it is his father's household gods who extend their protection and guardianship to the son. It is the parental authority that is shadowed forth in all the forms of the Roman government; it is the sense of reverence and obedience which the son owes to the father, that is at the root of all their discipline, their civil order and subordination. It is this which 20
gives a dignity and intensity to their civil disputes, and to the contentions of senators and plebeians. We feel that they are not mere ordinary broils, like other popular tumults, but that the deepest principles are involved in them; and that out of such confusion they are to come forth stronger and more united than before. Wherever the Roman sets his foot he rouses up his own sense of law and social order among the nations, even though he can not raise up among them a true feeling for those principles which had led himself to a true appreciation and knowledge of self-government. Whatever the nations, 21
whatever their condition, savage or civilized, no sooner does the Roman appear among them than they too are led to feel a value for right and order, as they had never felt before. Permanent forms of government start up, towns are built, roads are made, people are taught to live together, to co-operate, to depend upon one another. They were a stern and severe people, it is true; they 22

were often guilty of great acts of tyranny and oppression in carrying these lessons to the nations round about them; but we must not for that overlook the great good that they did; we must not forget to recognize the fact that, with all his failings, the Roman, in his manliness, in his love of right, in his unswerving adherence to justice, in his patriotism, in his regard for the laws of his country,
23 has been an example to all the world. No nation has done more to imprint the names of its great citizens on our memories and to make them familiar in our mouths as household words. We may know little of the personal histories of Decius, of Regulus, of Brutus, or of Cato, but so long as self-devotion, self-denial, patriotism, and unconquerable rectitude are admired, so long will these names be remembered, as the brightest examples of these virtues.

ANCIENT LONDON.

BREWER'S "STUDIES IN ENGLISH HISTORY AND ENGLISH LITERATURE."

Towns, as was pointed out by the late Mr. J. R. Green, have a sort of historic personality that renders their origin and growth peculiarly attractive. What a world of history centers in and around London! Westminster Abbey and the Tower are inexhaustible in their rich and varied interest. Let the student consult Loftie's "History of London," Baedeker's "London and its Environs," Dean Stanley's "Memorials of Westminster Abbey" (revised edition), and Freeman's "Norman Conquest," on the foundation of Westminster Abbey.

1 To London, under the name of Trinovant, Cæsar is supposed to allude: "The strongest city in those parts"; that is, in Middlesex. It was governed by a petty king,

who had slain his predecessor. The whole island was divided under such kings and chieftains; four of them ruled in Kent alone. In fact, England was then very much like what Ireland was some centuries after—divided between kings and Druids, chieftains and priests, always at war with one other, carrying off each other's cattle and wives, burning, or selling, or ransoming their prisoners. One would have called it a barbarous life, and fit only for barbarians. Of this Trinovant, which fantastic 2
Celtic antiquaries in after-ages called Troynovant, or New Troy, and, fashioning a history to suit their invention, attributed the foundation of it to Æneas and the Trojans, we get only very scattered and unsatisfactory notices. We leave it, therefore, under that name, and follow it under its more modern name of London. Under that name it was not known to Cæsar; but it is mentioned by Tacitus, whose father-in-law, Julius Agricola, was the Roman governor here in the time of Domitian. As early as the middle of the first century of the Chris- 3
tian era, in the days of Nero, the historian speaks of London "as a wealthy and important town for the multitude of its wares and traders." After a short and sharp struggle with its conquerors, the town must have shot forward with wonderful rapidity. At Cæsar's landing (B. C. 55) it was no more than a barbarian inclosure in a thick wood, defended by swamps, the Thames overflowing its banks, the rivers and brooks standing in heavy pools all about the low grounds. A century after, it had risen to so much importance as to be worthy the care and notice of the Romans. How it got the name of London, or Londinium, antiquaries are not agreed. Whatever may 4
be the origin of the name, you must dissever it from all the associations connected with the modern name of London. In appearance and extent, and in the appearance

of all the surrounding country, it would be impossible to conceive a greater contrast than between the early and modern London. A dense forest of many miles in extent reached to the very walls of the old town, and covered it in on all sides, except on the east and the river quarters.
5 The Thames, not then so deep and so narrow as it is now, spread itself out into a broad expanse of waters. The vast banks of the Thames, artificially constructed by the Romans, with great cost and labor, confined the river within a narrower channel, scoured by the ebbing and flowing of the tide, continually deepened by dredging and ballast-heaving. This early London, though built on the rising ground, did not reach to the water originally. It stood well away from it, though the river then rising higher than it does now, and the soil on which the city stands being at least twenty feet lower, brought up the river at
6 high tide very near to the city walls. . . . St. Paul's stood on an eminence outside the original city, on a sand-hill caused by the winds and the tides. The heart of the city was the old London stone, or near it. The east side, which by nature was less strong than any other, was fortified by the Romans by the Tower, which then stood outside the city, but soon rapidly joined it. The natives, trading with the garrison, gathering around it for protection and commerce, would settle in the district, as they did in other cities, and in case of danger would make no difficulty of abandoning their huts and retiring into the city. Of course I do not mean the present Tower, but a
7 fortress which stood on the same site. I have stated that the present St. Paul's stands outside the old city. I will now say why. It was once thought that this was the site of a temple built in pagan times to the goddess Diana. "Diana," says Fuller, "was most especially reverenced, Britain being then all a forest, where hunting was not the

recreation but the calling, and venison not the dainties but the diet of the common people. There is a place near St. Paul's, in London, called in old records 'Diana's Chamber,' where, in the days of King Edward I, thousands of the heads of oxen were digged up, whereat the ignorant wondered whilst the learned well understood them to be the proper sacrifices to Diana, whose great temple was built thereabout. This rendereth their conceit not altogether unlikely, who will have London so called from Llan-Dian, which signifieth in British 'the temple of Diana.'" Unfortunately for this conjecture, 8
which was long a favorite with London antiquarians, when the foundations were dug for the present St. Paul's by Sir Christopher Wren, no bullocks' heads, and no remains of such cattle were found; but remains of far more interest than these. St. Paul's *churchyard*, though greatly shorn of its original proportions, and though no longer used as a receptacle for the dead, still testifies by its name to the older usages to which it was applied, from times long before the Saxon or Roman set foot upon this island. This was the great burial-place of the forgotten 9
dead. Who knows, as he treads the sounding pavement, on what dust below he is trampling; what king's bones are moldering there; what hearts are there gone to ache no more; of chieftains who fought for rule against their neighbor chiefs; of priests who pondered over the mysteries of the sacred oak, or people that saw with wonder Cæsar's arms first glittering on the Thames? Here Sir 10
Christopher Wren found a semicircular chancel of Roman work, showing that the first church had been the work of Roman colonists. Here on the north side were innumerable remains of the dead from British and Roman times. Layer upon layer, there they lay; there they lie still, the successive generations which possessed the

land: back and back, from Stuarts, Tudors, Plantagenets, Normans, Saxons—still further back to Romans and Romanized Britons—layer upon layer, race upon race. Here were Saxons securely entombed between sarcophagi formed of great upright and horizontal flags, imbedded
11 in cavities lined with chalk-stones. Here were Britons and Romans mixed, the ivory and boxwood pins which had fastened their shrouds still remaining to tell what these dead bones once had been; and, lowest of all, eighteen feet below the surface, were fragments of Roman urns and British funeral remains, testifying to a still earlier age when Roman and Celt alike worshiped the gods of their own hands or their own imaginations; when wolves and foxes prowled around the grim inclosure, or, hunger-starved, swept down from the neighboring forest to glut themselves on the remains of slaugh-
12 tered victims or the fresh corpses. The fact of the Romans not burying their dead within the city walls proper, and for various reasons introducing the same restrictions into the countries which they conquered, is a strong reason for supposing that the hill on which St. Paul's now stands was not inclosed within the walls of the original city.

THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE.

This selection, as well as the succeeding one, is from Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire," perhaps the most philosophic discussion of any historical question that has appeared in our day. The theory of the Holy Roman Empire, that splendid vision of the mediæval age, has been already explained. It was a brilliant conception, and a proper understanding of its design, as well as its effects, is indispensable to an accurate comprehension of mediæval history. Mr.

Freeman's essay on the same subject should be read in connection with Mr. Bryce's monograph.

Of those who, in August, 1806, read in the English 1
newspapers that the Emperor Francis II had announced to the Diet his resignation of the imperial crown, there were probably few who reflected that the oldest political institution in the world had come to an end. Yet it was so. The empire which a note issued by a diplomatist on the banks of the Danube extinguished, was the same which the crafty nephew of Julius had won for himself, against the powers of the East, beneath the cliffs of Actium; and which had preserved almost unaltered, through eighteen centuries of time, and through the greatest changes in extent, in power, in character, a title and pretensions from which all meaning had long since departed. Nothing else so directly linked the old world 2
to the new—nothing else displayed so many strange contrasts of the present and the past, and summed up in those contrasts so much of European history. From the days of Constantine till far down into the Middle Ages it was, conjointly with the Papacy, the recognized center and head of Christendom, exercising over the minds of men an influence such as its material strength could never have commanded. It is of this influence and of the causes that gave it power, rather than of the external history of the empire, that the following pages are designed to treat. That history is indeed full of interest 3
and brilliancy, of grand characters and striking situations. But it is a subject too vast for any single canvas. Without a minuteness of detail sufficient to make its scenes dramatic and give us a lively sympathy with the actors, a narrative history can have little value and still less charm. But to trace with any minuteness the career of the empire would be to write the history of Christendom from

the fifth century to the twelfth, of Germany and Italy from the twelfth to the nineteenth; while even a narrative of more restricted scope, which should attempt to disengage from a general account of the affairs of those countries the events that properly belong to imperial history, could hardly be compressed within reasonable
4 limits. It is therefore better, declining so great a task, to attempt one simpler and more practicable, though not necessarily inferior in interest; to speak less of events than of principles, and endeavor to describe the empire not as a state but as an institution, an institution created by and embodying a wonderful system of ideas. In pursuance of such a plan, the forms which the empire took in the several stages of its growth and decline must be briefly sketched. The characters and acts of the great men who founded, guided, and overthrew
5 it must from time to time be touched upon. But the chief aim of the treatise will be to dwell more fully on the inner nature of the empire as the most signal instance of the fusion of Roman and Teutonic elements in modern civilization; to show how such a combination was possible; how Charles and Otto were led to revive the imperial title in the West; how far, during the reigns of their successors, it preserved the memory of its origin, and influenced the European commonwealth of
6 nations. Strictly speaking, it is from the year 800 A. D., when a king of the Franks was crowned emperor of the Romans by Pope Leo III, that the beginning of the Holy Roman Empire must be dated. But in history there is nothing isolated, and, just as to explain a modern act of Parliament or a modern conveyance of lands, we must go back to the feudal customs of the thirteenth century, so among the institutions of the Middle Ages there is scarcely one which can be understood until it is traced

up either to classical or to primitive Teutonic antiquity. Such a mode of inquiry is most of all needful in the case of the Holy Empire, itself no more than a tradition, a fancied revival of departed glories. And thus, in order 7
to make it clear out of what elements the imperial system was formed, we might be required to scrutinize the antiquities of the Christian Church; to survey the constitution of Rome in the days when Rome was no more than the first of the Latin cities; nay, to travel back yet further to that Jewish theocratic policy whose influence on the minds of the mediæval priesthood was necessarily so profound. Practically, however, it may suffice to begin by glancing at the condition of the Roman world in the third and fourth centuries of the Christian era. We shall then see the old empire with its scheme of ab- 8
solutism fully matured; we shall mark how the new religion, rising in the midst of a hostile power, ends by embracing and transforming it; and we shall be in a position to understand what impression the whole huge fabric of secular and ecclesiastical government which Roman and Christian had piled up made upon the barbarian tribes who pressed into the charmed circle of the ancient civilization.

THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE—ITS INFLUENCE UPON HISTORY.

This extract is also from Bryce's admirable work. How inexhaustible the influence of Rome! It is still active as one of the determining elements in our modern historical life. Its laws, its language, have entered into the very heart of Christian civilization. All history centers around it, nearly all the distinctive elements of our intellectual and political life have descended from it, or have

passed through it, in the process of transmission. See Freeman's "Essays," Niebuhr's "Rome," Arnold's "History of Rome," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Milman's "History of Latin Christianity," Merivale's "Romans under the Empire."

1 No one who reads the history of the last three hundred years, no one, above all, who studies attentively the career of Napoleon, can believe it possible for any state, however great her energy and material resources, to repeat in modern Europe the part of ancient Rome; to gather into one vast political body races whose national individuality has grown more and more marked in each successive age. Nevertheless, it is in great measure due to Rome and to the Roman Empire of the Middle Ages that the bonds of national union are on the whole both stronger and nobler than they were ever before. The latest historian of Rome, after summing up the results to the world of his hero's career, closes his treatise with these words:

2 "There was in the world as Cæsar found it the rich and noble heritage of past centuries, and an endless abundance of splendor and glory, but little soul, still less taste, and, least of all, joy in and through life. Truly it was an old world, and even Cæsar's genial patriotism could not make it young again. The blush of dawn returns not until the night has fully descended. Yet with him there came to the much-tormented races of the Mediterranean a tranquil evening after a sultry day; and when, after long historical night, the new day broke once more upon the peoples, and fresh nations in free, self-guided movement began their course toward new and higher aims, many were found among them in whom the seed of Cæsar had sprung up, many who owed him, and who owe him still, their national individuality."

3 If this be the glory of Julius, the first great founder

of the empire, so is it also the glory of Charlemagne, the second founder, and of more than one among his Teutonic successors. The work of the mediæval empire was self-destructive; and it fostered, while seeming to oppose, the nationalities that were destined to replace it. It tamed the barbarous races of the North, and forced them within the pale of civilization. It preserved the arts and literature of antiquity. In times of violence and oppression, it set before its subjects the duty of rational obedience to an authority whose watchwords were peace and religion. It kept alive, when national hatreds were most bitter, the notion of a great European commonwealth. And, by doing all this, it was in effect abolishing the 4
need for a centralizing and despotic power like itself; it was making men capable of using national independence aright; it was teaching them to rise to that conception of spontaneous activity, and a freedom which is above law but not against it, to which national independence itself, if it is to be a blessing at all, must be only a means.

Those who mark what has been the tendency of 5
events since A. D. 1789, and who remember how many of the crimes and calamities of the past are still but half redressed, need not be surprised to see the so-called principle of nationalities advocated with honest devotion as the final and perfect form of political development. But such undistinguishing advocacy is, after all, only the old error in a new shape. If all other history did not bid us beware the habit of taking the problems and the conditions of our own age for those of all time, the warning which the empire gives might alone be warning enough. From the days of Augustus down to those of Charles V, 6
the whole civilized world believed in its existence as a part of the eternal fitness of things, and Christian theologians were not behind heathen poets in declaring that

when it perished the world would perish with it. Yet the empire is gone, and the world remains, and hardly notes the change. This is but a small part of what might be said upon an almost inexhaustible theme—inexhaustible not from its extent but from its profundity—not because there is so much to say, but because, pursue we it never so far, more will remain unexpressed, since incapa-
7 ble of expression. For that which it is at once most necessary and least easy to do, is to look at the empire as a whole; a single institution, in which centers the history of eighteen centuries, whose outer form is the same, while its essence and spirit are constantly changing. It is when we come to consider it in this light that the difficulties of so vast a subject are felt in all their force. Try to explain in words the theory and inner meaning of the Holy Empire, as it appeared to the saints and poets of the Middle Ages, and that which we can not but conceive as noble and fertile in its life sinks into a heap of barren and scarcely intelligible formulas. Who has been able to describe the Papacy in the power it once wielded over the hearts and imaginations of men?

8 Those persons, if such there still be, who see in it nothing but a gigantic upas-tree of fraud and superstition, planted and reared by the enemy of mankind, are hardly further from entering into the mystery of its being than the complacent political philosopher, who explains in neat phrases the process of its growth, analyzes it as a clever piece of mechanism, enumerates and measures the interests it appealed to, and gives, in conclusion, a sort of tabular view of its results for good and for evil.

9 So, too, is the Holy Empire above all description or explanation; not that it is impossible to discover the beliefs which created and sustained it, but that the power of those beliefs can not be adequately apprehended by

men whose minds have been differently trained, and whose minds are fired by different ideals.

Something, yet still how little, we should know of it 10
if we knew what were the thoughts of Julius Cæsar when he laid the foundations on which Augustus built; of Charles, when he reared anew the stately pile; of Barbarossa and his grandson, when they strove to avert the surely coming ruin. Something more succeeding generations will know, who will judge the Middle Ages more fairly than we, still living in the midst of a reaction against all that is mediæval, can hope to do, and to whom it will still be given to see and understand new forms of political life, whose nature we can not so much as conjecture. Seeing more than we do, they will also see 11
some things less distinctly. The empire which to us still looms largely on the horizon of the past, will to them sink lower and lower as they journey onward into the future. But its importance in universal history it can never lose. For into it all the life of the ancient world was gathered; out of it all the life of the modern world arose.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

This interesting extract is from Freeman's "Norman Conquest," vol. iii. In the second volume we have an admirable sketch of the building of the original Westminster Abbey by Edward the Confessor, as well as the origin of the name, *West-Minster*, in distinction from St. Paul's, which in its earliest days was known as the *East-Minster*. In the third volume we have an impressive account of the death of the Confessor, which occurred almost simultaneously with the completion of his cherished abbey; his burial, and the coronation of Harold, his successor, in the abbey, on the same day.*

* January 6, 1066, A. D.

This incident, a burial and a coronation on the same day, is unparalleled, even in the history of Westminster Abbey. The canonization of Edward, during the reign of Henry II, and the translation of his remains to a nobler shrine, are next described. Then follows the account of the rebuilding of the abbey by Henry III, and the second translation of Edward's remains. At this point our extract begins. The erection of the present abbey by Henry III, its escape from destruction in the time of Henry VIII, are all related with Mr. Freeman's characteristic accuracy and fullness. The narrative is so complete, that little remains to be added in the way of suggestion. Dean Stanley's "Memorials of Westminster Abbey," revised edition, should be consulted by the student. Who was the first great poet buried in Westminster Abbey? Who was the last monarch buried there? Where are the sovereigns of England now buried? The suggestions already made in regard to the study of historic buildings apply with peculiar force to Westminster Abbey. This extract is inserted with a view to direct the attention of the student to Mr. Freeman's invaluable work on the "Norman Conquest."

1 YEARS rolled on, and the spot to which Edward had been moved on his first translation was now deemed unworthy of a saint who was already looked upon as the patron of England. A king now sat upon the throne of Edward who was in many points a reproduction of Edward himself. The same fervent zeal for God, the same neglect of duty toward man, the same vehemence in speech and weakness in action, the same love for men of foreign lands, the same deep and lavish devotion to the holy house of Saint Peter, appeared in Henry III which had already appeared in the predecessor whom he
2 reverenced and resembled. The king who, like Edward, aroused the feelings of the nation by his wasteful preference for strangers of every land, chose as the special objects of his religious devotion two royal saints of English birth. Before all other saints, King Henry's worship was paid to the East-Anglian Edmund and the West-Saxon Edward. By his act those kingly names again

found their way into the royal house, and the name of the saint himself became the most glorious in the later history of England. In honor of Edward the work of 3
Edward was destroyed. The church which he himself had reared was now deemed unworthy to be the dwelling-place of so great a saint. The "massive arches, broad and round," of the church which so long was the model for all England, now gave way to those slender pillars and soaring arches which, alone among English minsters, go some way to reproduce the boundless height of Amiens and Beauvais. There, alone among English minsters of its own date, did the tall apse and its surrounding chapels crown the eastern end of what was now the church of Saint Edward. But that apse was not reared, as at 4
Amiens and at Le Mans, at Pershore and at Tewkesbury, to form the most glorious of canopies for the altar of the Most High. Not in any subordinate chapel, but in the noblest spot of all, in the spot which elsewhere was reserved for the highest acts of Christian worship, was the new shrine of Edward reared. And the workmanship of that gorgeous shrine was of a type fit for him who reared it, and for him in whose honor it was reared. Among all the tombs of kings which are gathered together in that solemn spot, two alone reveal in their style of art the work of craftsmen from beyond the sea and even from beyond the mountains. The resting-places of the two 5
kings in whose heart beat no English feeling, the two kings who loved to be surrounded by men of any nation rather than their own, the two kings who, more than any other kings in English history, laid England of their own act prostrate at the feet of Rome, the shrine of Edward, the tomb of Henry, are fittingly adorned with forms which awake no English associations, the work not of English but of Italian hands. To that shrine, a hundred

and three years after its first translation, the body of the saint was borne by a crowd of the noblest of the land.
6 Among them two kings and two kings' sons bowed their shoulders beneath the hallowed weight. The two highest of earthly rulers, the continental and the insular Basileus, Richard of Germany and Henry of England, were foremost to bear the burden to which it was deemed a holy work to stretch forth a single finger. With the one English Augustus there joined in the task his nephew, the one Englishman besides himself who ever bore the titles of foreign royalty: Edmund of Lancaster, whose vain pretensions to the Sicilian crown had been already transferred to the stronger hand of the conqueror from Anjou. Fit bearers for the foreign-hearted saint were an English king who hated Englishmen, and English princes who wasted English treasure in seeking after
7 the kingship of other lands. But there was one who shared in their work who might seem sent there expressly to remind us that the object of their worship was, after all, an Englishman. Among those who bent to bear Edward's body was the prince who was named after his name, but whose life reproduced, not the life of Edward the Confessor, but the life of Edward the Unconquered. It was then deemed an honor and a privilege to draw near to the body of Edward. Was it not rather the highest of honors paid to Edward himself, that Harold stood by his side at his first burial, and that in the great rite of his translation a share was borne by him who did in truth live to wield the scepter of the Isle of Albion, and in whom the Scot and the Briton once more bowed to an
8 Edward of England as their father and their lord? But the posthumous history of Edward the Confessor did not end even with this crowning triumph. His shrine at Westminster became the center of a group of royal tombs

such as gathered in earlier times in the more ancient seats of royalty at Winchester and Sherborne. Or a closer parallel still might be looked for in that renowned sanctuary of the West, the resting-place of Edward's nobler brother, where Briton and Englishman agreed to revere the name of the legendary Arthur, as at Westminster Englishman and Norman agreed to revere the name of the now well-nigh legendary Edward. Eight years after 9
the burial of Edward, his widow, the loving sister of Tostig, the loyal subject of William, was laid by his side before the altar of Saint Peter. The zeal of King Henry thought of her also, and her remains, translated to the chapel of her husband, were laid as near to his side as the remains of an ordinary sinful mortal might lie to those of a wonder-working saint.

To the other side of his shrine was moved the dust 10
of another Eadgyth, disguised in history by her Norman name, Matilda, her in whom the green tree first began to return to the trunk, and in whose grandson Normandy and England alike became parts of the dominions of the Angevin. No legend or effigy marks the graves of these royal ladies, but soon the choicest skill of the craftsman was lavished on the tombs of kings and princes which crowded around the shrine of their sainted predecessor. To the 11
north King Henry sleeps in his tomb of foreign work, beneath the shadow of the patron whom he had so deeply honored. Worthier dust lies east and west of him. No graven figure marks the resting-place of his immortal son, but the loveliest work of all within that mighty charnel-house records the love and grief of the great king for a consort worthy of him. Succeeding ages surrounded the sacred spot with the sculptured forms of succeeding generations of English royalty. There sleeps the victor of 12
Crécy and the victor of Agincourt; there sleeps, beside

his nobler queen, the king from whom the Parliament of England, in the exercise of its ancient right, took away the crown of which he had shown himself unworthy. Thus around the shrine of Edward were gathered the successors who in life had sworn to keep his fancied laws, and who deemed it their highest honor to wear his crown and to sit upon his royal seat. At last a king arose in whose eyes the wealth which earlier kings had lavished on that spot outweighed the reverence with which so
13 many ages had surrounded Edward's name. One Henry had reared alike the shrine and the pile which held it; the word of another Henry went forth to cast to the owls and to the bats all that earlier ages had deemed holy. And yet some remorse seems to have smitten the soul of the destroyer before the shrine of the royal patron and lawgiver of England. Elsewhere the shrines of more ancient saints were leveled with the ground; elsewhere the dust of kings and heroes was scattered to the winds. The wealth of Edward's shrine was indeed borne away to be sported broadcast among the minions of Henry's court, but the empty casket still stood untouched, and the hallowed remains found another, if a lowlier, resting-place
14 within the minster-walls. And the days yet came when one translation more restored the corpse of Edward to its place of honor. And again it was from fitting hands that he received this last act of veneration. Translated first by the zeal of Henry and Eleanor, he was again restored to his old honors by the zeal of Philip and Mary. And now, while the dust of Edmund and Harold is scattered to the winds, Edward still sleeps in his shrine, unworshiped indeed but undisturbed.

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SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

BANCROFT'S "HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES."

The student will find an admirable sketch of Raleigh's life and character in the first volume of Dr. Hawks's "History of North Carolina." A somewhat different view will be found in Brewer's "Studies in English History and English Literature—Essay on Hatfield House." Raleigh was one of those striking exhibitions of versatile genius so conspicuous during the Elizabethan age—scholar, historian, soldier, explorer. His relation to Spenser is one of the most attractive episodes in his history. Sir Walter was executed at Westminster in 1618. Among his contemporaries were Sidney, Essex, Southampton, the patron of Shakespeare, Bacon, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, the Cecils, Leicester, Beaumont and Fletcher. What was the date of Raleigh's settlements on the coast of North Carolina? How long did they precede the Jamestown and Plymouth settlements?

THE name of Raleigh stands highest among the states- 1
men of England who advanced the colonization of the United States. Courage, self-possession, and fertility of invention insured him glory in his profession of arms; and his services in the conquest of Cadiz and the capture of Fayal established his fame as a gallant and successful commander. No soldier in retirement ever expressed the charms of tranquil leisure more beautifully than Raleigh, whose "sweet verse" Spenser described as "sprinkled with nectar," and rivaling the melodies of the "summer's nightingale." When an unjust verdict left 2
him to languish for years in prison, with the sentence of death suspended over his head, he, who had been a warrior, a courtier, and a seaman, in an elaborate "History of the World," "told the Greek and Roman story more fully and exactly than any earlier English writer, and with an eloquence which has given his work a classical reputation in our language." In his civil career he was jeal- 3

ous of the honor, the prosperity, and the advancement of his country. In Parliament he defended the freedom of domestic industry. When, through unequal legislation, taxation was a burden upon industry rather than wealth, he argued for a change. Himself possessed of a lucrative monopoly, he gave his voice for the repeal of all monopolies, he used his influence with his sovereign to mitigate the severity of the judgments against the nonconformists, and as a legislator he resisted the sweeping
4 enactment of persecuting laws. In the career of discovery, his perseverance was never baffled by losses. He joined in the risk of Gilbert's expedition, contributed to that of Davis in the northwest, and explored in person "the insular regions and broken world" of Guiana. His lavish efforts in colonizing the soil of our republic, his sagacity which enjoined a settlement within the Chesapeake Bay, the publications of Hariot and Hakluyt, which he countenanced, diffused in England a knowledge of America as well as an interest in its destinies, and sowed the seeds of which the fruits began to ripen during his
5 life-time. Raleigh had suffered in health before his latest undertaking. He returned broken-hearted by the defeat of his hopes, the decay of his strength, and the death of his eldest son. What shall be said of King James, who would open to an aged paralytic no hope of liberty but through the discovery of mines in Guiana? What shall be said of a monarch who could, under a sentence that slumbered for fifteen years, order the execution of the decrepit man, whose genius and valor shone through the ravages of physical decay, and whose heart still beat with
6 an undying love of his country? The family of the chief author of colonization in the United States was reduced to beggary by the government of England, and he himself was beheaded. After a lapse of nearly two centuries, the

State of North Carolina, in 1792, revived in its capital the "City of Raleigh," in grateful commemoration of his name and fame. Imagination already saw beyond the Atlantic a people whose mother idiom should be the language of England. "Who knows," exclaimed Daniel, the poet laureate of that kingdom—

"Who in time knows whither we may vent
The treasures of our tongue? To what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent
T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What worlds in th' yet unformed Occident
May 'come refined with th' accents that are ours?"

STRATFORD-ON-AVON IN THE DAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.

HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS'S "LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE."

The development of literature constitutes an important phase of historical study. Hence this description of Stratford-on-Avon, the birth-place and burial-place of Shakespeare, as it was in the poet's life-time (1564–1616), is inserted. Warwickshire is rich in historic associations. Not far from Stratford-on-Avon are Warwick Castle, Coventry, Kenilworth, upon which the genius of Sir Walter Scott has conferred an additional immortality. Warwick, the king-maker, Leicester, Elizabeth, Amy Robsart, all come back to memory. Amid these stimulating influences Shakespeare's childhood was spent.

THOSE who would desire to realize the general appearance of the Stratford-on-Avon of the poet's days must deplore the absence not merely of a genuine sketch of New Place, but of any kind of view or engraving of the town as it appeared in the sixteenth or seventeenth century. Its aspect must then have been essentially differ-

ent from that exhibited at a subsequent period. Relatively to ourselves, Shakespeare may practically be considered to have existed in a different land, not more than glimpses of the real nature of which are now to be obtained by the most careful study of existing documents
2 and material remains. Many enthusiasts of these times who visit Stratford-on-Avon are under the delusion that they behold a locality which recalls the days of the great dramatist, but, with the exception of a few diffused buildings, scarcely one of which is precisely in its original condition, there is no resemblance between the present town and the Shakespearean borough—the latter with its mediæval and Elizabethan buildings, its crosses, its numerous barns and thatched hovels, its water-mills, its street-bridges and rivulets, its mud-walls, its fetid ditches, its unpaved walks, and its wooden-spired church, with the common fields reaching nearly to the gardens of the Birth-
3 Place. Neither can there be a much greater resemblance between the ancient and modern general views of the town from any of the neighboring elevations. The tower and lower part of the church, the top of the Guild Chapel, a few old tall chimneys, the course of the river, the mill-dam, and the outlines of the surrounding hills, would be nearly all that would be common to both prospects.
4 There were, however, until the last few years, the old mill-bridge, which, excepting that rails had been added, preserved its Elizabethan form, the Cross-on-the-Hill, and the Wier Brake, the two latter fully retaining their original character. Now, alas, a hideous railway has obliterated all traces of the picturesque from what was one of the most interesting and charming spots in Warwickshire.

THE EARLY PLANTAGENETS.—IMPORTANCE OF THEIR EPOCH IN EUROPEAN HISTORY.

STUBBS'S "EARLY PLANTAGENETS."

Much light is thrown upon the interesting period considered by Professor Stubbs in some of Freeman's "Historical Essays," and in Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire."

THE geographical area of that history which alone de- 1
serves the name has more than once changed. The early home of human society was in Asia. Greece and Italy successively became the theatres of the world's drama, and in modern times the real progress of society has moved within the limits of Western Christendom. So, too, with the material history. At one period the growth of the life of the world is in its literature, at another in its wars, at another in its institutions. Sometimes everything circles round one great man; at other times the key to the interest is found in some complex political idea, such as the balance of power, or the realization of national identity. The successive stages of growth in the more 2
advanced nations are not contemporaneous, and may not follow in the same order. The quickened energy of one race finds its expression in commerce and colonization; that of another in internal organization and elaborate training; that of a third in arms; that of a fourth in art and literature. In some the literary growth precedes the political growth, in others it follows it; in some it is forced into premature luxuriance by national struggles, in others the national struggles themselves engross the strength that would ordinarily find expression in literature. Art has flourished greatly, both where political freedom has encouraged the exercise of every natural gift and where political oppression has forced the genius

of the people into a channel which seemed least danger-
3 ous to the oppressor. Still, on the whole, the European nations in modern history emerge from somewhat similar circumstances. Under somewhat similar discipline, and by somewhat similar expedients, they feel their way to that national consciousness in which they ultimately diverge so widely. We may hope, then, to find, in the illustration of a definite section or well-ascertained epoch of that history, sufficient unity of plot and interest, a sufficient number of contrasts and analogies, to save it from being a dry analysis of facts or a mere statement of
4 general laws. . . . Such a period is that upon which we now enter—an epoch which in the history of England extends from the accession of Stephen to the death of Edward II; that is, from the beginning of the constitutional growth of a consolidated English people to the opening of the long struggle with France under Edward III. It is scarcely less well defined in French and German history. In France it witnesses the process through which the modern kingdom of France was constituted; the aggregation of the several provinces which had hitherto recognized only a nominal feudal supremacy, under the direct personal rule of the king, and their incorpora-
5 tion into a national system of administration. In Germany it comprises a more varied series of great incidents. The process of disruption in the German kingdom, never well consolidated, had begun with the great schism between North and South under Henry IV, and furnished one chief element in the quarrel between pope and emperor. During the first half of the twelfth century it worked more deeply, if not more widely, in the rivalry between Saxon and Swabian. Under Frederick I it necessitated the remodeling of the internal arrangement of Germany, the breaking up of the national or dynastic

dukedoms. Under Frederick II it broke up the empire itself, to be reconstituted in a widely different form and with altered aims and pretensions under Rudolf of Hapsburg. This is by itself a most eventful history, in which 6
the varieties of combinations and alternations of public feeling abound with new results and illustrations of the permanence of ancient causes. . . . In the relations of the empire and the papacy the same epoch contains one cycle of the great rivalry, the series of struggles which take a new form under Frederick I and Alexander III, and come to an end in the contest between Lewis of Bavaria and John XXII. It comprises the whole drama of the Hohenstaufen, and the failure of the great hopes of the world under Henry VII, which resulted in the constituting of a new theory of relations under the Luxemburg and Hapsburg emperors. . . . While these greater 7
actors are thus preparing for the struggle which forms the later history of European politics, Spain and Italy are passing through a different discipline. In the midst of all runs the history of the Church and the Crusades, which supplies one continuous clew to the reading of the period, a common ground on which all the actors for a time and from time to time meet. . . . But the interest of the time 8
is not confined to political history. It abounds with character. It is an age in which there are very many great men, and in which the great men not only occupy but deserve the first place in the historian's eye. It is their history rather than the history of their peoples that furnishes the contribution of the period to the world's progress. This is the heroic period of the middle ages— 9
the only period during which, on a great scale and on a great stage, were exemplified the true virtues which were later idealized and debased in the name of chivalry—the age of John of Brienne and Simon de Montfort, of the

two great Fredericks, of St. Bernard and Innocent III, and of St. Lewis and Edward I. It is free for the most part from the repulsive features of the ages that precede, and from the vindictive cruelty and political immorality of the age that follows. Manners are more refined than in the earlier age, and yet simpler and sincerer than those of the next; religion is more distinctly operative for good, and less marked by the evils which seem inseparable from
10 its participation in the political action of the world. Yet not even the thirteenth century was an age of gold, much less those portions of the twelfth and fourteenth which come within our present view. It was not an age of prosperity, although it was an age of growth; its gains were gained in great measure by suffering. If Lewis IX and Edward I taught the world that kings might be both good men and strong sovereigns, Henry III and Lewis VII taught it that religious habits and even firm convictions are too often insufficient to keep the weak from falsehood and wrong.

11 The history of Frederick II showed that the race is not always to the swift or the battle to the strong; that of Conrad and Conradin that the right is not always to triumph, and that the vengeance which evil deeds must bring in the end comes in some cases very slowly, and with no remedy to those who have suffered. . . . It is but a small section of this great period that we propose to sketch in the present volume—the history of our own country during this epoch of great men and great causes—but it comprises the history of what is one at least of England's greatest contributions to the world's progress.

12 The history of England under the early kings of the house of Plantagenet unfolds and traces the growth of that constitution which, far more than any other that the world has ever seen, has kept alive the forms and spirit

of free government; which has been the discipline that formed the great free republic of the present day; which was for ages the beacon of true social freedom that terrified the despots abroad and served as a model for the aspirations of hopeful patriots. It is scarcely too much 13
to say that English history, during these ages, is the history of the birth of true political liberty. For, not to forget the services of the Italian republics, or of the German confederations of the middle ages, we can not fail to see that in their actual results they fell as dead before the great monarchies of the sixteenth century as the ancient liberties of Athens had fallen; or where the spirit survived, as in Switzerland, it took a form in which no great nationality could work. It was in England alone that 14
the problem of national self-government was practically solved; and, although, under the Tudor and Stuart sovereigns, Englishmen themselves ran the risk of forgetting the lessons they had learned, and being robbed of the fruits for which their fathers had labored, the men who restored political consciousness, and who recovered the endangered rights, won their victory by argumentative weapons drawn from the storehouse of mediæval English history, and by the maintenance and realization of the spirit of liberty in forms which had survived from earlier days. It is as an introduction to the study of English his- 15
tory during the period of constitutional growth that we shall attempt to sketch the epoch, not as a constitutional history, but as an outline of the period and of the combinations through which the constitutional growth was working, the place of England in European history, and the character of the men who helped to make her what she ultimately became.

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

HALLAM'S "INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF EUROPE IN THE FIFTEENTH, SIXTEENTH, AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES."

The growth of mechanical improvements, the progress of invention and discovery, are, in the strictest sense, a part of history. In regard to the subject of printing, its origin, its influence upon literature and language, the student may consult with advantage Humphrey's "History of the Art of Printing," Marsh's "Lectures on the English Language," Marsh's "Origin and History of the English Language," and Wood's "Changes in the English Language" (1400–1600).

1 THE great glory of this decennial period (A. D. 1440–1450) is the invention of printing, or, at least, as all must allow, its application to the purposes of useful learning. About the end of the fourteenth century we find a practice of taking impressions from engraved blocks of wood, sometimes for playing-cards, which came into use not long before that time; sometimes for rude cuts of saints. The latter were frequently accompanied by a few lines of letters cut in the block. Gradually entire pages were impressed in this way, and thus began what are called block-books, printed in fixed characters, but never exceeding a very few leaves. Of these there exist nine or ten, often reprinted, as is generally thought, between
2 1400 and 1440. In using the word printed, it is, of course, not intended to prejudice the question as to the real art of printing. These block-books seem to have been all executed in the Low Countries. They are said to have been followed by several editions of the short grammar of Donatus in wooden stereotype. These, also, were printed in Holland. This mode of printing from blocks of wood has been practiced in China from time immemorial.

The invention of printing, in the modern sense, from 3
movable letters, has been referred by most to Gutenberg, a native of Mentz, but settled at Strasburg. He is supposed to have conceived the idea before 1440, and to have spent the next ten years in making attempts at carrying it into effect, which some assert him to have done in short fugitive pieces, actually printed from his movable wooden characters before 1450. But of the existence of these there seems to be no evidence. Gutenberg's priority is disputed by those who deem Laurens Coster, of Haarlem, the real inventor of the art.

According to a tradition, which seems not to be 4
traced beyond the middle of the sixteenth century, but resting afterward upon sufficient testimony to prove its local reception, Coster substituted movable for fixed letters as early as 1430; and some have believed that a book called "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis," of very rude wooden characters, proceeded from the Haarlem press before any other that is generally recognized. The tradition adds that an unfaithful servant, having fled with the secret, set up for himself at Strasburg or Mentz, and this treachery was originally ascribed to Gutenberg or Faust, but seems, since they have been manifestly cleared of it, to have been laid on one Gensfleisch, reputed to be the brother of Gutenberg. The evidence, 5
however, as to this is highly precarious, and, even if we were to admit the claims of Coster, there seems no fair reason to dispute that Gutenberg might also have struck out an idea that surely did not require any extraordinary ingenuity, and which left the most important difficulties to be surmounted, as they undeniably were, by himself and his coadjutors. It is agreed by all that about 1450 6
Gutenberg, having gone to Mentz, entered into partnership with Faust, a rich merchant of that city, for the purpose of

carrying the invention into effect, and that Faust supplied him with considerable sums of money. The subsequent steps are obscure. According to a passage in the "Annales Hirsargienses" of Trithemius, written sixty years afterward, but on the authority of a grandson of Peter Schöffer, their assistant in the work, it was about 1452 that the latter brought the art to perfection by devising an easier
7 mode of casting types. This passage has been interpreted, according to a lax construction, to mean that Schöffer invented the method of casting types in a matrix, but seems more strictly to mean that we owe to him the great improvement in letter-casting, namely: the punches of engraved steel by which the matrices or molds are struck, and without which, independent of the economy of labor, there could be no perfect uniformity of shape. Upon the former supposition, Schöffer may be reckoned the main inventor of the art of printing; for movable wooden letters, though small books may possibly have been printed by means of them, are so inconvenient, and letters of cut metal so expensive, that few great works were likely to have passed through the press till cast
8 types were employed. . . . The earliest book, properly so called, is now generally believed to be the Latin Bible, commonly called the Mazarin Bible, a copy having been found, about the middle of the last century, in Cardinal Mazarin's library, at Paris. It is remarkable that its existence was unknown before, for it can hardly be called a book of very extraordinary scarcity, nearly twenty copies being in different libraries, half of them in those of private persons in England. No date appears in this Bible, and some have referred its publication to 1452, or even to 1450, which few, perhaps, would at present maintain, while others have thought the year 1455 rather more
9 probable. In a copy belonging to the royal library at

Paris an entry is made importing that it was completed, in binding and illuminating, at Mentz on the feast of the Assumption, August 15, 1456. But Trithemius, in the passage above quoted, seems to intimate that no book had been printed in 1452; and, considering the lapse of time that would naturally be employed in such an undertaking during the infancy of the art, and that we have no other printed book of the least importance to fill up the interval till 1457, and also that the binding and illuminating the above-mentioned copy are likely to have followed the publication at no great length of time, we may not err in placing its appearance in the year 1453, which will secure its hitherto unimpeached priority in the records of bibliography. . . . It is a very striking circumstance that the high-minded inventors of this great art tried at the very outset so bold a flight as the printing an entire Bible, and executed it with astonishing success. It was Minerva leaping on earth in her divine strength and radiant armor, ready, at the moment of her nativity, to subdue and destroy her enemies. The Mazarin Bible is printed, some copies on vellum, some on paper of choice quality, with strong, black, and tolerably handsome characters, but with some want of uniformity, which has led, perhaps unreasonably, to a doubt whether they were cast in a matrix. We may see, in imagination, this venerable and splendid volume leading up the crowded myriads of its followers, and imploring blessing on the new art by dedicating its first fruits to the service of Heaven.

CHARACTER OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NAPIER'S "HISTORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR."

Nearly every English-speaking school-boy is familiar with the "Burial of Sir John Moore," by Wolfe—"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note," etc. Sir John Moore was mortally wounded at the battle of Corunna, in Spain, in 1809, during the Peninsular War, a part of that series of great wars which grew out of the French Revolution, and closed with the battle of Waterloo (June 18, 1815).

1 THUS ended the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall, graceful person, his dark, searching eyes, strongly defined forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition and a refined understanding, while the lofty sentiments of honor habitual to his mind, being adorned by a subtile, playful wit, gave him, in conversation, an ascendancy that he always preserved by the decisive vigor of his actions.
2 He maintained the right with a vehemence bordering upon fierceness, and every important transaction in which he was engaged increased his reputation for talent, and confirmed his character as a stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit, a just and faithful servant of his country. The honest loved him, the dishonest feared him; for while he lived he did not shun, but scorned and spurned the base, and, with characteristic propriety, they spurned at him when he was dead.
3 A soldier from his earliest youth, Moore thirsted for the honors of his profession, and, feeling that he was worthy to lead a British army, hailed the fortune that placed him at the head of the troops destined for Spain. As the

stream of time passed, the inspiring hopes of triumph disappeared, but the austerer glory of suffering remained, and with a firm heart he accepted that gift of a severe fate. Confiding in the strength of his genius, he disre- 4
garded the clamors of presumptuous ignorance, and, opposing sound military views to the foolish projects so insolently thrust upon him by the ambassador, he conducted his long and arduous retreat with sagacity, intelligence, and fortitude; no insult disturbed, no falsehood deceived him, no remonstrance shook his determination; fortune frowned without subduing his constancy; death struck, but the spirit of the man remained unbroken when his shattered body scarcely afforded it a habitation. Having 5
done all that was just toward others, he remembered what was due to himself; neither the shock of the mortal blow, nor the lingering hours of acute pain which preceded his dissolution, could quell the pride of his gallant heart, or lower the dignified feeling with which, conscious of merit, he at the last moment asserted his right to the gratitude of the country he had served so truly.

If glory be a distinction, for such a man death is not 6
a leveler!

SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.
A. D. 1453.

GIBBON'S "DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE."

The capture of Constantinople by the Ottoman Turks in 1453 and its influence upon the fortunes of literature in Europe have already been referred to. The Greek scholars, driven from Constantinople, took refuge at the court of the Medicis, in Italy, the splendid patrons of classical learning. The results were beneficial, in the highest degree, to the cause of scholarship in Europe. For

the history of the Turks, in addition to the narrative of Gibbon, the student may consult Freeman's "Ottoman Power in the East." For the revival of learning, Hallam, Morley, Green ("History of the English People"), Taine, Mark Pattison's "Life of Casaubon," Pater, Craik, may be read with decided advantage.

1 After a siege of forty days, the fate of Constantinople could no longer be averted. The diminutive garrison was exhausted by a double attack; the fortifications, which had stood for ages against hostile violence, were dismantled on all sides by the Ottoman cannon; many breaches were opened, and near the gate of St. Romanus four towers had been leveled with the ground. . . . During the siege of Constantinople, the words of peace and capitulation had sometimes been pronounced, and several embassies had passed between the camp and the city. 2 The Greek emperor was humbled by adversity, and would have yielded to any terms compatible with religion and royalty. The Turkish sultan was desirous of sparing the blood of his own soldiers; still more desirous of securing for his own use the Byzantine treasures, and he accomplished a sacred duty in presenting to the *gabours* the choice of circumcision, of tribute, or of death. The avarice of Mohammed might have been satisfied with an annual sum of one hundred thousand ducats; but his ambition grasped the capital of the East; to the prince he offered a rich equivalent, to the people a free toleration, or a safe departure; but, after some fruitless treaty, he declared his resolution of finding either a throne or a 3 grave under the walls of Constantinople. A sense of honor and the fear of universal reproach forbade Palæologus to resign the city into the hands of the Ottomans, and he determined to abide the last extremities of war. Several days were employed by the Sultan in the preparations for the assault, and a respite was granted by

his favorite science of astrology, which had fixed on the 29th of May as the fortunate and fatal hour. On the evening of the 27th he issued his final orders, assembled in his presence the military chiefs, and dispersed his heralds through the camp to proclaim the duty and the motives of the perilous enterprise. Fear is the first 4
principle of a despotic government, and his menaces were expressed in the oriental style, that the fugitives and deserters, had they the wings of a bird, should not escape from his inexorable justice. In this holy warfare the Moslems were exhorted to purify their minds with prayer, their bodies with seven ablutions, and to abstain from food till the close of the ensuing day. A crowd of dervishes visited the tents, to instill the desire of martyrdom, and the assurance of spending an immortal youth amid the rivers and gardens of paradise. Yet Mohammed 5
principally trusted to the efficacy of temporal and visible rewards. A double pay was promised to the victorious troops. "The city and the buildings," said Mohammed, "are mine; but I resign to your valor the captives and the spoil, the treasures of gold and beauty; be rich and be happy. Many are the provinces of my empire; the intrepid soldier who first ascends the walls of Constantinople shall be rewarded with the government of the fairest and most wealthy; and my gratitude shall accumulate his honors and fortunes above the measure of his own hopes." Such various and potent motives diffused among 6
the Turks a general ardor, regardless of life, and impatient for action. The camp re-echoed with the Moslem shouts of "God is God, there is but one God, and Mohammed is the apostle of God"; and the sea and land, from Galata to the seven towers, were illuminated by the blaze of their nocturnal fires. . . . Far different was the state of 7
the Christians, who, with loud and impotent complaints,

deplored the guilt or the punishment of their sins. They accused the obstinacy of the emperor for refusing a timely surrender, anticipated the horrors of their fate, and sighed for the repose and security of Turkish servitude. The noblest of the Greeks and the bravest of the allies were summoned to the palace, to prepare them, on the evening of the 28th, for the duties and dangers of the general
8 assault. The last speech of Palæologus was the funeral oration of the Roman Empire; he promised, he conjured, and he vainly attempted to infuse the hope which was extinguished in his own mind. The example of their prince and the confinement of a siege had armed these warriors with the courage of despair. They wept, they embraced, regardless of their families and fortunes, they devoted their lives, and each commander, departing to his station, maintained all night a vigilant and anxious
9 watch on the rampart. The emperor and some faithful companions entered the dome of St. Sophia, which in a few hours was to be converted into a mosque, and devoutly received, with tears and prayers, the sacrament of the holy communion. He reposed some moments in the palace, which resounded with cries and lamentations, solicited the pardon of all whom he might have injured, and mounted on horseback to visit the guards and explore the motions of the enemy. The distress and fall of the last Constantine are more glorious than the long prosperity of the Byzantine Cæsars. . . .

10 In the confusion of darkness an assailant may sometimes succeed; but, in this great and general attack, the military judgment and astrological knowledge of Mohammed advised him to expect the morning, the memorable twenty-ninth of May, in the fourteen hundred and fifty-third year of the Christian era. The preceding night had been strenuously employed; the troops,

the cannon, and the fascines, were advanced to the edge of the ditch, which in many parts presented a smooth and level passage to the beach; and his fourscore galleys almost touched, with the prows and their scaling-ladders, the less defensible walls of the harbor. Under pain of death, silence was enjoined; but the physical laws of motion and sound are not obedient to discipline or fear; each individual might suppress his voice and measure his footsteps; but the march and labor of thousands must inevitably produce a strange confusion of dissonant clamors, which reached the ears of the watchmen of the towers. At day-break, without the customary signal of the morn- 11
ing gun, the Turks assaulted the city by sea and land; and the similitude of a twined or twisted thread has been applied to the closeness and continuity of their line of attack. The foremost ranks consisted of the refuse of the host, a voluntary crowd who fought without order or command; of the feebleness of age or childhood, of peasants and vagrants, and of all who had joined the camp in the blind hope of plunder and martyrdom. The common impulse drove them onward to the wall; the most audacious to climb were instantly precipitated; and not a dart, not a bullet of the Christians was idly wasted on the accumulated throng. But their strength and ammunition 12
were exhausted in this laborious defense; the ditch was filled with the bodies of the slain; they supported the footsteps of their companions, and of this devoted vanguard the death was more serviceable than the life. Under their respective bashaws and sanjaks, the troops of Anatolia and Romania were successively led to the charge; their progress was various and doubtful; but, after a conflict of two hours, the Greeks still maintained and improved their advantage, and the voice of the emperor was heard encouraging his soldiers to achieve, by a last effort,

13 the deliverance of their country. In that fatal moment the janizaries arose, fresh, vigorous, and invincible. The sultan himself, on horseback, with an iron mace in his hand, was the spectator and judge of their valor. He was surrounded by ten thousand of his domestic troops, whom he reserved for the decisive occasions; and the tide of battle was directed and impelled by his voice and eye. His numerous ministers of justice were posted behind the line, to urge, to restrain, and to punish; and, if danger was in the front, shame and inevitable death were in the rear of the fugitives. The cries of fear and of pain were drowned in the martial music of drums, trumpets, and atabals; and experience has proved that the mechanical operation of sounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honor.

14 From the lines, the galleys, and the bridge, the Ottoman artillery thundered on all sides, and the camp and city, the Greeks and the Turks, were involved in a cloud of smoke which could only be dispelled by the final deliverance or destruction of the Roman Empire. The single combats of the heroes of history or fable amuse our fancy and engage our affections; the skillful evolutions of war inform the mind and improve a necessary though pernicious science. But, in the uniform and odious pictures of a general assault, all is blood and horror and confusion; nor shall I strive, at the distance of three centuries and a thousand miles, to delineate a scene of which there could be no spectators, and of which the actors themselves were incapable of forming any just or adequate idea. . . .

15 The immediate loss of Constantinople may be ascribed to the bullet or arrow which pierced the gauntlet of John Justiniani. The sight of his blood and the exquisite pain appalled the courage of the chief, whose arms and coun-

sels were the firmest rampart of the city. As he withdrew from his station in quest of a surgeon, his flight was perceived and stopped by the indefatigable emperor. "Your wound," exclaimed Palæologus, "is slight; the danger is pressing. Your presence is necessary, and whither will you retire?" "I will retire," said the trembling Genoese, "by the same road which God has opened to the Turks," and at these words he hastily passed through one of the breaches of the inner wall. By this pusillanimous act he stained the honors of a military life, and the few days which he survived in Galata, or the Isle of Chios, were embittered by his own and the public reproach. His example was imitated by the greatest part of the Latin auxiliaries, and the defense began to slacken when the attack was pressed with redoubled vigor.

The number of the Ottomans was fifty, perhaps a 16
hundred times superior to that of the Christians; the double walls were reduced by the cannon to a heap of ruins; in a circuit of several miles, some places must be found more easy of access, or more feebly guarded; and if the besiegers could penetrate in a single point, the whole city was irrecoverably lost. The first who deserved the sultan's reward was Hassan the janizary, of gigantic stature and strength. With his scimetar in one hand and his buckler in the other he ascended the outward fortification; of the thirty janizaries who were emulous of his valor, eighteen perished in the bold adventure. Hassan and his twelve companions had reached the summit; the giant was precipitated from the rampart; he rose on one knee, and was again oppressed by a shower of darts and stones. But his success had proved that the achievement was pos- 17
sible; the walls and towers were instantly covered with a swarm of Turks, and the Greeks, now driven from the vantage ground, were overwhelmed by increasing multi-

tudes. Amid these multitudes the emperor, who accomplished all the duties of a general and a soldier, was long seen, and finally lost. The nobles, who fought round his person, sustained, till their last breath, the honorable names of Palæologus and Cantacuzenus; his mournful exclamation was heard, "Can not there be found a Christian to cut off my head?" and his last fear was that of falling alive into the hands of the infidels. The prudent despair of Constantine cast away the purple; amid the tumult he fell by an unknown hand, and his body was
18 buried under a mountain of the slain. After his death, resistance and order were no more; the Greeks fled toward the city, and many and many were pressed and stifled in the narrow pass of the gate of St. Romanus. The victorious Turks rushed through the breaches of the inner wall, and, as they advanced into the streets, they were soon joined by their brethren, who had forced the gate Phenar on the side of the harbor. In the first heat of the pursuit about two thousand Christians were put to the sword; but avarice soon prevailed over cruelty, and the victors acknowledged that they should immediately have given quarter if the valor of the emperor and his chosen bands had not prepared them for a similar oppo-
19 sition in every part of the capital. It was thus, after a siege of fifty-three days, that Constantinople, which had defied the power of Chosroes, the Chagan, and the Caliphs, was irretrievably subdued by the arms of Mohammed II. Her empire only had been subverted by the Latins; her religion was trampled in the dust by the Moslem conquerors.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—THE BURIAL-PLACE OF HAROLD, LAST OF THE ANGLO-SAXON KINGS.

FREEMAN'S "NORMAN CONQUEST."

The student should compare this extract with Freeman's powerful delineation of the last days of William the Conqueror, "Norman Conquest," vol. iv.

THIS brings us to the other story to which I have al- 1
ready alluded, and which, in its main outline, I am prepared to accept. This is, that the body of Harold, first buried under the cairn by Hastings, was afterward translated to his own minster at Waltham. That Waltham always professed to be the burying-place of Harold; that a tomb bearing his name was shown there down to the dissolution of the abbey; that fragments of it remained in the seventeenth century—are facts beyond dispute. But these local traditions would not, under the circumstances, be of themselves enough to lead us to accept a local claim which at first sight seems to be opposed to the witness of contemporary writers. But a little exami- 2
nation will show that the two stories—the story of the cairn-burial, and the story of the burial at Waltham—are not really contradictory. And there is a mass of evidence of all but the highest kind in support of the claims of Waltham to have at last sheltered the bones of its founder. I, then, accept the view that the body of Harold, like the body of Waltheof ten years later, was removed from a lowlier resting-place to a more honorable one—in short, from unhallowed to hallowed ground. Waltheof was first buried on the scene of his martyrdom by Winchester, and was afterward removed for more solemn burial in the Abbey of Crowland. Such I believe 3
to have been the case with Harold also. This view rec-

onciles the main facts as stated by all our authorities, and it falls in with all the circumstances of the case. With our feelings we might wish that the body of Harold had tarried for ever under its South-Saxon cairn. In William's own words, no worthier place of burial could be his than the shore which he had guarded. But even modern feelings would be revolted at such a burial of any hero of our own time. And in those days the religious feeling of Harold's friends and bedesmen would never be satisfied till their king and founder slept in a spot where all the rites of the church could be offered around him by the hands of those who were nourished
4 by his bounty. Nor was it at all unlikely that William should relent, and should allow such honors to be paid to the memory of his fallen rival. The first harsh order exactly fell in with the policy of the first moment of victory. But, even before the end of the great year, a time came when William might well be disposed to listen to milder counsels. When the Conqueror had become the chosen and anointed king of the English, he honestly strove for a moment to make his rule as acceptable as might be to his English subjects. In those milder days of his earlier rule it would quite fall in with William's policy to yield to any petition, either from Gytha or from the brotherhood at Waltham, praying for the removal of Harold's body from its unhallowed resting-place. He had then no motive for harshness. The crown was safe upon his own head; he was the acknowledged successor of Edward, and he could now afford to be generous to the memory of the intruder of a moment.
5 Then it was, as I believe, that the body of Harold was translated from the cairn on the hill of Hastings to a worthier tomb in his own minster at Waltham. There the king and founder was buried in the place of honor

by the high altar. A later change in the fabric, probably an enlargement of the choir, caused a further translation of his body. On that occasion our local informant, a subject of the Norman Henry, saw and handled the bones of Harold. For his tomb we now seek in vain, as we seek in vain for the tombs of most of the noblest heroes of our land. The devastation of the sixteenth century, and the brutal indifference of the eighteenth, have swept over Hyde and Glastonbury and Waltham and Crowland and Evesham, and in their destroyed or ruined choirs no memory is left of Alfred and Edgar and Harold and Waltheof and Simon of Montfort. But what the men of his 6
own time could do they did; the simple and pathetic tale of the local historian shows us how the fallen king was lamented by those who had known and loved him, and how his memory lived among those who had shared his bounty without having seen his face. Their affection clave to him in life, their reverence followed him in death; they braved the wrath of the Conqueror on his behalf; they bore him first to his humble and unhallowed tomb, and then translated him to a more fitting resting-place within the noble fabric which his own bounty had reared. . . . Thus was the last native king of the English borne to his last home in his own minster. Only 7
once since that day has Waltham seen a royal corpse, but then it was one which was worthy to rest even by the side of Harold. Two hundred and forty years after the fight of Senlac the body of the great Edward was borne with all royal honors to a temporary resting-place in the church of Waltham. Harold was translated to Waltham from a nameless tomb by the sea-shore; Edward was translated from Waltham to a still more glorious resting-place beneath the soaring vault of the apse of Westminster. But for a while the two heroes lay side by

side—the last and the first of English kings—between whom none deserved the English name, or could claim
8 honor or gratitude from the English nation. The one was the last king who reigned purely by the will of the people, without any claim either of conquest or of hereditary right. The other was the first king who reigned purely as the son of his father, the first who succeeded without competitor or interregnum. But each alike, as none between them did, deserved the love and trust of the people over whom they reigned. With Harold our native kingship ends; the Dragon of Wessex gives place to the Leopards of Normandy; the crown, the laws, the liberties, the very tongue of Englishmen, seem all fallen, never to rise again. In Edward the line of English kings
9 begins once more. After two hundred years of foreign rule we have again a king bearing an English name and an English heart—the first to give us back our ancient laws under new shapes, the first, and for so long the last, to see that the empire of his mighty namesake was a worthier prize than shadowy dreams of dominion beyond the sea. All between them were Normans or Angevins, careless of England and her people. Another and a brighter era opens, as the lawgiver of England, the conqueror of Wales and Scotland, seems like an old Bretwalda or West-Saxon Basileus seated once more upon the
10 throne of Cerdic and of Athelstan. The conqueror of Gruffyd might welcome a kindred soul in the conqueror of Llywelyn, the victor of Stamfordbridge might hail his peer in the victor of Falkirk; the king with whom England fell might greet his first true successor in the king with whom she rose again. Such were the men who met in death within the now vanished choir of Waltham. And in the whole course of English history we hardly come across a scene which speaks more deeply to the

heart than when the first founder of our later greatness was laid by the side of the last kingly champion of our earliest freedom—when the body of the great Edward was laid, if only for a short space, by the side of Harold, the son of Godwin.

THE STATE OF AMERICA IN 1784.

M'MASTER'S "HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES."

This exordium of McMaster's and his description of "The Virginia Gentleman" are strikingly suggestive of Macaulay's exordium to his "History of England" and his sketch of the "English Country Gentleman of 1688." The resemblance indicated is one of the many conspicuous illustrations of Macaulay's influence upon succeeding writers, and, so far from implying a censure, is creditable to the taste and judgment of the American historian.

THE subject of my narrative is the history of the peo- 1
ple of the United States of America from the close of the war for independence down to the opening of the war between the States. In the course of this narrative much, indeed, must be written of wars, conspiracies, and rebellions; of presidents, of congresses, of embassies, of treaties, of the ambition of political leaders in the senate-house, and of the rise of great parties in the nation. Yet 2
the history of the people shall be the chief theme. At every stage of the splendid progress which separates the America of Washington and Adams from the America in which we live it shall be my purpose to describe the dress, the occupations, the amusements, the literary canons of the times; to note the changes of manners and morals; to trace the growth of that humane spirit which abolished punishment for debt, which reformed the discipline of prisons and of jails, and which has, in our own

3 time, lessened the miseries of dumb brutes. Nor shall it be less my aim to recount the manifold improvements which, in a thousand ways, have multiplied the conveniences of life and ministered to the happiness of our race; to describe the rise and progress of that long series of mechanical inventions and discoveries which is now the admiration of the world, and our just pride and boast; to tell how, under the benign influence of liberty and peace, there sprang up, in the course of a single century, a prosperity unparalleled in the annals of human affairs; how from a state of great poverty and feebleness our country grew rapidly to one of opulence and power; how her agriculture and her manufactures flourished together; how, by a wise system of free education and a free press, knowledge was disseminated, and the arts and sciences advanced; how the ingenuity of her people became fruitful of wonders far more astonishing than any of which
4 the alchemists had ever dreamed. . . . Such a mingling of social with political history is necessary to a correct understanding of the peculiar circumstances under which our nation was formed and grew up. Other people in other times have become weary of their rulers, have thrown off the yoke, have come out of the house of bondage and set up that form of government which has always been thought the freest and most perfect. But our ancestors were indeed a highly favored people. They were descended from the most persevering, the most energetic, the most thrifty of races. They enjoyed the highest form of civilization; their climate was salubrious; their soil rich; their country boundless; they were hampered by no traditions; they were surrounded by no nations of whom they stood in fear. Almost alone, in a new land, they were free to work out their own form of
5 government in accordance with their own will. The re-

sult has been such a moral and social advancement as the world has never seen before. The Americans who, toward the close of 1783, celebrated, with bonfires, with cannon, and with bell-ringing, the acknowledgment of independence and the return of peace, lived in a very different country from that with which their descendants are familiar. Indeed, could we, under the potent influence of some magician's drugs, be carried back through one hundred years, we should find ourselves in a country utterly new to us. Rip Van Winkle, who fell asleep when his townsmen were throwing up their hats and drinking their bumpers to good King George, and awoke when a generation that knew him not was shouting the names of men and parties unknown to him, did not find himself in a land more strange. The area of the repub- 6
lic would shrink to less than half its present extent. The number of the States would diminish to thirteen, nor would many of them be contained in their present limits or exhibit their present appearance. Vast stretches of upland, which are now an endless succession of wheat-fields and corn-fields and orchards, would appear overgrown with dense forests abandoned to savage beasts and yet more savage men. The hamlets of a few fishermen would mark the sites of wealthy havens now bristling with innumerable masts, and the great cities themselves would dwindle to dimensions scarce exceeding those of some rude settlement far to the west of the Colorado River. Of the inventions and discoveries which abridge distance, 7
which annihilate time, which save labor, which transmit speech, which turn the darkness of night into the brilliancy of the day, which alleviate pain, which destroy disease, which lighten even the infirmities of age, not one existed. Fulton was still a portrait-painter. Fitch and Rumsey had not yet begun to study the steam-engine.

Whitney had not yet gone up to college. Howe and Morse, M'Cormick and Fairbanks, Goodyear and Colt,
8 Dr. Morton and Dr. Bell, were yet to be born. . . . By the treaty which secured the independence of the colonies the boundaries of the region given up by the mother country were clearly defined. The territory ceded stretched from the Atlantic Ocean westward to the banks of the Mississippi, and from a line running along the great lakes on the north it spread southward to the thirty-first parallel and the southern border of Georgia. This vast tract was parceled out among the thirteen original States. Of the thirteen, seven had well-defined boundaries; of the remaining six, some laid claim to lands since given to other States, while a few would content themselves with no limits short of the waters of the Missis-
9 sippi River. But, though the Fourth-of-July orators then boasted that their country extended over fifteen hundred miles in length, and spread westward across plains of marvelous fertility into regions yet unexplored by man, they had but to look about them to see that the States were indeed but little better than a great wilderness. A narrow line of towns and hamlets extended, with many breaks, along the coast from the province of Maine to Georgia. Maine was still owned by Massachusetts, and did not contain one hundred thousand souls. Portland existed, then Falmouth, and along the shore were a few fishers' cots, built of rough-hewn logs and
10 thatched with sea-weed. But an almost unbroken solitude lay between Portsmouth and the St. Lawrence. In New Hampshire a few hardy adventurers had marked out the sites of villages in the White Mountains. In New York, Albany was settled, and Schenectady; but the rich valleys through which the Mohawk and the Genesee flow down to join the Hudson and the lake were the hunting-

grounds of the Oneidas, the Mohawks, and the Cayugas. In Pennsylvania, dense forests and impassable morasses covered that region where rich deposits of iron and of coal have since produced the Birmingham of America. In Virginia a straggling village or two was to be found 11
about the head-waters of the Potomac and the James. Beyond the Blue Ridge, Daniel Boone was fighting the Cherokees in the canebrakes of Kentucky. Some villages of log huts, surrounded by stockades, were rising on the fertile plains of western Tennessee. A handful of pioneers had settled at Natchez. Pittsburg was a military post. St. Louis was begun, but the very name of the village was unknown to nine tenths of the Americans. So late as 1795 Cincinnati consisted of ninety-five log cabins and five hundred souls. In truth, that splen- 12
did section of our country drained by the Ohio and the Tennessee was one vast solitude. Buffaloes wandered in herds over the rich plains now the granaries of Europe. Forests of oak and sycamore grew thick on the site of many great and opulent cities whose population now exceeds that of Virginia during the Revolution, and whose names are spoken in the remotest corner of the civilized world. No white man had yet beheld the source of the Mississippi River. Of the country beyond the Mississippi little more was known than of the heart of Africa. Now and then some weather-beaten trapper came from it 13
to the frontiers of the States with stories of great plains as level as the floor, where the grass grew higher than the waist, where the flowers were more beautiful than in the best-kept garden, where trees were never seen, and where the Indians still looked upon the white man as a god. But this country lay far to the west of the frontier, and the frontier was wilder then than Wyoming is now. There the white man lived in an unending war with the red man.

SOCRATES.—INFLUENCE OF HIS TEACHING.

GROTE'S "HISTORY OF GREECE."

The student should read the whole of Grote's famous chapter on Socrates—"History of Greece," vol. viii—and then carefully study Spedding's edition of "Sir Francis Bacon," or the analysis of his philosophy contained in Morley's "First Sketch of English Literature," or Arnold's "English Literature." Ueberweg's "History of Philosophy" will be found especially valuable. This extract is inserted with the hope of inducing a thorough examination of the life and character of Socrates, his mode of teaching, his influence upon ethical philosophy, of which he may be called the founder—a subject abounding in interest as well as instruction.

1 Thus perished the "Father of Philosophy," the first of ethical philosophers; a man who opened to science both new matter, alike copious and valuable, and a new method, memorable not less for its originality and efficacy than for the profound philosophical basis on which it rests. Though Greece produced great poets, orators, speculative philosophers, historians, etc., yet other countries, having the benefit of Grecian literature to begin with, have nearly equaled her in all these lines, and surpassed her in some. But where are we to look for a parallel to Socrates, either in or out of the Grecian
2 world? The cross-examining Elenchus, which he not only first struck out, but wielded with such matchless effect and to such noble purpose, has been mute ever since his last conversation in the prison; for even his great successor, Plato, was a writer and lecturer, not a colloquial dialectician. No man has ever been found strong enough to bend his bow, of much less sure enough to use it as he did. His life remains as the only evidence, but a very satisfactory evidence, of how much can be done by this sort of intelligent interrogation, how powerful is the

interest which it can be made to inspire, how energetic the stimulus which it can apply in awakening dormant reason and generating new mental power.

It has often been customary to exhibit Socrates as a 3
moral preacher, in which character probably he has acquired to himself the general reverence attached to his name. This is indeed a true attribute, but not the characteristic or salient attribute, nor that by which he permanently worked on mankind. On the other hand, Arkesilaus and the New Academy, a century and more afterward, thought that they were following the example of Socrates (and Cicero seems to have thought so too) when they reasoned against everything, and when they laid it down as a system that against every affirmative position an equal force of negative argument might be brought up as counterpoise. Now, this view of Socrates 4
is, in my judgment, not merely partial, but incorrect. He entertained no such systematic distrust of the powers of the mind to attain certainty. He laid down a clear, though erroneous, line of distinction between the knowable and the unknowable. About physics he was more than a skeptic; he thought that man could know nothing; the gods did not intend that man should acquire any such information, and therefore managed matters in such a way as to be beyond his ken for all except the simplest phenomena of daily wants; moreover, not only man could not acquire such information, but ought not to labor after it. But, respecting the topics which concern man 5
and society, the views of Socrates were completely the reverse. This was the field which the gods had expressly assigned, not merely to human practice, but to human study and acquisition of knowledge — a field wherein, with that view, they managed phenomena on principles of constant and observable sequence, so that

every man who took the requisite pains might know them. Nay, Socrates went a step farther, and this forward step is the fundamental conviction upon which all
6 his missionary impulse hinges. He thought that every man not only might know these things, but ought to know them; that he could not possibly act well unless he did know them; and that it was his imperious duty to learn them as he would learn a profession; otherwise, he was nothing better than a slave, unfit to be trusted as a free and accountable being. Socrates felt persuaded that no man could behave as a just, temperate, courageous, pious, patriotic agent unless he taught himself to know correctly what justice, temperance, courage, piety, and patriotism really were. He was possessed with the truly Baconian idea that the power of steady moral action depended upon, and was limited by, the rational com-
7 prehension of moral ends and means. But, when he looked at the minds around him, he perceived that few or none either had any such comprehension, or had ever studied to acquire it; yet at the same time every man felt persuaded that he did possess it, and acted confidently upon such persuasion. Here, then, Socrates found that the first outwork for him to surmount was that universal "conceit of knowledge without the reality," against which he declares such emphatic war, and against which, also, though under another form of words and in reference to other subjects, Bacon declares war not less emphatically two thousand years afterward. Socrates went to work in the Baconian manner and spirit, bringing his cross-examining process to bear, as the first condition to all further improvement, upon those rude, self-begotten, incoherent generalizations which passed in men's
8 minds for competent and directing knowledge. But he, not less than Bacon, performs this analysis, not with a

view to finality in the negative, but as the first stage toward an ulterior profit—as the preliminary purification indispensable to future positive result. If, then, the philosophers of the New Academy considered Socrates either as a skeptic or as a partisan of systematic negation, they misinterpreted his character and mistook the first stage of his process—that which Plato, Bacon, and Herschel call the purification of the intellect—for the ultimate goal. The Elenchus, as Socrates used it, was animated by the truest spirit of positive science, and formed an indispensable precursor to its attainment. . . . 9
The method of Socrates yet survives, as far as such method can survive, in some of the dialogues of Plato. It is a process of eternal value and of universal application. The purification of the intellect, which Bacon signalized as indispensable for rational or scientific progress, the Socratic Elenchus affords the only known instrument for at least partially accomplishing. However little that instrument may have been applied since the death of its inventor, the necessity and use of it neither have disappeared, nor ever can disappear. There are few 10
men whose minds are not more or less in that state of sham knowledge against which Socrates made war; there is no man whose notions have not been first got together by spontaneous, unexamined, unconscious, uncertified association, resting upon forgotten particulars, blending together disparates or inconsistencies, and leaving in his mind old and familiar phrases and oracular propositions, of which he has never rendered to himself account; there is no man who, if he be destined for vigorous and profitable scientific effort, has not found it a necessary branch of self-education to break up, disentangle, analyze, and reconstruct these ancient mental compounds, and who has not been driven to do it by his own lame and solitary

efforts, since the giant of the colloquial Elenchus no longer stands in the market-place to lend him help and
11 stimulus. . . . To hear of any man, especially of so illustrious a man, being condemned to death on such accusations as that of heresy and alleged corruption of youth, inspires at the present day a sentiment of indignant reprobation, the force of which I have no desire to enfeeble. The fact stands eternally recorded as one among the thousand misdeeds of intolerance, religious and politi-
12 cal. But since amid this catalogue each item has its own peculiar character, grave or light, we are bound to consider at what point of the scale the condemnation of Socrates is to be placed, and what inferences it justifies in regard to the character of the Athenians. Now, if we examine the circumstances of the case, we shall find them all extenuating, and so powerful, indeed, as to reduce such inferences to their minimum, consistent with the general class to which the incident belongs.

THE STATE OF AMERICA IN 1784.—CONDITION OF LITERATURE.

M'MASTER'S "HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES."

Tyler's "History of American Literature" may also be read with great advantage by the student of American history. It is admirably shown in this section from M'Master how thoroughly the growth of literature enters into the very heart of a nation's history. Literature is the most faithful expression of national life.

1 THERE is, in fact, no portion of our literary annals which presents a spectacle of so much dreariness as the one hundred and sixty years which followed the landing

of the Pilgrims (A. D. 1620). In all that time scarcely any work of the imagination was produced which posterity has not willingly let die. It would be a hard task to the most assiduous compiler to glean from the literature of that period material enough to make what would now be thought a readable book. A few poems of the 2
"Tenth Muse," an odd chapter from the "Magnalia Christi," a page or two from the essay on "The Freedom of the Will," some lyrics of Hopkinson, a satire by Trumbull, a pamphlet by Paine, would almost complete the book, and, when completed, it would not be a very large volume, nor one of a very high order of merit. It would not be worth fifty lines of "Evangeline," nor the half of "Thanatopsis." The men whose writings now form our 3
national literature, the men we are accustomed to revere as intellectual patriarchs, all of whose works have become classics, belong, without exception, to the generation which followed the Revolution. Irving was not a year old when peace was declared, Cooper was born in the same year that Washington went into office, Halleck one year later, Prescott in the year Washington came out of office. The Constitution was five years old when Bryant was born. The first year of the present century witnessed the birth of Bancroft, and, before another decade had come and gone, Emerson was born, and Willis, and Longfellow, and Whittier, and Holmes, and Hawthorne, and Poe. Before the year 1825 was reached, "Thanatopsis" 4
was published, Motley was born, "The Spy," "The Pioneer," and "The Pilot" were written, and Drake, after a short and splendid career, was carried with honor to the grave. Scarcely a twelvemonth went by unmarked by the birth of a man long since renowned in the domain of letters.

It may at first sight seem strange that, after so many 5

years of intellectual weakness, of feeble tottering, and of blind gropings, there should suddenly have appeared so great a crowd of poets and novelists, historians and essayists, following hard upon the war for independence. But the fact is merely another illustration of a great truth with which the history of every people is replete with examples—the truth that periods of national commotion, disorder, and contention are invariably followed by periods
6 of intellectual activity. Whatever can turn the minds of men from the channels in which they have been long running, and stir them to their inmost depths, has never yet failed to produce most salutary and lasting results. The age of Pericles, of Augustus, of Leo and Elizabeth, of Louis Quatorze, and the splendors of the reign of Ferdinand, are but so many instances in point. The same is true of our own land. For the first time since white men began to inhabit America the colonists were united in a common league against a common foe. For seven years
7 the strife continued. When it ended, yet another seven years followed, during which the fury of war gave way to the rage of faction. There was never a moment of rest. No sooner was one storm over than another appeared on the horizon. Yet here again years of national commotion were followed by years of great mental activity, the like of which our country had never witnessed before. Yet again were the evils of war succeeded by the fruits of genius. Our ancestors were therefore, in 1784, shut out from the only native authors whose writ-
8 ings are by this generation thought worthy to read. They possessed no poets better than Philip Freeneau and Timothy Dwight. No novelist, no dramatist, no really great historian, had yet arisen. Among the living statesmen none had as yet produced anything more enduring than a political pamphlet or a squib. Hamilton and Madison

and Jay had not begun that noble series of essays which finds no parallel in the English language save in the "Letters of Junius." A knowledge of German, of Italian, 9
and of Spanish was not considered a necessary part of the education of a gentleman. Men of parts and refinement listened in astonishment to the uncouth gutturals in which the officers of the Hessian troops commanded their men to "carry arms" and to "right wheel." All, therefore, who did not understand French, and they made up the majority of readers, were of necessity compelled to peruse the works of English authors, or to read nothing, or what was worse than nothing. They filled their library-shelves, as a consequence, with volumes which are at this day much more admired than studied. The incomparable 10
letters of Philip Francis to Woodfall were imitated by numberless pamphleteers, who, over the signature of Cassius or Brutus, reviled the Cincinnati, or set forth most urgent reasons why no Tory refugee should ever again be allowed to find a footing on American soil. Damsels envious of distinction as correspondents made themselves familiar with the polished diction and pure English of the "Spectators" and the "Tatlers." Nor were they ignorant of many books which no woman would now, without a blush, own to having read. The adventures of Peregrine Pickle and Roderick Random were as well known to the women of that generation as were those of Leatherstocking to the women of the succeeding. It would, however, be a great mistake to suppose 11
that they read no novels of a less objectionable character than "Tom Jones" and "Tristram Shandy." The lighter literature of England had long been growing purer and purer. The reproach which from the time of Fielding and Smollett had lain on the novel was rapidly passing away. Even among grave and reflecting people the feel-

ing against all works of fiction was far less strong than it had been when, a few years before, Sir Anthony Absolute pronounced the circulating library to be an evergreen-
12 tree of diabolical knowledge. "Evelina" and "Camilla" had appeared, had been read with admiration, and had shown that a popular novel might be written without an amour or a debauch. From letters and journals still extant, it should seem that, with the exception of the few novels named, the staple reading was of a serious character. After years of patient toil, Gibbon had lately put forth the third volume of his majestic work; Robertson had published the first readable history of America.

WASHINGTON RESIGNS HIS COMMISSION (DECEMBER, 1783).

M'MASTER'S "HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES."

There would seem to be an eminent propriety, especially at this time (December, 1883), in concluding the "Historical Reader" with an account of Washington's resignation of his commission, which occurred just a hundred years ago, December 23, 1783.

1 WHEN the year 1784 opened, the revolution had been accomplished. The preliminary articles had been signed on the thirtieth of November, 1782, and the return of peace everywhere celebrated with bonfires, with rockets, with speeches, and with thanksgiving on the nineteenth of April, the eighth anniversary of the fight at Lexington. The definitive treaty had been signed at Paris on the third of September, 1783, and was soon to be ratified
2 by the United States in Congress assembled. The last remnant of the British army in the east had sailed down

the Narrows on the twenty-fifth of November, a day which, under the appellation of Evacuation Day, was long held in grateful remembrance by the inhabitants of New York, and was, till a few years since, annually celebrated with fireworks and with military display.* Of the Continental army scarce a remnant was then in the service of the States, and these few were under the command of General Knox. His great work of deliverance 3
over, Washington had resigned his commission, had gone back to his estate on the banks of the Potomac, and was deeply engaged with plans for the improvement of his plantation. The retirement to private life of the American Fabius, as the newspapers delighted to call him, had been attended by many pleasing ceremonies, and had been made the occasion for new manifestations of affectionate regard by the people. The same day that 4
witnessed the departure of Sir Guy Carleton from New York also witnessed the entry into that city of the army of the States. Nine days later, Washington bid adieu to his officers. About noon on Thursday, the fourth of December, the chiefs of the army assembled in the great room of Fraunces's Tavern, then the resort of merchants and men of fashion, and there Washington joined them. Rarely as he gave way to his emotions, he could not on that day get the mastery of them. As he beheld drawn 5
up before him the men who, for eight long years, had shared with him the perils and hardships of the war, he was deeply moved. He filled a glass from a decanter that stood on the table, raised it with a trembling hand, and said: "With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take leave of you, and most devoutly wish your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." Then he drank

* Evacuation Day was celebrated in New York, November 25, 1883.

to them, and, after a pause, said: "I can not come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if you
6 will each come and shake me by the hand." General Knox came forward first, and Washington embraced him. The other officers approached one by one, and silently took their leave. A line of infantry had been drawn up extending from the tavern to Whitehall Ferry, where a barge was in waiting to carry the commander across the Hudson to Paulus Hook. Washington, with his officers following, walked down the line of soldiers to the water. The streets, the balconies, the windows were crowded with gazers. All the churches in the city sent forth a joyous din. Arrived at the ferry, he entered the barge in silence, stood up, took off his hat, and waved farewell.
7 Then, as the boat moved slowly out into the stream amid the shouts of the citizens, his companions in arms stood bareheaded on the shore till the form of their illustrious commander was lost to view. From Paulus Hook he journeyed by easy stages to Annapolis, where Congress was then in session. The news of his approach was spread throughout the country by the post-riders, and the many villages and towns that lay along his route vied with each other in doing him honor. At every step he was met by committees from the selectmen, who, in addresses full of allusion to Cincinnatus, thanked him for the great things he had done for his country, and assured him of the un-
8 dying love and gratitude of his fellow-citizens. Addresses of congratulation and thanks were voted by the Legislatures of New Jersey, of Pennsylvania, and of Maryland. The American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia turned from the consideration of learned papers on Improved Methods of Quilling a Harpsichord, and Observations on the Torporific Eel, to do homage to the great chief, and their example was speedily followed by

innumerable religious and mercantile organizations in the State. It was not till Friday, the nineteenth of the month, that he reached Annapolis. Gates and Small- 9
wood, who had served under him in the war, met him, with many of the chief characters of the place, a few miles from the city and escorted him to town. As he entered the streets his arrival was made known to the citizens by the discharge of cannon. On Monday, Congress gave him a dinner in the ball-room, where toasts were drunk to the United States, to the army, to the most Christian King, to the Peace Commissioners, and to the virtuous daughters of America. When night came, the Stadt-house was lit up, and a ball given by the General Assembly. The day following his arrival he dispatched 10
a letter to Congress announcing his wish to resign his commission, and asking that he might be informed in what manner it would be most proper to tender his resignation: whether in writing, or at a public audience of Congress. General Mifflin replied that it should be at a public audience of Congress, and appointed noon of the twenty-third of December, 1783, for the ceremony. In the mean time a committee was appointed to make such preparations as the occasion seemed to require. On the committee were Jefferson, who sat for Virginia; Gerry, who represented Massachusetts; and McHenry, who cast his vote in the name of the State of Maryland. Long 11
before the hour on the twenty-third the gallery and floor of the hall of Congress were filled with ladies, with high functionaries of the State, and with many officers of the army and navy. The members of the House, twenty in number, were seated and covered as representatives of the sovereignty of the Union. The gentlemen present were standing and uncovered. At noon Washington was announced, and escorted by the Secretary of Congress to

a seat which had been made ready for him in front of the President's chair. After a short silence General Mifflin informed him that the United States in Congress assem-
12 bled were prepared to receive his communication. Washington then arose, and, with that dignified composure which never deserted him even when musket-balls and cannon-shots were whistling around him, delivered a short and solemn address, which of all his writings is most fa-
13 miliar to the men of this generation. Having returned his commission into the hands of the President, that official thanked him, in the name of the people of the United States, for the patriotism with which he had responded to the call of his country, and the ability with which he had defended her invaded rights. "You retire," said he, "from the theatre of action with the blessings of your fellow-citizens, but the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command; it will continue to animate
14 the remotest ages." The same evening Washington bid adieu to Annapolis, and, attended by the Governor of Maryland to the confines of the State, made all speed toward Mount Vernon, which he reached on Christmas-eve.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE AUTHORS REPRESENTED IN THE HISTORICAL READINGS.

Dr. Thomas Arnold (1795–1842), the famous Head-Master of Rugby School, England, attained an eminent rank as an historian by his "History of Rome," a work characterized by great fairness of judgment, by solid learning, and by the purest moral tone. His "Lectures on Modern History," delivered while Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, during the latter part of his life, are distinguished by the same high qualities that mark his "History of Rome." No man in this century has done more than Dr. Arnold to elevate the character of education, especially to instill into young men higher and nobler conceptions of duty and of personal responsibility. The student is advised to read Dean Stanley's "Life and Letters of Dr. Arnold," an intensely interesting biography, and "Tom Brown at Rugby," by Mr. Hughes. The former work, especially, should be carefully studied by every one who contemplates the profession of teaching.

George Bancroft (1800), the oldest and one of the most eminent of American historians, is principally known by his "History of the United States, from the Discovery of the Continent to the Establishment of the Constitution in 1789," a work of great learning and marked research. A

revised edition of his history is now in process of publication. Mr. Bancroft has occupied various positions of honor and dignity.

Peter Bayne, a Scotchman by birth, is the author of various critical and historical essays, some of them excellent in style, and marked by rare discrimination and judgment. His essays have been collected and published by an American house.

Rev. John S. Brewer (1810–1879) was a scholar and historian of rare and varied attainments, combined with wonderful energy and application. His valuable services in the English Record-Office, his arrangement, classification, and editing of historic documents, can not be too gratefully appreciated by every student of the original sources of history.

Mr. James Bryce is Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Oxford, and is prominent in English political life. His famous monograph, "The Holy Roman Empire," is unexcelled as a philosophic discussion of a profound historical problem.

Bishop Gilbert Burnet (1643–1715) was the author of a "History of the Reformation of the Church of England," still a work of authority, and a "History of My Own Times." His estimates of character are judicious, and some of his delineations of men are remarkably interesting, especially his portraiture of William of Orange, to which Macaulay's brilliant sketch of the same great hero is so largely indebted.

Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881), a native of Scotland, has long maintained an eminent position in English literature. His works are varied. Prominent among them may be mentioned "Sartor Resartus," "Life of Frederick the Great," "History of the French Revolution," "Past and Present,"

"The Life of John Sterling." Carlyle's language, though vigorous and grammatical, is marked by an eccentricity that seems to have increased with his maturer years. The selection in the text represents the purer period of his style, though even there the germ of the crotchety and the extravagant is perceptible. Notwithstanding these defects, his name will long be "a wand to conjure with" in English literature.

Mr. Edward A. Freeman is principally known to the student of history by his great work on the "Norman Conquest." It is characterized by immense research, amazing knowledge, and scrupulous accuracy. His "Essays," "Historical Geography of Europe," "History of William Rufus," abound in varied and extensive historical learning. His "Norman Conquest" has virtually superseded all other works on the same subject, and is entitled to rank among the very first historical productions of our day.

James Anthony Froude (1818) is principally distinguished as the author of a "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth." His history is the product of immense labor, every sentence, it is said, having been written over three or four times. The graces of his diction are fascinating in the extreme, and his reputation as a master of style will long survive his fame as an historian. His controlling motive seems to be a disposition to reverse all our previous conceptions of historical characters, and to exalt to the rank of patriots some that, by the common consent of mankind, are regarded as infamous. This criticism applies especially to his elaborate vindication of the character of Henry VIII. Mr. Froude is an Englishman by birth and education.

Edward Gibbon (1737–1794) still retains his lofty eminence in our historical literature, and may be regarded as the greatest of English historians. His principal work,

"The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," has been pronounced by an eminent critic "the most extraordinary exhibition of the powers of a single mind that the world has ever seen." Gibbon's disingenuous and caviling attacks upon the truths of Christianity constitute the greatest blemish upon his fame, and, considered from an intellectual standpoint alone, they are totally unworthy of his lofty powers. His style is somewhat cold and formal, never rising to the splendid glow of Macaulay, or the fervid enthusiasm of Arnold, in his exultations over the triumph of truth.

John Richard Green, though he was before the world as an historian only a few years, attained a most enviable fame by his "Short History of the English People," subsequently enlarged, and his "Making of England." His "Conquest of England" appeared after his death. Seldom has so brilliant a reputation been so speedily won. Clearness, vigorous execution, and an earnest endeavor to present the truth, are the leading characteristics of his work. Mr. Green was one of the examiners in modern history in the University of Oxford. He died in 1883, at the age of forty-five.

George Grote (1794–1871), an Englishman by birth and a banker by profession, achieved a most honorable literary fame by his "History of Greece," which is recognized in all countries as a work of profound learning and rare discernment of the political life of Greece.

François Pierre Guillaume Guizot (1787–1874) holds an illustrious rank among French historians. Guizot's career as scholar, historian, and statesman, was interesting in a high degree. His most valuable works are his "History of Civilization in France," "History of Civilization in Europe," "History of the English Revolution," and his "History of France," adapted especially to young students.

From this last work many of the selections in the Reader are taken, and it would be difficult to find a more attractive introduction to the study of history.

Henry Hallam (1777–1859) is an historian distinguished by great sobriety of judgment, rare caution, and ample learning. He is principally known by his "History of the Middle Ages," "Constitutional History of England," and his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries." The last-named work is especially valuable to the student of literature.

James O. Halliwell-Phillipps is probably the most painstaking and trustworthy of all Shakespeare's biographers. He is also the author of numerous contributions to the study of Shakespeare's mind and art.

David Hume (1711–1776), a native of Scotland, was one of the most eminent historians of the eighteenth century. He is principally known by his "History of England," a work characterized by grace and ease of style, but lacking in independent original research, and displaying a strong disposition to extenuate the crimes of arbitrary power. Hume's fame, like that of Gibbon, is marred by his assaults, in his philosophical works, upon the truths of Christianity, his arguments being directed against the validity of the evidence by which the miracles recorded in Holy Scripture are attested. His history brings the subject down to 1688, the time of the abdication of James II.

Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon (1609–1674), is principally eminent in the historical world as the author of the "History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England," a royalist view of the great struggle of the seventeenth century in England, which resulted in the temporary overthrow of the monarchy, the murder of King Charles I, and the rise

of Oliver Cromwell to absolute power. In reading Clarendon's history, the standpoint of the author should be borne carefully in mind. The work has decided merits, however, notwithstanding the partisanship of the author.

Washington Irving (1783–1859), a native of New York, is probably the most genial and graceful writer America has thus far produced. His "Sketch Book," "Tales of a Traveler," "Bracebridge Hall," "Life of Washington," "Life and Voyages of Columbus," are his most important works. The tendency of his writings is to please, refine, and elevate. Then, too, they are adapted to all ages and conditions, to every stage of development, and to every state of mind. Few authors of any age, or any country, have afforded more genuine pleasure by their writings than Washington Irving.

William Edward Hartpole Lecky (1838), a native of Ireland, has attained a decided renown within the last few years by his "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe," "History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne," "England in the Eighteenth Century," of which four volumes have appeared. While many will not concur in all Mr. Lecky's views, no impartial reader can fail to admire the varied learning and the vigorous style that characterize his works.

Dr. John Lingard (1771–1851) is principally known by his "History of England," in which the subject is treated from the Catholic standpoint. Dr. Lingard is one of the most enlightened and impartial of the Catholic historians, and his work still retains an honorable place in our literature.

Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800–1859) was a native of Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, England, and was educated at the University of Cambridge. No man in this century has made a deeper impression upon the literature of the English tongue. It is principally by his essays and his

"History of England" that his name and memory will be preserved in all ages of our literature. His "History of England" properly commences at the accession of James II, 1685. His death prevented the completion of his work, which was designed to include the reign of George III. Unfortunately, it does not extend beyond the reign of William III. Macaulay filled several positions of honor and distinction, and in 1857 he was created a peer, with the title of Baron Macaulay of Rothley. A biography of Macaulay, by his nephew, Mr. Trevelyan, appeared a few years ago, and is probably the most fascinating work of the kind that has been produced since the time of Boswell and Lockhart. An extended estimate of Macaulay's position as a writer would far exceed the limits of this sketch. An accurate impression of his style may be formed from the extracts in this volume, and it is hoped that they will induce the student to read the writings of Macaulay for himself. Whatever may be said of his partisanship, no author in our language is better qualified to instill into the student a genuine love of historical reading, for no writer more completely captivates the taste and the imagination of his readers.

John B. McMaster, the latest American historian, has speedily won an enviable renown by his "History of the People of the United States," of which the first volume has thus far appeared. His work has been received with cordial approbation by many capable critics.

François Auguste Marie Mignet (1796), one of the most distinguished French historians, is principally known by his excellent "History of the French Revolution," from which the extract describing the causes of the French Revolution is taken, as well as the reflections upon Napoleon's career, and the description of his first overthrow in 1814.

Theodor Mommsen (1817), one of the leading German historians and scholars, and professor in the University of

Berlin, is best known in America by his "History of Rome," a work characterized by the true German spirit of patient research and intense labor.

John Lothrop Motley (1814–1877), a native of Massachusetts, stands in the front rank of American historians. Mr. Motley devoted his talents to the history of the Low Countries, as his contemporary Prescott selected for the exercise of his powers the great epochs of Spanish history. Motley's principal works are, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," "The History of the United Netherlands," and the "Life of John van Barneveld." His style is inferior to that of Prescott in ease and grace, but his works are pervaded by decided care, patient research, and sobriety of judgment. Motley occupied several honorable positions, such as United States Minister to Austria, and to England. A "Life of Motley" has recently been published by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Colonel W. F. P. Napier (1785–1860), of the British army, was the author of "The History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France." His work is one of the finest specimens of military history ever produced, and still retains the reputation to which its eminent merits so thoroughly entitle it.

Sir Francis Palgrave (1788–1861) was the author of the "Anglo-Saxon Commonwealth," and a "History of Normandy and England." Both are works of great value and solid learning.

Charles Pearson, the author of "England in the Early and Middle Ages," is an Englishman by birth, and is Professor of History in the University of Melbourne, in Australia. Professor Pearson's history is thus far little known in America, but its great merit is fully appreciated by competent scholars in England. His work is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of early English history.

William Hickling Prescott (1796–1859), a native of Massachusetts, is, in our judgment, the greatest master of historical composition America has thus far produced. In consequence of an injury received while a student of Harvard University, he was in great measure deprived of the use of his eyes, and during his literary career he had to contend with this serious disadvantage. His principal works are "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," "History of the Spanish Conquest of Mexico," the "Conquest of Peru," as well as various essays, critical and biographical. He also edited Robertson's "Charles V," and commenced a "Life of Philip II" of Spain, which he did not live to complete. The subject of Spanish history, which he chose as his own, afforded Prescott an admirable field for the exercise of his high powers of narration and description. In these respects no American historian has equaled him, and few in any country have surpassed him. While he excelled in brilliancy of style, he was not lacking in painstaking, scrupulous research. Few writers of so great merit have displayed such diffidence and modesty. "Prescott's Life" was published in 1864 by his friend George Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature.

Leopold von Ranke (1795) is one of the most prolific historians that even Germany has produced. An enumeration of his works would require almost a catalogue. Among them may be named "History of the Popes," "History of the Reformation," "Life of Wallenstein," and "History of England, principally in the Seventeenth Century." His industry, learning, and research are immense, nor do they seem to abate with advancing years.

Dr. William Robertson (1721–1793), a contemporary of Hume and Gibbon, was a native of Scotland, and a minister of the Scottish Church. His principal works are a "History of Scotland during the Reigns of Mary and James VI," "History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V,"

and a "History of America." Although Robertson's works have been somewhat superseded by later researches, they are still valuable, and are, in every respect, dignified, dispassionate, and accurate, according to the knowledge of his time. His style is somewhat stiff and formal, and is occasionally marred by Scotticisms.

Dr. WILLIAM SMITH (1813) is well known in England and America by his series of classical dictionaries and his valuable "Dictionary of the Bible." He is also the author of a "History of Greece," and the editor of numerous classical text-books, an "English Latin Dictionary," etc.

WILLIAM STIRLING (1818), a native of Scotland, is the author of the "Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V," and of several other works devoted to art and literature. Stirling is highly commended by Prescott, a most capable judge in all matters relating to the history of Charles V.

WILLIAM STUBBS, Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, is the author of a "Constitutional History of England," which seems to be superseding all similar treatises. His "Charters" are also publications of great value to the student of English history. His illustrious friend Mr. Edward A. Freeman has styled him "the first of living scholars."

NOTE TO TEACHERS.—Teachers who desire more extensive information respecting these authors are advised to consult the following works: Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors," Morley's "First Sketch of English Literature," Morley's "Tables of English Literature," Chambers's "Cyclopædia of English Literature," Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature," Appletons' "Cyclopædia," or the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Teachers who desire to consult additional *historical* authorities are referred to Professor C. K. Adams's "Manual of Historical Literature," and to "Methods of Teaching and Studying History," edited by Professor G. Stanley Hall.

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